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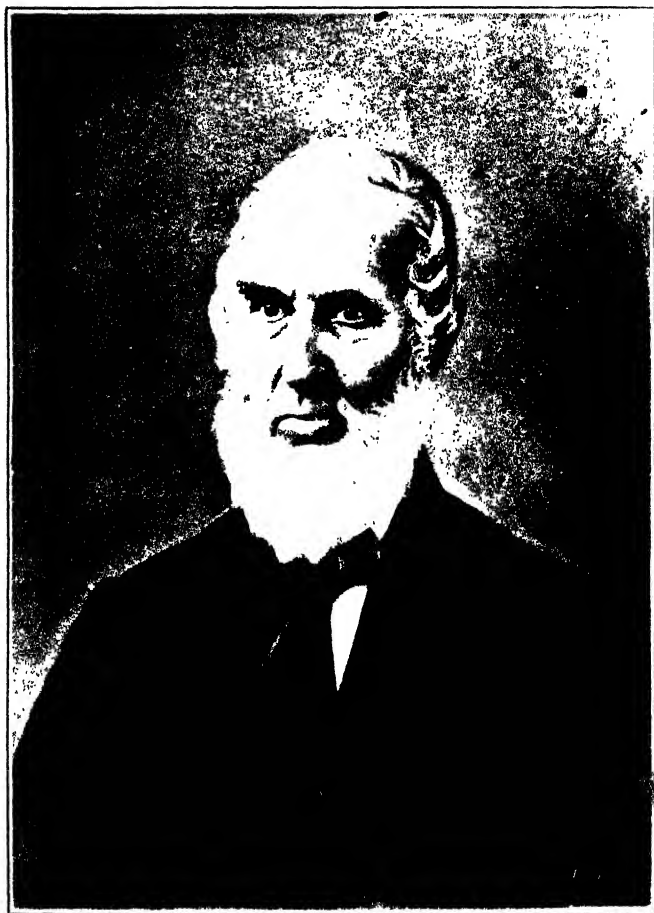




THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER







JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER





COMPLETE EDITION

THE  
**Poetical Works**  
OF  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

*WITH NOTES, INDEX OF FIRST LINES  
AND CHRONOLOGICAL LIST*

EDITED BY

W. GARRETT HORDER

*Editor of 'The Treasury of American Sacred Song,' &c.*



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## EDITOR'S PREFACE

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THE present is the first complete edition of the poetical works of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER issued on this side of the Atlantic. It is a reprint of the Cambridge Edition issued in 1894 by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. That was based on the Riverside Edition issued by the same house in America, and by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in this country. For it, four years before his death, Mr. Whittier wrote introductions and head-notes, revised the text, arranged the poems in the order he thought best, and relegated to an appendix the poems he would, if the public had permitted, have allowed to pass into oblivion. He did indeed discard certain altogether. Up to that time therefore the Riverside was, in the poet's judgment, the definitive edition of his works.

In the four years of his life which followed the issue of that edition he wrote, from time to time, poems which were gathered into a tiny volume printed for private circulation. He seems to have felt that, so far as the general public was concerned, the Riverside Edition represented his completed works. But the verse of so dearly loved a writer could not be kept within a select circle; and after his death these privately printed verses, with certain others of later composition, were gathered into a small volume called *At Sundown*, and put at the service of the public at large. These poems were included in the Cambridge Edition here reprinted, and also those which afterwards appeared in his 'Life' by S. T. Packard. The present Oxford Edition differs from the Cambridge in two particulars—it does not include the verses written by his sister Elizabeth H. Whittier, nor the biographical sketch of the Poet.

I have endeavoured to make the notes more easy of reference than in the Cambridge Edition, and have corrected a few obvious printer's

errors. With these differences the British public is now offered the poems of Whittier in an edition similar to that regarded as the best on the other side of the Atlantic.

It would not be in harmony with the plan adopted in the Oxford Poets to attempt any critical estimate or indicate the place which Whittier fills among the poets of his own country, or of the larger English-speaking world. Those who love him best would not on the ground of pure poetry place him among the Immortals. A large portion of his verse was written in the heat of the great conflict against slavery, when he had not the time, and perhaps not the ability, to 'squeeze out the whey' of the didactic or commonplace. But it may be affirmed with safety that even in the least poetic of his verses there is a purity of motive and a passion for humanity that make for righteousness. Samuel Taylor Coleridge once said: 'I should almost despair of the man who could peruse the life of John Woolman without an amelioration of heart.' Surely a like remark might be made concerning the verses of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Probably his most poetic, and therefore most enduring, work is to be found in *Poems Subjective and Reminiscent*; and in his *Religious Poems*, where his keenly ethical, and at the same time deeply spiritual, nature finds fullest expression. In these there is a simplicity, a reality, a pathos of expression all too rare in verse of this order.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

## INTRODUCTION

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THE edition of my poems published in 1857 contained the following note by way of preface:—

‘In these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

‘That there are pieces in this collection, which I would “willingly let die,” I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author’s life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

‘The long poem of “Mogg Megone” was in a great measure composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.’

After a lapse of thirty years since the above was written, I have been requested by my publishers to make some preparation for a new and revised edition of my poems. I cannot flatter myself that I have added much to the interest of the work beyond the correction of my own errors and those of the press, with the addition of a few heretofore unpublished pieces, and occasional notes of explanation which seemed necessary. I have made an attempt to classify the poems under a few general heads, and have transferred the long poem of ‘Mogg Megone’ to the Appendix, with other specimens of my earlier writings. I have endeavored to affix the dates of composition or publication as far as possible.

In looking over these poems I have not been unmindful of occasional prosaic lines and verbal infelicities, but at this late day I have neither strength nor patience to undertake their correction.

Perhaps a word of explanation may be needed in regard to a class of poems written between the years 1832 and 1865. Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is not necessary to speak. They were the earnest and often vehement expression of the writer's thought and feeling at critical periods in the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery. They were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth: they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and of course lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given. Such as they are, they belong to the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, and may serve as way-marks of its progress. If their language at times seems severe and harsh, the monstrous wrong of Slavery which provoked it must be its excuse, if any is needed. In attacking it, we did not measure our words. 'It is,' said Garrison, 'a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil.' But in truth the contest was, in a great measure, an impersonal one,—hatred of slavery and not of slave-masters.

'No common wrong provoked our zeal.  
The silken gauntlet which is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.'

Even Thomas Jefferson, in his terrible denunciation of Slavery in the *Notes on Virginia*, says: 'It is impossible to be temperate and pursue the subject of Slavery.'

After the great contest was over, no class of the American people were more ready, with kind words and deprecation of harsh retaliation, to welcome back the revolted States than the Abolitionists; and none have since more heartily rejoiced at the fast increasing prosperity of the South.

Grateful for the measure of favor which has been accorded to my writings, I leave this edition with the public. It contains all that I care to republish, and some things which, had the matter of choice been left solely to myself, I should have omitted.

J. G. W.

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# POEMS

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

---

## PROEM.

[Written to introduce the first general collection of Whittier's Poems.]

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew. 5

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky. 10

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here. 15

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes. 20

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find. 25

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own. 30

O Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine! 35

AMESBURY, 11th mo., 1847.

## Narrative and Legendary Poems

### THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

This poem was suggested by the account given of the manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry. They gained access to the house through their occupation as peddlers of silks, jewels, and trinkets. 'Having disposed of some of their goods,' it is said by a writer who quotes the inquisitor Ralnerus Sacco, 'they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these, inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.'

The poem, under the title *Le Colporteur Vaudois*, was translated into French by Professor G. de Felice, of Montauban, and further naturalized by Professor Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, who quoted it in his lectures on French literature, afterwards published. It became familiar in this form to the Waldenses, who adopted it as a household poem. An American clergyman, J. C. Fletcher, frequently heard it when he was a student, about the year 1850, in the theological seminary at Geneva, Switzerland, but the authorship of the poem was unknown to those who used it. Twenty-five years later, Mr. Fletcher, learning the name of the author, wrote to the moderator of the Waldensian synod at La Tour, giving the information. At the banquet which closed the meeting of the synod, the moderator announced the fact, and was instructed in the name of the Waldensian church to write to me a letter of thanks. My letter, written in reply, was translated into Italian and printed throughout Italy.

'O LADY fair, these silks of mine are  
beautiful and rare,—  
The richest web of the Indian loom,  
which beauty's queen might wear ;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair  
neck, with whose radiant light they  
vie ;

I have brought them with me a weary  
way,—will my gentle lady buy ?

The lady smiled on the worn old man  
through the dark and clustering  
curls

Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view  
his silks and glittering pearls ;

And she placed their price in the old man's  
hand and lightly turned away,  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest  
call,—'My gentle lady, stay !

'O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a  
purer lustre flings,

Than the diamond flash of the jewelled  
crown on the lofty brow of kings ;

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,  
whose virtue shall not decay,

Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and  
a blessing on thy way !'

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel  
where her form of grace was seen,

Where her eye shone clear, and her dark  
locks waved their clasping pearls  
between ;

'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,  
thou traveller gray and old,

And name the price of thy precious gem,  
and my page shall count thy gold.'

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,  
as a small and meagre book,

Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from  
his folding robe he took !



'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may  
it prove as such to thee !  
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the  
word of God is free !' 20

The hoary traveller went his way, but the  
gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on  
that highborn maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin  
to the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God in its  
beautiful hour of youth !

And she hath left the gray old halls, where  
an evil faith had power, 25  
The courtly knights of her father's train,  
and the maidens of her bower ;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales  
by lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are  
rich in the perfect love of God !

1830.

### THE FEMALE MARTYR.

Mary G——, aged eighteen, a 'Sister of Charity,'  
died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the  
prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in volun-  
tary attendance upon the sick.

'BRING out your dead !' The midnight  
street

Heard and gave back the hoarse, low  
call ;

Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,  
Glanced through the dark the coarse white  
sheet,

Her coffin and her pall. 5

'What—only one !' the brutal hack-man  
said,

As, with an oath, he spurned away the  
dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-  
fall ! 10

The dying turned him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die !

Onward it rolled ; while oft its driver  
stayed,  
And hoarsely clamored, 'Ho ! bring out  
your dead.'

It paused beside the burial-place ; 15  
'Toss in your load !' and it was done.

With quick hand and averted face,  
Hastily to the grave's embrace  
They cast them, one by one, 19  
Stranger and friend, the evil and the just,  
Together trodden in the churchyard dust !

And thou, young martyr ! thou wast there ;  
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,  
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
Giving thee to thy God ; 26  
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper  
gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the  
grave !

Yet, gentle sufferer ! there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling, 30  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,

At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels,  
keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of  
sleeping. 35

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well ;  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell : 40  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and un-  
known.

Thy mercies measured by thy God alone !

Where manly hearts were failing, where  
The throngful street grew foul with  
death,

O high-souled martyr ! thou wast there, 45  
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.

Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious  
dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed 50  
 Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
 Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,  
 A new Electra by the bed  
 Of suffering human-kind !  
 Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay, 55  
 To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high  
 And holy mysteries of Heaven !  
 How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
 In mute and awful sympathy, 60  
 As thy low prayers were given ;  
 And the o'er-hoivering Spoiler wore, the  
 while,  
 An angel's features, a deliverer's smile !

A blessed task ! and worthy one  
 Who, turning from the world, as thou, 65  
 Before life's pathway had begun  
 To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
 Had sealed her early vow ;  
 Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
 Her pure affections and her guileless  
 truth. 70

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here  
 Could be for thee a meet reward ;  
 Thine is a treasure far more dear :  
 Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
 Of living mortal heard 75  
 The joys prepared, the promised bliss  
 above,  
 The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not  
 A nobler name than thine shall be.  
 The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
 The lofty energies of thought, 81  
 The fire of poesy,  
 These have but frail and fading honors ;  
 thine  
 Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble  
 down, 85  
 And human pride and grandeur fall,  
 The herald's line of long renown,  
 The mitre and the kingly crown,—  
 Perishing glories all !  
 The pure devotion of thy generous heart 90  
 Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a  
 part.

1833.

EXTRACT FROM 'A NEW ENGLAND  
LEGEND.'Originally a part of the author's *Moll Pitcher*.

How has New England's romance fled,  
 Even as a vision of the morning !  
 Its rites foredone, its guardians dead,  
 Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
 Waking the veriest urchin's scorning ! 5  
 Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
 And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
 Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
 At moonrise by his holy oak !  
 No more along the shadowy glen 10  
 Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men ;  
 No more the unquiet churchyard dead  
 Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
 Startling the traveller, late and lone ;  
 As, on some night of starless weather, 15  
 They silently commune together,  
 Each sitting on his own head-stone !  
 The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
 Its living tenants all departed,  
 No longer rings with midnight revel 20  
 Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;  
 No pale blue flame sends out its flashes  
 Through creviced roof and shattered  
 sashes !  
 The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
 May sharply to the night-air sing, 25  
 But there no more shall withered hags  
 Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,  
 Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
 As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;  
 No more their mimic tones be heard, 30  
 The mew of cat, the chirp of bird,  
 Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
 Of the fell demon following after !  
 The cautious Goodman nails no more  
 A horseshoe on his outer door, 35  
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
 To his own mouth her bridle-bit ;  
 The goodwife's churn no more refuses  
 Its wonted culinary uses  
 Until, with heated needle burned, 40  
 The witch has to her place returned !  
 Our witches are no longer old  
 And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
 But young and gay and laughing creatures,

With the heart's sunshine on their features ; 45  
 Their sorcery—the light which dances  
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;  
 Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
 The music of Love's twilight hours,  
 Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan 50  
 Above her nightly closing flowers,  
 Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
 Along the charmed Ausonian shore !  
 Even she, our own weird heroine,  
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn, 55  
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her ;  
 And the wide realm of sorcery,  
 Left by its latest mistress free,  
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader.  
 So perished Albion's 'glammarye,' 60  
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,  
 His charmed torch beside his knee,  
 That even the dead himself might see  
 The magic scroll within his keeping.  
 And now our modern Yankee sees 65  
 Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;  
 And naught above, below, around,  
 Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
 Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
 Excites his terror or surprise, — 70  
 All seeming to his knowing eyes  
 Familiar as his 'catechise,'  
 Or 'Webster's Spelling-Book.'  
 1833.

#### THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's  
 room,  
 And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
 And beats the maid with her unused  
 broom,  
 And the lazy lout with his idle flail ;  
 But he sweeps the floor and threshes the  
 corn, 5  
 And hies him away ere the break of dawn.  
 The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
 And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-  
 loft cheer,  
 The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
 Agrippa's demon wrought in fear, 10  
 And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
 By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of  
 him  
 Who seven times crossed the deep,  
 Twined closely each lean and withered  
 limb, 15  
 Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
 But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad cast  
 The evil weight from his back at last.  
 But the demon that cometh day by day  
 To my quiet room and fireside nook, 20  
 Where the casement light falls dim and  
 gray  
 On faded painting and ancient book,  
 Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
 Are chronicled well by good King James.  
 No bearer of burdens like Caliban, 25  
 No runner of errands like Ariel,  
 He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
 Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell ;  
 And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
 I know as I do of the wind which blows. 30  
 A stout old man with a greasy hat  
 Slouched heavily down to his dark, red  
 nose,  
 And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
 Looking through glasses with iron bows.  
 Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can, 35  
 Guard well your doors from that old man !  
 He comes with a careless 'How d' ye do ?'  
 And seats himself in my elbow-chair ;  
 And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
 Fall forthwith under his special care, 40  
 And he wipes his glasses and clears his  
 throat,  
 And, button by button, unfolds his coat.  
 And then he reads from paper and book,  
 In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
 With the stolid sameness of posture and  
 look 45  
 Of one who reads to himself alone ;  
 And hour after hour on my senses come  
 That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.  
 The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
 The poet's song and the lover's glee, 50  
 The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
 The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,

All reach my ear in the self-same tone,—  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on !

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon 55  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance, which  
seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's  
dreams, 60

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,  
Of her in whose features I sometimes  
look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns, from the self-  
same book,  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time, 65  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,  
Some prisoner's plaint through his  
dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low  
Her voice sinks down like a moan  
afar ; 70  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,  
Her voice is glad as an April bird's, 74  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,  
A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear !

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day, 79  
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door ;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay  
Which melted in music, the night  
before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs  
meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread, 85  
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,  
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the  
pane, 89  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,  
And wizard black-letter tomes which  
treat

Of demous of every name and size  
Which a Christian man is presumed to  
meet,  
But never a hint and never a line 95  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and  
Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall 100  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !  
'Conjuro te, scleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum !'—still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,—  
The exorcism has lost its skill ; 106  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah ! commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her sevenfold plagues, to the wan-  
dering Jew, 110  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes  
when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him  
can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man !  
1835.

### THE FOUNTAIN.

On the declivity of a hill in Salisbury, Essex  
County, is a fountain of clear water, gushing  
from the very roots of a venerable oak. It is  
about two miles from the junction of the Powow  
River with the Merrimac.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling  
By the swift Powow,  
With the summer sunshine falling  
On thy heated brow,  
Listen, while all else is still, 5  
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
By that streamlet's side,  
And a greener verdure showing  
Where its waters glide, 10

Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
O'er the sloping hill,  
Beautiful and freshly springeth 15  
That soft-flowing rill,  
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,  
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
In that magic well, 20  
Of whose gift of life forever  
Ancient legends tell,  
In the lonely desert wasted,  
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian 25  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies,  
Where his forest pathway lay  
Through the blooms of Florida. 30

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
With the dusky brow  
Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
Crossed the swift Powow,  
And betook him to the rill  
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone  
Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stooped him down 40  
To the fountain's grassy side,  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing 45  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as heaven  
Lendeth to its bow; 50  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving 55  
With his chains of sand ;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twixt the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimac. 60

Over village, wood, and meadow  
Gazed that stranger man,  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward pane 65  
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of their wigwam fires, 70  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe ?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood  
Down their sides the shadows throwing 75  
Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept !

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow, 80  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now ;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing, 85  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear ;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke. 90

Could it be his fathers ever  
Loved to linger here ?  
These bare hills, this conquered river, —  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness 95  
Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,  
While the western half of heaven  
Blushed with sunset still, 100

From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,  
But he came no more  
To the hillside on the river 105  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers,— 110  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.

1837.

### PENTUCKET.

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Chailons, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door. In a paper entitled *The Border War of 1708*, published in my collection of *Recreations and Miscellanies*, I have given a prose narrative of the surprise of Haverhill.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast 5  
The beauty of a cloudless west,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar! 10

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,

With corn-leaves waving freshly green 15  
The thick and blackened stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild, untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told, 20  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm without a fear,  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough, 25  
The milkmaid carolled by her cow;  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away.  
And silence on that village lay, 30  
— So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimac along his bed, 36  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hushed grouping of a dream. 40  
Yet on the still air crept a sound,  
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,  
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet, 45  
Which downward from the hillside beat?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?  
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb? 50  
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs  
glowed,  
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear 55  
Swelled on the night air, far and clear;  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock;  
Then rang the rifle-shot, and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—

Sank the red axe in woman's brain, 61  
 And childhood's cry arose in vain.  
 Bursting through roof and window came,  
 Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame,  
 And blended fire and moonlight glared 65  
 On still dead men and scalp-knives bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through  
 The river willows, wet with dew.  
 No sound of combat filled the air,  
 No shout was heard, nor gunshot there;  
 Yet still the thick and sullen smoke 71  
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
 And on the greensward many a stain,  
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,  
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped 75  
 Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell  
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,  
 Still show the door of wasting oak,  
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,  
 And point the curious stranger where 81  
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare;  
 Whose hideous head, in death still feared,  
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard;  
 And still, within the churchyard ground,  
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound, 86  
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
 The victims of that sacrifice.

1838.

#### THE NORSEMEN.

In the early part of the present century, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimac. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited the northeast coast of North America and probably New England, some centuries before the discovery of the western world by Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!  
 A relic to the present cast,  
 Left on the ever-changing strand  
 Of shifting and unstable sand,  
 Which wastes beneath the steady chime 5  
 And beating of the waves of Time!  
 Who from its bed of primal rock  
 First wrenched thy dark, unshapely  
 block?

Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
 Thy rude and savage outline wrought? 10

The waters of my native stream  
 Are glancing in the sun's warm beam;  
 From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
 The circles widen to its shore;  
 And cultured field and peopled town 15  
 Slope to its willowed margin down.  
 Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
 The home-lifesound of school-bells ringing,  
 And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
 Of the fire-winged and steedless car, 20  
 And voices from the wayside near  
 Come quick and blended on my ear,—  
 A spell is in this old gray stone,  
 My thoughts are with the Past alone! 24

A change! The steepled town no more  
 Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;  
 Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
 Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud;  
 Spectrally rising where they stood,  
 I see the old, primeval wood; 30  
 Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
 I see its solemn waste expand;  
 It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
 It arches o'er the valley's rill,  
 And leans from cliff and crag to throw 35  
 Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
 Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
 Flows on, as it will flow forever!  
 I listen, and I hear the low  
 Soft ripple where its waters go; 40  
 I hear behind the panther's cry,  
 The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
 And shyly on the river's brink  
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark! from wood and rock flung  
 back, 45  
 What sound comes up the Merrimac?  
 What sea-worn barks are those which  
 throw  
 The light spray from each rushing prow?  
 Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
 Bowed to the waves the straining mast? 50  
 Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
 Of Thule's night has shone upon;  
 Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.  
 Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's  
 daughters 55  
 Have watched them fading o'er the waters,

Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide,—and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew; 60  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky.  
Each broad, beamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air, 65  
Streams back the Northmen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear.

A sound of smitten shields I hear,  
Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme; 70  
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon 75  
Has answered to that startling rune;  
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea, 80  
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past,—the 'wilderer vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!  
The forest vanishes in air, 85  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;  
I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again;  
The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone; 90  
And if it be the chiselled limb  
Of Berserker or idol grim,  
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,  
Or Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love-awakening Siona, 95  
I know not,—for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.  
Yet, for this vision of the Past, 100  
This glance upon its darkness cast,  
My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,  
Who fashioned so the human mind, 105  
That, from the waste of Time behind,

A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
Can summon the departed forth;  
Quicken the Past to life again, 110  
The Present lose in what hath been,  
And in their primal freshness show  
The buried forms of long ago.  
As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
Whose impulse fills anew with breath 115  
The frozen solitude of Death,  
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,  
To whisper—even when it seems  
But Memory's fantasy of dreams— 120  
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
Of an immortal origin!

1841.

## FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

Polan, chief of the Sokokis Indians of the country between Agamenticus and Casco Bay, was killed at Windham on Sebago Lake in the spring of 1756. After the whites had retired, the surviving Indians 'swayed' or bent down a young tree until its roots were upturned, placed the body of their chief beneath it, and then released the tree, which, in springing back to its old position, covered the grave. The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. François.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er, 5  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the  
bleak, 10  
Wild winds have bared some splintering  
peak,  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show, 14  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.



The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks 20  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care 25  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this? 30

The turf's red stain is yet undried,  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side;

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land 35  
Slopes upward from the lake's white  
sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot, 41  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide,—  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid, 46  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest 50  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done : the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,  
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race 55  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place,  
Which knew them once, retains no  
trace ;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that beech's head,  
A green memorial of the dead ! 60

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake 65  
A solemn undertone shall make !

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast ?

Deem ye that mother loveth less 70  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress ?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers  
blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below. 75

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed ?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair, 80  
And cursing in the place of prayer !

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—  
And they have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment ; all 85  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O peeled and hunted and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !  
Great Nature owns her simple child ! 90

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known,—  
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things, 95  
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,  
Not with our pride and scorn shall han,  
The spirit of our brother man !

1847. •

### ST. JOHN.

The fierce rivalry between Charles de La Tour, a Protestant, and D'Aulnay Charnay, a Catholic, for the possession of Acadia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. La Tour received aid in several instances from the Puritan colony of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by D'Aulnay, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack however followed in the fourth month, 1647, when D'Aulnay was successful, and the garrison was put to the sword. Lady La Tour languished a few days in the hands of her enemy, and then died of grief<sup>2</sup>.

'To the winds give our banner !  
Bear homeward again !'

Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne !

From the prow of his shallop 5  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed, 10  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had looked  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot 15  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell ; 20  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorred,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop 25  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.  
Pemaquid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone, 30  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided, 35  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
Oh, well sped La Tour !  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch,  
For his coming again. 40

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane-trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
'Now, why from yon battlements 45  
Speaks not my love !  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above ?'

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about, 50  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt ;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner, 55  
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood  
A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood. 60  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

'Speak, son of the Woman 65  
Of scarlet and sin !  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within ?'  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke, 70  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke :

'No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival, 75  
With fire, steel, and ball!  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame. 80

'Pentagoet's dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey.' 85  
'But what of my lady?'  
Cried Charles of Estienne.  
'On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen :

'Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon, 90  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon!  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe!  
When the son of the church 95  
And the cross is his foe!

'In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breach of the wall! 100  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment,—and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men!

'Of its sturdy defenders, 105  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazoned banner  
Float over St. John.'  
'Let the dastard look to it!'  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
'Were D'Aulnay King Louis, 110  
I'd free her again!

'Alas for thy lady!  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her 115  
Whom the Lord hath set free;  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thralldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door!' 120

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour staggered back;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck 125  
Of his shallop again.  
'We cruise now for vengeance!  
Give way!' cried Estienne.

'Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot's wrong, 130  
And from island and creekside  
Her fishers shall throng!  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo 135  
The Puritan's gun!

Oh, the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o'er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him; 140  
But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John!  
1841.

#### THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable Jogeos, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress-tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,  
Their failing eyes looked out.  
Gray Age and Sickness waiting there 5  
Through weary night and lingering  
day,—  
Grim as the idols at their side,  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;  
Unseen of them the island flowers 11  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill ;  
The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed, 15  
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?  
The Moslem's sunset-call, the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids, the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance ? 20

They waited for that falling leaf  
Of which the wandering Jogees sing :  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones 25  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed, 30  
In answer to the breath of prayer,  
Upon the waiting head—

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But on the fainting soul to shed 35  
A light and life divine—

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay ?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way ? 40

Or shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith 45  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong,— 50  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than 'watch one hour' in humbling  
prayer.

Life's 'great things,' like the Syrian  
lord, 55  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save ;  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave. 60

O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them, 65  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee !

1841.

# THE EXILES.

The incidents upon which the following ballad  
has its foundation occurred about the year 1660.  
Thomas Macy was one of the first, if not the  
first white settler of Nantucket. The career of  
Macy is briefly but carefully outlined in James S.  
Pike's *The New Puritan*.

THE GOODMAN sat beside his door,  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,— 5  
The dark green woods were still ;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud 45  
Above the wilderness, 10  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air 15  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell, A weary stranger came, And stood before the farmer's door, With travel soiled and lame.	20	Out looked the cautious goodman then, With much of fear and awe, For there, with broad wig drenched with rain, The parish priest he saw.
Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope Was in his quiet glance, And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed His tranquil countenance,—		'Open thy door, thou wicked man, 65 And let thy pastor in, And give God thanks, if forty stripes Repay thy deadly sin.'
A look, like that his Master wore 25 In Pilate's council-hall: It told of wrongs, but of a love Meekly forgiving all.	25	'What seek ye?' quoth the goodman; 'The stranger is my guest; 70 He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,— Pray let the old man rest.'
'Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?' The stranger meekly said; And, leaning on his oaken staff, The goodman's features read.	30	'Now, out upon thee, canting knave!' And strong hands shook the door, 'Believe me, Macy,' quoth the priest, 75 'Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore.'
'My life is hunted,—evil men Are following in my track; The traces of the torturer's whip Are on my aged back;	35	Then kindled Macy's eye of fire: 'No priest who walks the earth, Shall pluck away the stranger-guest Made welcome to my hearth.' 80
'And much, I fear, 't will peril thee Within thy doors to take A hunted seeker of the Truth, Oppressed for conscience' sake.'	40	Down from his cottage wall he caught The matchlock, hotly tried At Preston-pans and Marston-moor, By fiery Ireton's side;
Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife, 'Come in, old man!' quoth she, 'We will not leave thee to the storm, Whoever thou mayst be.'		Where Puritan, and Cavalier, 85 With shout and psalm contended; And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer, With battle-thunder blended.
Then came the aged wanderer in, And silent sat him down; While all within grew dark as night Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.	45	Up rose the ancient stranger then: 'My spirit is not free 90 To bring the wrath and violence Of evil men on thee;
But while the sudden lightning's blaze Filled every cottage nook, And with the jarring thunder-roll The loosened casements shook,	50	'And for thyself, I pray forbear, Bethink thee of thy Lord, Who healed again the smitten ear, 95 And sheathed His follower's sword.
A heavy tramp of horses' feet Came sounding up the lane, And half a score of horse, or more, Came plunging through the rain.	55	'I go, as to the slaughter led. Friends of the poor, farewell!' Beneath his hand the oaken door Back on its hinges fell. 100
'Now, Goodman Macy, open thy door,— We would not be house-breakers; A rueful deed thou'st done this day, In harboring banished Quakers.'	60	

'Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,' The reckless scoffers cried, As to a horseman's saddle-bow The old man's arms were tied.		The priest came panting to the shore, His grave cocked hat was gone; Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung His wig upon a thorn.	
And of his bondage hard and long In Boston's crowded jail, Where suffering woman's prayer was heard, With sickening childhood's wail,	105	'Come back! come back!' the parson cried, 'The church's curse beware.'	145
It suits not with our tale to tell; Those scenes have passed away; Let the dim shadows of the past Brood o'er that evil day.	110	'Curse, an' thou wilt,' said Macy, 'but Thy blessing prithee spare.'	
'Ho, sheriff!' quoth the ardent priest, 'Take Goodman Macy too; The sin of this day's heresy His back or purse shall rue.'	115	'Vile scoffer!' cried the baffled priest, 'Thou'lt yet the gallows see.' 'Who's born to be hanged will not be drowned,' Quoth Macy, merrily:	150
'Now, goodwife, haste thee!' Macy cried. She caught his manly arm; Behind, the parson urged pursuit, With outcry and alarm.	120	'And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-by!' He bent him to his oar, And the small boat glided quietly From the twain upon the shore.	155
Ho! speed the Macys, neck or naught.— The river-course was near; The plashing on its pebbled shore Was music to their ear.		Now in the west, the heavy clouds Scattered and fell asunder, While feebler came the rush of rain, And fainter growled the thunder.	160
A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch, Above the waters hung, And at its base, with every wave, A small light wherry swung.	125	And through the broken clouds, the sun Looked out serene and warm, Painting its holy symbol-light Upon the passing storm.	
A leap—they gain the boat—and there The goodman wields his oar; 'Ill luck betide them all,' he cried, 'The laggards on the shore.'	130	Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span, O'er dim Crane-neck was bonded; One bright foot touched the eastern hills, And one with ocean blended.	165
Down through the crashing underwood, The burly sheriff came:— 'Stand, Goodman Macy, yield thyself; Yield in the King's own name.'	136	By green Pentucket's southern slope The small boat glided fast; The watchers of the Block-house saw The strangers as they passed.	170
'Now out upon thy hangman's face!' Bold Macy answered then,— 'Whip women, on the village green, But meddle not with men.'	140	That night a stalwart garrison Sat shaking in their shoes, To hear the dip of Indian oars, The glide of birch canoes.	175
		The fisher-wives of Salisbury— The men were all away— Looked out to see the stranger oar Upon their waters play.	180

Deer Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
 Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
 And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
 Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
 The marsh lay broad and green; 186  
 And on their right, with dwarf shrubs  
 crowned,  
 Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye  
 The harbor-bar was crossed; 190  
 A plaything of the restless wave,  
 The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
 On land and water lay;  
 On the steep hills of Agawam, 195  
 On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
 And Gloucester's harbor-bar;  
 The watch-fire of the garrison  
 Shone like a setting star. 200

How brightly broke the morning  
 On Massachusetts Bay!  
 Blue wave, and bright green island,  
 Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety 205  
 Round isle and headland steep;  
 No tempest broke above them,  
 No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
 The venturous Macy passed, 210  
 And on Nantucket's naked isle  
 Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
 They braved the rough sea-weather;  
 And there, in peace and quietness, 215  
 Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,  
 And how their fishing sped,  
 Until to every wind of heaven  
 Nantucket's sails were spread; 220

How pale Want alternated  
 With Plenty's golden smile;  
 Behold, is it not written  
 In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth 221  
 A refuge of the free,  
 As when true-hearted Macy  
 Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
 Her shrubless hills of sand, 225  
 Free as the waves that batter  
 Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
 No loftier spirit stirs,  
 Nor falls o'er human suffering 231  
 A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!  
 And grant forevermore,  
 That charity and freedom dwell  
 As now upon her shore! 235  
 1811.

### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
 The sun shall sink again,  
 Farewell to life and all its ills,  
 Farewell to cell and chain!

These prison shades are dark and cold, 5  
 But, darker far than they,  
 The shadow of a sorrow old  
 Is on my heart away.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
 Closed o'er my steed, and I, 10  
 An alien from my name and blood,  
 A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,  
 I saw her turret gleam,  
 And from its casement, far and white, 15  
 Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,  
 Doth home's green isles descry,  
 And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
 The waste of wave and sky; 20

So from the desert of my fate  
 I gaze across the past;  
 Forever on life's dial-plate  
 The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine ; 26  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine ;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword 30  
To Christ, His blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife !  
How vain do all things seem !  
My soul is in the past, and life 35  
To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear ;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair. 40

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—  
Its ears are open still ;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old 45  
Do evermore uprise ;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline ; 50  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine.

'O faithless priest ! O perjured knight !'  
I hear the Master cry ;  
'Shut out the vision from thy sight, 55  
Let Earth and Nature die.

'The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art ;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart !' 60

In vain ! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow  
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light, 65  
And saints and martyrs old !  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man upheld.

Then let 'he Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain, 70  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.  
1843.

## CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

In 1658 two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of nearly all his property for having entertained Quakers at his house, were sued for non-attendance at church. They being unable to pay the fine, the General Court issued an order empowering 'the Treasurer of the County to sell the said persons to any of the English nation of Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fines.' An attempt was made to carry this order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies.

To the God of all sure mercies let my  
blessing rise to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath  
plucked the spoil away ;  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around  
the faithful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set  
His handmaid free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through  
my prison bars, 5  
Last night across my damp earth-floor  
fell the pale gleam of stars ;  
In the coldness and the darkness all  
through the long night-time,  
My grated casement whitened with  
autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after  
hour crept by ;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank  
adown the sky ; 10  
No sound amid night's stillness, save that  
which seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses  
of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew  
that on the morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock  
me in my sorrow,



Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold, 15	Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold !	Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame. 40
Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,— the shrinking and the shame ;	' And what a fate awaits thee !—a sadly toiling slave,
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came :	Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave !
' Whysit'st thou thus forlornly,' the wicked murmur said,	Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
' Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed ? 20	The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all !'
' Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,	Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears 45
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street ?	Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath through,	I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?	To feel, O Helper of the weak ! that Thou indeed wert there !
' Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ?—Be- think thee with what mirth 25	I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm, bright hearth ;	And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell, 50
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,	Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.	And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.
' Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,	Bless the Lord for all His mercies !—for the peace and love I felt,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken ; 30	Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt ;
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,	When 'Get behind me, Satan !' was the language of my heart, 55
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.	And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.
' O weak, deluded maiden !—by crazy fancies led,	Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sunshine fell,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread ;	Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell ;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teach- ing pure and sound, 35	The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
And mate with maniac women, loose- haired and sackcloth bound,—	Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet. 60
' Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,	At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine ;	And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed ;

I heard the murmur round me, and felt,  
but dared not see,  
How, from every door and window, the  
people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame  
burned upon my cheek, 65

Swam earth and sky around me, my  
trembling limbs grew weak :

'O Lord! support thy handmaid; and  
from her soul cast out

The fear of man, which brings a snare,  
the weakness and the doubt.'

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like  
a cloud in morning's breeze,

And a low deep voice within me seemed  
whispering words like these : 70

'Though thy earth be as the iron, and  
thy heaven a brazen wall,

Trust still His loving-kindness whose  
power is over all.'

We paused at length, where at my feet  
the sunlit waters broke

On glaring reach of shining beach, and  
shingly wall of rock ;

The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard  
clear lines on high, 75

Tracing with rope and slender spar their  
network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-  
wrapped and grave and cold,

And grim and stout sea-captains with  
faces bronzed and old,

And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel  
clerk at hand,

Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the  
ruler of the land. 80

And poisoning with his evil words the  
ruler's ready ear,

The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with  
laugh and scoff and jeer ;

It stirred my soul, and from my lips the  
seal of silence broke,

As if through woman's weakness a warning  
spirit spoke.

I cried, 'The Lord rebuke thee, thou  
smiter of the meek, 85

Thou robber of the righteous, thou tramp-  
ler of the weak !

Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,—  
go turn the prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou  
wolf amid the flock !'

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and  
with a deeper red

O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the  
flush of anger spread ; 90

'Good people,' quoth the white-lipped  
priest, 'heed not her words so wild.

Her Master speaks within her,—the Devil  
owns his child !'

But gray heads shook, and young brows  
knit, the while the sheriff read

That law the wicked rulers against the  
poor have made,

Who to their house of Rimmon and idol  
priesthood bring 95

No bended knee of worship, nor gainful  
offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff,  
turning, said,—

'Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take  
this Quaker maid ?

In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Vir-  
ginia's shore,

You may hold her at a higher price than  
Indian girl or Moor.' 100

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and  
when again he cried,

'Speak out, my worthy seamen !'—no  
voice, no sign replied ;

But I felt a hard hand press my own, and  
kind words met my ear,—

'God bless thee, and preserve thee, my  
gentle girl and dear !'

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a  
pitying friend was nigh,— 105

I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw  
it in his eye ;

And when again the sheriff spoke, that  
voice, so kind to me,

Growled back its stormy answer like the  
roaring of the sea,—

'Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack  
with coins of Spanish gold,

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the  
roomage of her hold, 110

By the living God who made me!—I  
would sooner in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear  
this child away!

'Well answered, worthy captain, shame  
on their cruel laws!'

Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud  
the people's just applause.

'Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel  
of old, 115

Shall we see the poor and righteous again  
for silver sold?'

I looked on haughty Endicott; with  
weapon half-way drawn,

Swept round the throng his lion glare of  
bitter hate and scorn;

Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and  
turned in silence back,

And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode  
murmuring in his track. 120

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in  
bitterness of soul;

Thrice smote his staff upon the ground,  
and crushed his parchment roll.

'Good friends,' he said, 'since both have  
fled, the ruler and the priest,

Judge ye, if from their further work I be  
not well released.'

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear,  
swept round the silent bay, 125

As, with kind words and kinder looks,  
he bade me go my way;

For He who turns the courses of the  
streamlet of the glen,

And the river of great waters, had turned  
the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed  
changed beneath my eye,

A holier wonder round me rose the blue  
walls of the sky. 130

A lovelier light on rock and hill and  
stream and woodland lay,

And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the  
waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him  
all praises be,

Who from the hands of evil men hath set  
His handmaid free;

All praise to Him before whose power  
the mighty are afraid, 135  
Who takes the crafty in the snare which  
for the poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's  
twilight calm

Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth  
the grateful psalm;

Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as  
did the saints of old,

When of the Lord's good angel the rescued  
Peter told. 140

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and  
mighty men of wrong,

The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay  
His hand upon the strong.

Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging  
hour!

Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to  
raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise, the poor  
in heart be glad, 145

And let the mourning ones again with  
robes of praise be clad.

For He who cooled the furnace, and  
smoothed the stormy wave,

And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty  
still to save!

1843.

### THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

The following ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M——, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,  
Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest.  
All is over, all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one!  
Blooming girl and manhood gray, 5  
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill;  
All is dark and all is still, 10

Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the graveyard trees ;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride 15  
She hath awakened, at his side.  
With half-uttered shriek and start,—  
Feels she not his beating heart ?  
And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm ? 20

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Springs that fair dishevelled head,  
And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence.  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks 25  
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing,  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot old, 30  
And, through faded curtains stealing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair ;  
Lips of love have left no trace 35  
On that hard and haughty face ;  
And that forehead's knitted thought  
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

' Yet,' she sighs, ' he loves me well,  
More than these calm lips will tell. 40  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me !'

While she speaketh, falls the light 45  
O'er her fingers small and white ;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling,—  
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there. 50

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow ;  
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress, 55  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha !—that start of horror ! why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain ?  
Is there madness in her brain ? 60  
Hark ! that gasping, hoarse and low,  
' Spare me,—spare me,—let me go !'

God have mercy !—icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them 65  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem.  
' Waken ! save me !' still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ; 70  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sigh and half a moan :  
' Fear not ! give the dead her own !'

Ah !—the dead wife's voice she knows ! 75  
That cold hand whose pressure froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn.  
' Wake thee ! wake thee !' Lo, his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise. 80

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her ;  
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,  
And he feels her heart's quick beating :  
' Nay, my dearest, why this fear ?' 85  
' Hush !' she saith, ' the dead is here !'

' Nay, a dream,—an idle dream.'  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises.  
There no more the diamond blazes, 90  
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—  
' Ah !' she sighs, ' her hand was cold !'

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
But his dark lip quivereth,  
And as o'er the past he thinketh, 95  
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh ;  
Can those soft arms round him lie,  
Underneath his dead wife's eye ?

She her fair young head can rest  
Soothed and childlike on his breast, 100  
And in trustful innocence  
Draw new strength and courage thence ;

He, the proud man, feels within  
But the cowardice of sin !

She can murmur in her thought 105  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all ;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side ! 110

One, who living shrank with dread  
From his look, or word, or tread,  
Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour, 115  
With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend 120  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places, 125  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

1843.

#### THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back, in the

same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide* MORTON'S *New Canada*.

We had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country.

We had seen  
The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from  
the lake

Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt 5  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles  
Which stoop their summer beauty to the  
lips

Of the bright waters. We had checked  
our steeds,

Silent with wonder, where the mountain  
wall

Is piled to heaven ; and, through the  
narrow rift 10

Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged  
feet

Beats the mad torrent with perpetual  
roar,

Where noonday is as twilight, and the  
wind

Comes burdened with the everlasting  
moun

Of forests and of far-off waterfalls, 15

We had looked upward where the sum-  
mer sky,

Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the  
sun,

Sprung its blue arch above the abutting  
crags

O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had

passed 20

The high source of the Saco ; and be-  
wildered

In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal  
Hills,

Had heard above us, like a voice in the  
cloud,

The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop  
Of old Agiochook had seen the moun-  
tains 25

Piled to the northward, shagged with  
wood, and thick

As meadow mole-hills, — the far sea of  
Casco,

A white gleam on the horizon of the east ;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and  
hills ;

Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kear-  
sarge 30

Lifting his granite forehead to the sun !

And we had rested underneath the oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires  
are shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung 36  
By beechen shadows, whitening down its  
rocks,

Or lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up the  
gleam

Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon 40  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,  
Like a great Indian camp-fire ; and its  
beams

At midnight spanning with a bridge of  
silver

The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's  
chance 45

Had thrown together in these wild north  
hills :

A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
From his dull office, where the weary eye  
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged  
streets ;

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see 50  
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to  
take

Its chances all as godsend ; and his  
brother,

Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
The warmth and freshness of a genial  
heart,

Whose mirror of the beautiful and true, 55  
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore ;

Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers, 60  
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the  
noon,

Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy  
leaves,

And tenderest moonrise. 'T was, in truth,  
a study,

To mark his spirit, alternating between  
A decent and professional gravity 65

And an irreverent mirthfulness, which  
often

Laughed in the face of his divinity,  
Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite un-  
shrined

The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious  
merchant, 70

To whom the soiled sheet found in Craw-  
ford's inn,

Giving the latest news of city stocks  
And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning  
Than the great presence of the awful  
mountains

Glorified by the sunset ; and his daughter,  
A delicate flower on whom had blown too  
long 76

Those evil winds, which, sweeping from  
the ice

And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
Shed their cold blight round Massa-  
chusetts Bay,

With the same breath which stirs Spring's  
opening leaves 80

And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on  
its stem,

Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
A drear northeastern storm came howl-  
ing up 85

The valley of the Saco ; and that girl  
Who had stood with us upon Mount  
Washington,

Her brown locks ruffled by the wind  
which whirled

In gusts around its sharp, cold pinnacle,  
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in  
the streams 90

Which lave that giant's feet ; whose laugh  
was heard

Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's  
green islands,

Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and  
visibly drooped

Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn 95	A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures
Which looks from Conway on the moun- tains piled	Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them; 130
Heavily against the horizon of the north, Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home:	Watts' unmelodious psalms; Astrology's Last home, a musty pile of almanacs, And an old chronicle of border wars And Indian history. And, as I read A story of the marriage of the Chief 135
And while the mist hung over dripping hills,	Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo, Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt In the old time upon the Merrimac, Our fair one, in the playful exercise 140
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops all day long 100	Of her prerogative,—the right divine Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify The legend, and with ready pencilsketched Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning To each his part, and barring our excuses With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers Whose voices still are heard in the Ro- mance 146
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane, We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.	Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling The ear of languid beauty, plague exiled From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes 150
The lawyer in the pauses of the storm Went angling down the Saco, and, re- turning,	To their fair auditor, and shared by turns Her kind approval and her playful censure.
Recounted his adventures and mishaps; Gave us the history of his scaly clients, 106	It may be that these fragments owe alone To the fair setting of their circum- stances,—
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations Of barbarous law Latin, passages	The associations of time, scene, and audience,— 155
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh	Their place amid the pictures which fill up The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,
As the flower-skirted streams of Stafford- shire, 110	Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world, That our broad land,—our sea-like lakes and mountains 160
Where, under aged trees, the southwest wind	Piled to the clouds, our rivers overhung By forests which have known no other change
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair	For ages than the budding and the fall Of leaves, our valleys lovelier than those Which the old poets sang of,—should but figure 165
Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told, Our youthful candidate forsook his ser- mons,	On the apocryphal chart of speculation As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,
His commentaries, articles and creeds, 115	
For the fair page of human loveliness, The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text	
Is music, its illumining, sweet smiles. He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,	
Deep, earnest voice, recited many a page Of poetry, the holiest, tenderest lines 121	
Of the sad bard of Olney, the sweet songs, Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature, Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount	
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing 125	
From the green hills, immortal in his lays. And for myself, obedient to her wish, I searched our landlord's proffered li- brary:	

Rights, and appurtenances, which make up  
A Yankee Paradise, unsung, unknown,  
To beautiful tradition; even their names,  
Whose melody yet lingers like the last 171  
Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
Exchanged for syllables significant.  
Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly  
Upon this effort to call up the ghost 175  
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased  
ear  
To the responses of the questioned Shade.

I. THE MERRIMAC.

O child of that white-crested mountain  
whose springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's  
wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy  
wild waters shine, 180  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing  
through the dwarf pine;  
  
From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold  
and so lone,  
From the arms of that wintry-locked  
mother of stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales  
wide and free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced  
down to the sea! 185  
  
No bridge arched thy waters save that  
where the trees  
Stretched their long arms above thee and  
kissed in the breeze:  
No sound save the lapse of the waves on  
thy shores,  
The plunging of otters, the light dip of  
oars.  
  
Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's  
fall 190  
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and  
tall,  
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and  
unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled  
with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than  
these,  
And greener its grasses and taller its  
trees, 195  
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had  
rung,  
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows  
had swung.  
  
In their sheltered repose looking out from  
the wood  
The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook  
stood;  
There glided the corn-dance, the council-  
fire shone, 200  
And against the red war-post the hatchet  
was thrown.  
  
There the old smoked in silence their  
pipes, and the young  
To the pike and the white-perch their  
baited lines flung;  
There the boy shaped his arrows, and  
there the shy maid  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright  
wampum braid. 205  
  
O Stream of the Mountains! if answer of  
thine  
Could rise from thy waters to question of  
mine,  
Methinks through the din of thy thronged  
banks a moan  
Of sorrow would swell for the days which  
have gone.  
  
Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and  
the wheel, 210  
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;  
But that old voice of waters, of bird and  
of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of  
trees!

II. THE BASHABA.

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
And, turning from familiar sight and  
sound, 215  
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy  
ground,



Led by the few pale lights which, glim-  
mering round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem  
dying fast ;

And that which history gives not to the  
eye, 220

The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush,  
supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
Through whose chinks the sunbeams  
shine,

Tracing many a golden line 225  
On the ample floor within ;

Where, upon that earth-floor stark,

Lay the gaudy mats of bark,

With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
And the red-deer's skin. 230

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
Woven of the willow white,  
Lent a dimly checkered light ;

And the night-stars glimmered down,  
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke, 235  
Slowly through an opening broke,  
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade  
By the solemn pine-wood made ; 240  
Through the rugged palisade,

In the open foreground planted,  
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,  
Steel-like gleams of water flowing, 245  
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba  
Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
From the White Hills, far away,  
To the great sea's sounding shore ; 250  
Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
All the river Sachems heard,  
At his call the war-dance stirred,  
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war, 255  
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
Lay beside his axe and bow ;

And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
Loosely on a snake-skin strung, 260  
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing 265  
O'er the waters still and red ;  
And the squaw's dark eye burned  
brighter,  
And she drew her blanket tighter,  
As, with quicker step and lighter,  
From that door she fled. 270

For that chief had magic skill,  
And a Panisee's dark will,  
Over powers of good and ill,  
Powers which bless and powers which  
ban ;

Wizard lord of Pennacook, 275  
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
When they met the steady look  
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
When the winter night-wind cold 280  
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
And her fire burned low and small,  
Till the very child abed,  
Drew its bear-skin over head,  
Shrinking from the pale lights shed 285  
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
Under earth or wave, abiding  
In the caverned rock, or riding  
Misty clouds or morning breeze ; 290  
Every dark intelligence,  
Secret soul, and influence  
Of all things which outward sense  
Feels, or hears, or sees, —

These the wizard's skill confessed, 295  
At his bidding banned or blessed,  
Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
Wind and cloud, and fire and flood ;  
Burned for him the drifted snow,  
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow, 300  
And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood !

Not ~~unlike~~ that tale of old !  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold 305  
Subject to their kingly will ;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er,  
As upon a marble floor,  
Moves the strong man still. 310

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
Broken in their pathway lies ;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking, 316  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
Over midnight skies.

Still, to th' earnest soul, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon, 320  
And the moon of Ajalon  
Lights the battle-grounds of life ;  
To his aid the strong reverses  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars, in their courses, 325  
Mingle in his strife !

### III. THE DAUGHTER.

The soot-black brows of men, the yell  
Of women thronging round the bed,  
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,  
The Powah whispering o'er the  
dead ! 330  
All these the Sachem's home had known,  
When, on her journey long and wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother  
of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's  
dwelling 335  
They laid her in the walnut shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swelling  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in summer hours,  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped his  
shell,— 340  
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened  
sunshine fell !

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear. 346  
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,  
And still, in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath  
his foremost tread. 350

Yet when her name was heard no more,  
And when the robe her mother gave,  
And small, light moccasin she wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids  
sped 355  
Their sunset dance and moonlit play ;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his bosom  
lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
The tempest-smitten tree receives 360  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through 365  
The softness and the warmth of her young  
being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
Bemocking April's gladdest bird,—  
A light and graceful form which sprang  
To meet him when his step was  
heard,— 370  
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—  
With these the household-god had graced  
his wigwam well.

Child of the forest ! strong and free, 375  
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
Or struck the flying bird in air.  
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon  
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's  
way ; 380  
And dazzling in the summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off its  
shower of spray !

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
 The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
 The weary torture of the school, 385  
 The taming of wild nature down.  
 Her only lore, the legends told  
 Around the hunter's fire at night;  
 Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
 Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, un-  
 questioned in her sight. 390

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
 With which the artist-eye can trace  
 In rock and tree and lake and hill  
 The outlines of divinest grace;  
 Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest, 395  
 Which sees, admires, yet yearns alway;  
 Too closely on her mother's breast  
 To note her smiles of love the child of  
 Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be  
 Of common, natural things a part, 400  
 To feel, with bird and stream and  
 tree,  
 The pulses of the same great heart;  
 But we, from Nature long exiled,  
 In our cold homes of Art and Thought  
 Grieve like the stranger-tended child, 405  
 Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees  
 but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
 In cultured soil and genial air,  
 To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
 Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair;  
 In lonelier grace, to sun and dew 411  
 The sweetbrier on the hillside shows  
 Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
 Untrained and wildly free, yet still a  
 sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo<sup>5</sup> 415  
 Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
 The instincts of her nature threw;  
 The savage was a woman still.  
 Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
 Heart-colored prophecies of life, 420  
 Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
 The light of a new home, the lover and  
 the wife.

## IV. THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,  
 But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with  
 light,  
 For down from its roof, by green withes  
 hung, 425  
 Flaring and smoking the pine-knots  
 swung.

And along the river great wood-fires  
 Shot into the night their long, red spires,  
 Showing behind the tall, dark wood,  
 Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and  
 shade, 431  
 Now high, now low, that firelight played,  
 On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,  
 On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook,  
 And the weary fisher on Contoocook, 436  
 Saw over the marshes, and through the  
 pine,  
 And down on the river, the dance-lights  
 shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
 The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo, 440  
 And laid at her father's feet that night  
 His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far southeast  
 The river Sagamores came to the feast;  
 And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds  
 shook 445  
 Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,  
 From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
 And from rough Coös whose thick woods  
 shake  
 Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake. 450

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,  
 Wild as his home, came Chepewass;  
 And the Keenomps of the hills which  
 throw  
 Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
Glowing with paint came old and young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed,  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field, 459  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,  
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon speared in the Contoocook;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic; 468  
And small wild-hens in reed-snares caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills  
shaken,

Cranberries picked in the Squamscoot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog:

And, drawn from that great stone vase  
which stands " 475

In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
Furnished in that olden day 481  
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
Of old men beating the Indian drum. 486

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks  
flowing,

And red arms tossing and black eyes  
glowing,

Now in the light and now in the shade  
Around the fires the dancers played. 490

The step was quicker, the song more  
shrill,

And the beat of the small drums louder  
still

Whenever within the circle drew  
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed 495  
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
And toil and care and battle's chance  
Had seamed his hard, dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—  
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
In whose cold look is naught beside 501  
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
The soft lips of the mosses seek: 506

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
To harmonize her wide extremes,  
Linking the stronger with the weak,  
The haughty with the soft and meek! 510

#### V. THE NEW HOME.

A wild and broken landscape, spiked with  
firs,

Roughening the bleak horizon's northern  
edge;

Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black  
hemlock spurs

And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-  
swept ledge

Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling  
rose, 515

Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down  
upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched  
away,

Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a  
day

Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck  
sea; 520

And faint with distance came the stifled  
roar,

The melancholy lapse of waves on that  
low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling  
smokes,

No laugh of children wrestling in the  
snow,

No camp-fire blazing through the hillside  
oaks, 525

No fishers kneeling on the ice below ;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and  
view,

Through the long winter moons smiled  
dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home ; and freshly  
all

Its beautiful affections overgrew 530  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite  
wall

Soft vine-leaves open to the moistening  
dew

And warm bright sun, the love of that  
young wife

Found on a hard cold breast the dew and  
warmth of life.

The steep, bleak hills, the melancholy  
shore, 535

The long, dead level of the marsh be-  
tween,

A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young  
love seen.

For o'er those hills and from that dreary  
plain,

Nightly she welcomed home her hunter  
chief again. 540

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst  
of feeling,

Repaid her welcoming smile and parting  
kiss,

No fond and playful dalliance half con-  
cealing,

Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness ;  
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled  
pride, 545

And vanity's pleased smile with homage  
satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side ;

That he whose fame to her young ear had  
flown

Now looked upon her proudly as his  
bride ; 550

That he whose name the Mohawk tremb-  
ling heard

Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look  
or word.

For she had learned the maxims of her  
race,

Which teach the woman to become a  
slave,

And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and  
brave, — 556

The scandal and the shame which they  
incur,

Who give to woman all which man re-  
quires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at  
last

Broke link by link the frost chain of the  
rills, 560

And the warm breathings of the south-  
west passed

Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills ;  
The gray and desolate marsh grew green  
once more,

And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell  
round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners  
came, 565

With gift and greeting for the Saugus  
chief ;

Beseeching him in the great Sachem's  
name,

That, with the coming of the flower and  
leaf,

The song of birds, the warm breeze and  
the rain,

Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely  
sire again. 570

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs to-  
gether,

And a grave council in his wigwam  
met,

Solemn and brief in words, considering  
whether

The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look

Upon her father's face and green-banked  
Pennacook. 576

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong  
\* water,

The forest sages pondered, and at length  
Concluded in a body to escort her

Up to her father's home of pride and  
strength, 580

Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal con-  
sequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetanit's  
hand?

A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land

Yellow with flowers, the wild procession  
went, 586

Till, rolling down its wooded banks be-  
tween,

A broad, clear, mountain stream, the  
Merrimac was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn,  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled  
shores, 590

Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-  
corn,

Young children peering through the  
wigwam doors,

Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
Of painted Saugus braves, then Weetamoo  
again.

# VI. AT PENNACOOK.

The hills are dearest which our childish  
feet 595

Have climbed the earliest; and the  
streams most sweet

Are ever those at which our young lips  
drank

Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy  
bank.

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's  
hearth-light

Shines round the helmsman plunging  
through the night; 600

And still, with inward eye, the traveller  
sees

In close, dark, stranger streets his native  
trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly  
fanned

By breezes whispering of his native land,  
And on the stranger's dim and dying eye

The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood  
lie, 606

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
A child upon her father's wigwam floor!

Once more with her old fondness to  
beguile

From his cold eye the strange light of a  
smile, 610

The long, bright days of summer swiftly  
passed,

The dry leaves whirled in autumn's rising  
blast,

And evening cloud and whitening sunrise  
rime

Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young  
Weetamoo 615

Down the dark river for her chief's canoe;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought

The grateful tidings which the young wife  
sought.

At length a runner from her father sent,  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam

went; 620

'Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the dove  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of  
love.'

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside

In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride;

'I bore her as became a chieftain's  
daughter, 625

Up to her home beside the gliding water.

'If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam

round,

Let Pennacook call out his warrior train,  
And send her back with wampum gifts

again.' 630

The baffled runner turned upon his  
track,

Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.

'Dog of the Marsh,' cried Pennacook, 'no  
more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam  
floor.

'Go, let him seek some meaner squaw to  
spread 635

The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed;  
Son of a fish-hawk! let him dig his clams  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams,

'Or coward Nipmucks! may his scalp dry  
black

In Mohawk smoke, before I send her  
back.' 640

He shook his clenched hand towards the  
ocean wave,

While hoarse assent his listening council  
gave.

Alas, poor bride! can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life's warm beauty  
flown? 646

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave  
the snow

Hung its white wreaths; with stifled voice  
and low

The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-  
crossed, 649

Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver  
horn,

Or, from the east, across her azure field  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-  
orb'd shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat; 656  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar,  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of  
war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a  
chief! 659

Waste not on him the sacredness of grief;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of  
stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long  
hunting nights,  
Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak  
distress, 665  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneli-  
ness?

#### VII. THE DEPARTURE.

The wild March rains had fallen fast and  
long

The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a watercourse, each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new-  
made rill. 670

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by  
the rain,

Heaved underneath by the swollen cur-  
rent's strain,

The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimac  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its  
track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat  
Guided by one weak hand was seen to  
float; 676

Evil the fate which loosed it from the  
shore,

Too early voyager with too frail an oar!

Down the vexed centre of that rushing  
tide,

The thick, huge ice-blocks threatening  
either side, 680

The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in  
view,

With arrowy swiftness sped that light  
canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled  
stream; 685

Slept he, or waked he? was it truth or  
dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless  
oar,

The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the  
water—

He knew them all—woe for the Sachem's  
daughter! 690

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril, the still faithful wife  
Had left her mother's grave, her father's  
door,

To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf  
whirled, 695

On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices  
hurled,

Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but where was  
Weetamoo?

# VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

The Dark eye has left us,  
The Spring-bird has flown; 700

On the pathway of spirits  
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on  
our shore:

*Mat wonck kunna-monce*! We hear it no  
more!

O dark water Spirit! 705

We cast on thy wave

These furs which may never

Hang over her grave;

Bear down to the lost one the robes that  
she wore:

*Mat wonck kunna-monce*! We see her no  
more! 710

\* Of the strange land she walks in  
No Powah has told:

It may burn with the sunshine,

Or freeze with the cold.

Let us give to our lost one the robes that  
she wore: 715

*Mat wonck kunna-monce*! We see her no  
more!

The path she is treading

Shall soon be our own;

Each gliding in shadow

Unseen and alone! 720

In vain shall we call on the souls gone  
before:

*Mat wonck kunna-monce*! They hear us  
no more!

O mighty Sowanna<sup>9</sup>!

Thy gateways unfold,

From thy wigwam of sunset 725

Lift curtains of gold!

Take home the poor Spirit whose journey  
is o'er:

*Mat wonck kunna-monce*! We see her no  
more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly flowing  
tide; 730

Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause  
and swell,

On the high wind their voices rose and  
fell.

Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-  
swept trees,

The scream of birds, the wailing of the  
breeze,

The roar of waters, steady, deep, and  
strong,— 735

Mingled and murmured in that farewell  
song.

1844.

## BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. 'I find more satisfaction,' said Barclay, 'as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor.'



Up the streets of Aberdeen, By the kirk and college green, Rode the Laird of Ury ; Close behind him, close beside, Foul of mouth and evil-eyed, Pressed the mob in fury.		Marvelled much that henchman bold, That his laird, so stout of old, Now so meekly pleaded.	
Flouted him the drunken churl, Jeered at him the serving-girl, Prompt to please her master ; And the begging carlin, late Fed and clothed at Ury's gate, Cursed him as he passed her.	5	'Woe's the day !' he sadly said, With a slowly shaking head, And a look of pity ; 'Ury's honest lord reviled, Mock of knave and sport of child, In his own good city !	50
Yet, with calm and stately mien, Up the streets of Aberdeen Came he slowly riding ; And, to all he saw and heard, Answering not with bitter word, Turning not for chiding.	10	'Speak the word, and, master mine, As we charged on Tilly's line <sup>10</sup> , And his Walloon lancers, Smiting through their midst we'll teach Civil look and decent speech To these boyish prancers !'	55
Came a troop with broadswords swinging, Bits and bridles sharply ringing, Loose and free and froward ; Quoth the foremost, 'Ride him down ! Push him ! prick him ! through the town Drive the Quaker coward !'	15	'Marvel not, mine ancient friend, Like beginning, like the end,' Quoth the Laird of Ury ; 'Is the sinful servant more Than his gracious Lord who bore Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?	60
But from out the thickening crowd Cried a sudden voice and loud : 'Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay !' And the old man at his side Saw a comrade, battle tried, Scarred and sunburned darkly ;	20	'Give me joy that in His name I can bear, with patient frame, All these vain ones offer ; While for them He suffereth long. Shall I answer wrong with wrong, Scoffing with the scoffer ?	65
Who with ready weapon bare, Fronting to the troopers there, Cried aloud : 'God save us, Call ye coward him who stood Ankle deep in Lützen's blood, With the brave Gustavus ?'	25	'Happier I, with loss of all, Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall, With few friends to greet me, Than when reeve and squire were seen, Riding out from Aberdeen, With bared heads to meet me.	70
'Nay, I do not need thy sword, Comrade mine,' said Ury's lord ; 'Put it up, I pray thee : Passive to His holy will, Trust I in my Master still, Even though He slay me.	30	'When each goodwife, o'er and o'er, Blessed me as I passed her door ; And the snooded daughter, Through her casement glancing down, Smiled on him who bore renown From red fields of slaughter.	75
'Pledges of thy love and faith, Proved on many a field of death, Not by me are needed.'	35	'Hard to feel the stranger's scoff, Hard the old friend's falling off, Hard to learn forgiving ; But the Lord His own rewards, And His love with theirs accords, Warm and fresh and living.	80
	40		85
	45		90

'Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light

Up the blackness streaking;  
Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking !

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial;  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And while Hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the Future borrow;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow !  
1847.

# THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

A letter-writer from Mexico during the Mexican war, when detailing some of the incidents at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, mentioned that Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman

was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

95 SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking  
northward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the  
Mexican array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they  
far or come they near?  
100 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither  
rolls the storm we hear.

'Down the hills of Angostura still the  
storm of battle rolls;  
5 Blood is flowing, men are dying; God  
have mercy on their souls !'  
105 Who is losing? who is winning? 'Over  
hill and over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding  
through the mountain rain.'

110 Holy Mother ! keep our brothers ! Look,  
Ximena, look once more.  
'Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling  
darkly as before,  
10 Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend  
and foe, man, foot and horse,  
115 Like some wild and troubled torrent  
sweeping down its mountain course.'

Look forth once more, Ximena ! 'Ah !  
the smoke has rolled away ;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming  
down the ranks of gray.  
Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there  
the troop of Minon wheels ;  
15 There the Northern horses thunder, with  
the cannon at their heels.

'Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat  
and now advance !  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers  
Puebla's charging lance !  
Down they go, the brave young riders ;  
horse and foot together fall ;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through  
them ploughs the Northern ball.' 20

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling  
fast and frightful on !  
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who  
has lost, and who has won ?

'Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe  
together fall,  
O'er the dying rush the living : pray, my  
sisters, for them all !

'Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting.  
Blessed Mother, save my brain ! 25  
I can see the wounded crawling slowly  
out from heaps of slain.  
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ;  
now they fall, and strive to rise ;  
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest  
they die before our eyes !

'O my heart's love ! O my dear one !  
lay thy poor head on my knee ;  
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ?  
Canst thou hear me ? canst thou  
see ? 30  
O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my  
Bernal, look once more  
On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy !  
mercy ! all is o'er !'

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy  
dear one down to rest ;  
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the  
cross upon his breast ;  
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his  
funeral masses said ; 35  
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living  
ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair  
and young, a soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances,  
bleeding slow his life away ;  
But, as tenderly before him the lorn  
Ximena knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on  
his pistol-belt. 40

With a stifled cry of horror straight she  
turned away her head ;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she  
back upon her dead ;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning,  
and his struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his  
 parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed  
her hand and faintly smiled ; 45  
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did  
she watch beside her child ?

All his stranger words with meaning her  
woman's heart supplied ;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, 'Mo-  
ther !' murmured he, and died !

'A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who  
led thee forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother,  
weeping, lonely, in the North !' 50  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as  
she laid him with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind  
the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena ! 'Like  
a cloud before the wind  
Rolls the battle down the mountains,  
leaving blood and death behind ;  
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ; in the  
dust the wounded strive ; 55  
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O thou  
Christ of God, forgive !'

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains !  
let the cool, gray shadows fall ;  
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop  
thy curtain over all !  
Through the thickening winter twilight,  
wide apart the battle rolled,  
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the  
cannon's lips grew cold. 60

But the noble Mexic women still their  
holy task pursued,  
Through that long, dark night of sorrow,  
worn and faint and lacking food. •  
Over weak and suffering brothers, with  
a tender care they hung,  
And the dying foeman blessed them in  
a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil  
world of ours ; 65  
Upward, through its blood and ashes,  
spring afresh the Eden flowers ;  
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and  
Pity send their prayer,  
And still thy white-winged angels hover  
dimly in our air !

## THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

'This legend [to which my attention was called by my friend Charles Sumner], is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror: a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.' MRS. JAMESON'S *Sacred and Legendary Art*, i. 154.

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without, 5  
To ponder o'er a tale of old;  
A legend of the age of Faith,  
By dreaming monk or abbeſs told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
That fancy of a loving heart, 10  
In graceful lines and ſhapes of power,  
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (ſo the ſtory runs)  
There lived a lord, to whom, as ſlave.  
A peaaſant-boy of tender years 15  
The chance of trade or conqueſt gave.

Forth-looking from the caſtle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
The ſtraining eye could ſcarce diſcern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark. 20

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The ſervice of the youth repaid,  
By ſtealth, before that holy ſhrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The ſteed ſtamped at the caſtle gate, 25  
The boar-hunt ſounded on the hill;  
Why ſtayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks ſo ſtern, and words ſo ill?

'Go, bind yon ſlave! and let him learn,  
By ſcath of fire and ſtrain of cord, 30  
How ill they ſpeed who give dead ſaints  
The homage due their living lord!'

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon's vaulted  
dark,  
He ſaw the light of ſhining robes, 35  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then ſank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer's graſp. 40

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of ſtone gave way;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They paſſed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk! thy tale is true; 45  
O painter! true thy pencil's art;  
In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whiſper to my liſt'ning heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
Moans up to God's inclining ear; 50  
Unheeded by His tender eye,  
Falls to the earth no ſufferer's tear.

For ſtill the Lord alone is God!  
The pomp and power of tyrant man  
Are ſcattered at His lighteſt breath, 55  
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always ſhall the ſlave uplift  
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain.  
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
Comes ſhining down to break his chain!

O weary ones! ye may not ſee 61  
Your helpers in their downward flight;  
Nor hear the ſound of ſilver wings  
Slow beating through the huſh of night!

But not the leſs gray Dothan ſhone, 65  
With ſunbright watchers bending low,  
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
The ſpear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent, 70  
And how life's rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
Sends down His pathway to prepare;  
And light, from others hidden, shines 75  
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:  
'Lord, ope their eyes, that they may  
see!' 80  
1849.

### KATHLEEN.

This ballad was originally published in my prose work, *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, as the song of a wandering Milesian school-master. In the seventeenth century slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

O NORAH, lay your basket down,  
And rest your weary hand,  
And come and hear me sing a song  
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway, 5  
A mighty lord was he;  
And he did wed a second wife,  
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,  
And so, in evil spite, 10  
She baked the black bread for his kin,  
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the  
kern,  
And drove away the poor;  
'Ah, woe is me!' the old lord said, 15  
'I rue my bargain sore!'

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Beloved of old and young,  
And nightly round the shealing-fires  
Of her the gleeman sung. 20

'As sweet and good is young Kathleen  
As Eve before her fall';  
So sang the harper at the fair,  
So harped he in the hall.

'Oh, come to me, my daughter dear! 25  
Come sit upon my knee,  
For looking in your face, Kathleen,  
Your mother's own I see!'

He smoothed and smoothed her hair  
away.

He kissed her forehead fair; 30  
'It is my darling Mary's brow,  
It is my darling's hair!'

Oh, then spake up the angry dame  
'Get up, get up,' quoth she,  
'I'll sell ye over Ireland, 35  
I'll sell ye o'er the sea!'

She clipped her glossy hair away,  
That none her rank might know,  
She took away her gown of silk,  
And gave her one of tow, 40

And sent her down to Limerick town  
And to a seaman sold  
This daughter of an Irish lord  
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast, 45  
And tore his beard so gray;  
But he was old, and she was young,  
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled  
To fright the evil dame, 50  
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,  
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the  
trees,  
And glimmering down the hill;  
They crept before the dead-vault door, 55  
And there they all stood still!

'Get up, old man! the wake-lights  
shine!'  
'Ye murthering witch,' quoth he,  
'So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care  
If they shine for you or me.' 60

'Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,  
My gold and land shall have!'  
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,  
'No gold nor land I crave!

'But give to me your daughter dear, 65  
Give sweet Kathleen to me,  
Be she on sea or be she on land,  
I'll bring her back to thee.'

'My daughter is a lady born,  
And you of low degree,  
But she shall be your bride the day  
You bring her back to me.' 70

He sail'd east, he sail'd west,  
And far and long sail'd he,  
Until he came to Boston town,  
Across the great salt sea. 75

'Oh, have ye seen the young Kathleen,  
The flower of Ireland?  
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,  
And by her snow-white hand!' 80

Out spake an ancient man, 'I know  
The maiden whom ye mean;  
I bought her of a Limerick man,  
And she is called Kathleen.

'No skill hath she in household work, 85  
Her hands are soft and white,  
Yet well by loving looks and ways  
She doth her cost requite.'

So up they walked through Boston town,  
And met a maiden fair, 90  
A little basket on her arm  
So snowy-white and bare.

'Come hither, child, and say hast thou  
This young man ever seen?'  
They wept within each other's arms,  
The page and young Kathleen. 95

'Oh give to me this darling child,  
And take my purse of gold.'  
'Nay, not by me,' her master said,  
'Shall sweet Kathleen be sold. 100

'We loved her in the place of one  
The Lord hath early ta'en;  
But, since her heart's in Ireland,  
We give her back again!'

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven  
For his poor soul shall pray, 106  
And Mary Mother wash with tears  
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland;  
As you go up, Claremore 110  
Ye'll see their castle looking down  
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,  
And a happy man is he,  
For he sits beside his own Kathleen, 115  
With her darling on his knee.  
1849.

# THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
A little isle reposes;  
A shadow woven of the oak  
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen, 5  
Set round with stony warders;  
A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
With care or madness burning, 10  
Feels once again his healthful thought  
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,  
Unquiet and unstable,  
That holy well of Loch Maree 15  
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
And blest is he who on his way  
That fount of healing findeth! 20

The shadows of a humbled will  
And contrite heart are o'er it ;  
Go read its legend, 'TRUST IN GOD,'  
On Faith's white stones before it.

1850.

### THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

The incident upon which this poem is based is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Études de la Nature*.

'We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, "At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul." I said, "If Fénelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic." He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, if Fénelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lucky!"'

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his *Studies of Nature*, he thus speaks of himself: 'The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes,—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, "My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?"'

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. 'I renounced,' says he, 'my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention.'

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: 'I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*'

'I do believe, and yet, in grief,  
I pray for help to unbelief;  
For needful strength aside to lay  
The daily cumberings of my way.

'I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,      5  
Sick of the crazed enthusiast's rant,  
Profession's smooth hypocrites,  
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

'I ponder o'er the sacred word,  
I read the record of our Lord;      10  
And, weak and troubled, envy them  
Who touched His seamless garment's  
hem;

'Who saw the tears of love He wept  
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;  
And heard, amidst the shadows dim      15  
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

'How blessed the swineherd's low estate,  
The beggar crouching at the gate,  
The leper loathly and abhorred,  
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!      20

'O sacred soil His sandals pressed !  
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest !  
O light and air of Palestine,  
Impregnate with His life divine !

'Oh, bear me thither ! Let me look 25  
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook ;  
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by  
Gennesaret walk, before I die !

'Methinks this cold and northern night  
Would melt before that Orient light ; 30  
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,  
My childhood's faith revive again !'

So spake my friend, one autumn day,  
Where the still river slid away  
Beneath us, and above the brown 35  
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook  
The mute appealing of his look,—  
'I too am weak, and faith is small,  
And blindness happeneth unto all. 40

'Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal  
right ;  
And, step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man ;

'That all of good the past hath had 45  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

'Thou weariest of thy present state ;  
What gain to thee time's holiest date ? 50  
The doubter now perchance had been  
As High Priest or as Pilate then !

'What thought Chorazin's scribes ? What  
faith  
In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?  
Of the few followers whom He led 55  
One sold Him,—all forsook and fled.

'O friend ! we need nor rock nor sand,  
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;  
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac,—  
What more could Jordan render back ?

'We lack but open eye and ear 61  
To find the Orient's marvels here ;  
The still small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

'For still the new transcends the old, 65  
In signs and tokens manifold ;  
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,  
With roots deep set in battle graves !

'Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ; 70  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of  
fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

'That song of Love, now low and far,  
Erelong shall swell from star to star !  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spired Apocalypse !' 76

Then, when my good friend shook his  
head,  
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :  
'Thou mind'st me of a story told  
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold.' 80

And while the slanted sunbeams wove  
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,  
And, picturing all, the river ran  
O'er cloud and wood, I thus began :—

In Mount Valerien's chestnut wood 85  
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;  
And thither, at the close of day,  
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied  
The storms of Baikal's wintry side, 90  
And mused and dreamed where tropic  
day

Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay.

His simple tale of love and woe  
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—  
A blissful pain, a sweet distress, 95  
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charmed page  
Beat quick the young heart of his age,  
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,  
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.



A homeless, troubled age,—the gray 101  
Pale setting of a weary day;  
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,  
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept;  
Yet still his heart its young dream 106  
kept,  
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,  
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more 110  
The peasant's welcome from his door  
By smiling eyes at eventide,  
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,  
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,  
And gave to him the golden keys 115  
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim!  
She laid her great heart bare to him,  
Its loves and sweet accords;—he saw 120  
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,  
What notes her cloudy clarion blew;  
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,  
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song 125  
Which swept, of old, the stars along;  
And to his eyes the earth once more  
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer air,  
And field and wood, a balm for care; 130  
And bathed in light of sunset skies  
His tortured nerves and weary eyes?

His fame on all the winds had flown;  
His words had shaken crypt and throne;  
Like fire on camp and court and cell 135  
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below  
The mitred juggler's masque and show,  
A prophecy, a vague hope, ran  
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw 141  
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,  
And felt how hard, between the two,  
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild, 145  
The weakness of an unweaned child,  
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,  
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true  
To half the glorious truths he knew; 150  
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,  
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,  
Sweet pictures on his easel glowed  
Of simple faith, and loves of home, 155  
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made  
The foil to all his pen portrayed;  
Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,  
The shadow of himself was thrown. 160

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at  
times,

Up to Thy sevenfold brightness climbs,  
While still his grosser instinct clings  
To earth, like other creeping things!

So rich in words, in acts so mean; 165  
So high, so low; chance-swung between  
The foulness of the penal pit  
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit!

Vain, pride of star-lent genius!—vain,  
Quick fancy and creative brain, 170  
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,  
Absurdly great, or weakly wise!

Midst yearnings for a truer life,  
Without were fears, within was strife;  
And still his wayward act denied 175  
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned;  
The fame that crowned him scorched and  
burned,  
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—  
A fire-mount in a frozen zone!<sup>11</sup> 180

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,  
Seen southward from his sleety mast,\*  
About whose brows of changeless frost  
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played 185  
Of lambent light and purple shade,  
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair  
Of frozen earth and sea and air!

A man apart, unknown, unloved  
By those whose wrongs his soul had  
    moved, 190  
He bore the ban of Church and State,  
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate!

Forth from the city's noise and throng,  
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,  
The twain that summer day had strayed  
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade. 196

To them the green fields and the wood  
Lent something of their quietude,  
And golden-tinted sunset seemed  
Prophetical of all they dreamed. 200

The hermits from their simple cares  
The bell was calling home to prayers,  
And, listening to its sound, the twain  
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust again.

Wide open stood the chapel door; 205  
A sweet old music, swelling o'er  
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence,—  
The Litanies of Providence!

Then Rousseau spake: 'Where two or  
    three  
In His name meet, He there will be!' 210  
And then, in silence, on their knees  
They sank beneath the chestnut trees.

As to the blind returning light,  
As daybreak to the Arctic night,  
Old faith revived; the doubts of years 215  
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,  
'Ah me!' Bernardin sighed at last,  
'I would thy bitterest foes could see  
Thy heart as it is seen of me! 220

'No church of God hast thou denied;  
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside  
A base and hollow counterfeit,  
Profaning the pure name of it!

'With dry dead moss and marish weeds  
His fire the western herdsman feeds, 226  
And greener from the ashen plain  
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

'Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind  
Disturb the solid sky behind; 230  
And through the cloud the red bolt  
    rends  
The calm, still smile of Heaven descends!

'Thus through the world, like bolt and  
    blast,  
And scourging fire, thy words have passed.  
Clouds break,—the steadfast heavens re-  
    main; 235  
Weeds burn,—the ashes feed the grain!

'But whoso strives with wrong may find  
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind;  
And learn, as latent fraud is shown  
In others' faith, to doubt his own. 240

'With dream and falsehood, simple trust  
And pious hope we tread in dust;  
Lost the calm faith in goodness,—lost  
The baptism of the Pentecost!

'Alas!—the blows for error meant 245  
Too oft on truth itself are spent,  
As through the false and vile and base  
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

'Not ours the Theban's charmed life;  
We come not scathless from the strife! 250  
The Python's coil about us clings,  
The trampled Hydra bites and stings!

'Meanwhile, the sport of seeming chance,  
The plastic shapes of circumstance,  
What might have been we fondly guess,  
If earlier born, or tempted less. 256

'And thou, in these wild, troubled days,  
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,  
Unsought and undeserved the same  
The skeptic's praise, the bigot's blame;—

'I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been 261  
Among the highly favored men  
Who walked on earth with Fénelon,  
He would have owned thee as his son ;

'And, bright with wings of cherubim' 265  
Visibly waving over him,  
Seen through his life, the Church had  
seemed  
All that its old confessors dreamed.'

'I would have been,' Jean Jacques replied,  
'The humblest servant at his side, 270  
Obscure, unknown, content to see  
How beautiful man's life may be !

'Oh, more than thrice-blest relic, more  
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,  
The holy life of one who trod 275  
The foot-marks of the Christ of God !

'Amidst a blinded world he saw  
The oneness of the Dual law ;  
That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth  
began,  
And God was loved through love of man.

'He lived the Truth which reconciled 281  
The strong man Reason, Faith the child ;  
In him belief and act were one,  
The homilies of duty done !'

So speaking, through the twilight gray 285  
The two old pilgrims went their way.  
What seeds of life that day were sown,  
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold  
Green Summer in her brown and gold ; 290  
Time passed, and Winter's tears of snow  
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rousseau.

'The tree remaineth where it fell,  
The pained on earth is pained in hell !'  
So priestcraft from its altars cursed 295  
The mournful doubts its falsehood nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,  
'Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid !'  
Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps above,  
And man is hate, but God is love ! 300

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,  
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees ;  
A morning dream, a tale that's told,  
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day ; 305  
And from its twilight cool and gray  
Comes up a low, sad whisper, 'Make  
The truth thine own, for truth's own sake.

'Why wait to see in thy brief span  
Its perfect flower and fruit in man ? 310  
No saintly touch can save ; no balm  
Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

'Midst soulless forms, and false pretence  
Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,  
A voice saith, "What is that to thee ? 315  
Be true thyself, and follow Me !"

'In days when throne and altar heard  
The wanton's wish, the bigot's word,  
And pomp of state and ritual show  
Scarce hid the loathsome death below, —

'Midst fawning priests and courtiers  
foul, 321  
The loveliest swarm of crown and cowl,  
White-robed walked François Fénelon,  
Stainless as Uriel in the sun !

'Yet in his time the stake blazed red, 325  
The poor were eaten up like bread :  
Men knew him not ; his garment's hem  
No healing virtue had for them.

'Alas ! no present saint we find ;  
The white cymar gleams far behind, 330  
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,  
Through telescopic mists of time !

'Trust not in man with passing breath,  
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith ;  
The truth which saves thou mayst not  
blend 335  
With false professor, faithless friend.

'Search thine own heart. What paineth  
thee  
In others in thyself may be ;  
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;  
Be thou the true man thou dost seek ! 340

'Where now with pain thou treadest,  
trod

The whitest of the saints of God !  
To show thee where their feet were set,  
The light which led them shineth yet.

'The footprints of the life divine, 345  
Which marked their path, remain in  
thine ;

And that great Life, transfused in theirs,  
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers !'

A lesson which I well may heed,  
A word of fitness to my need ; 350  
So from that twilight cool and gray  
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,  
While down the west the sunset burned ;  
And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide, 355  
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,  
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood  
Across the waters leaned to hold  
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold. 360

Then spake my friend : 'Thy words are  
true ;  
Forever old, forever new,  
These home-seen splendors are the same  
Which over Eden's sunsets came.

'To these bowed heavens let wood and  
hill 365  
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still ;  
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,  
Light of the New Jerusalem !

'Flow on, sweet river, like the stream  
Of John's Apocalyptic dream ! 370  
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,  
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

'Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore ;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.' 376

1851.

### TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one  
autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the  
Rhine,

Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;  
As one who, wandering in a starless  
night,

Feels momentarily the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown  
sea, 6

Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the  
same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of  
years,

Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and  
heart 10

Had groaned : 'Have pity upon me,  
Lord !

Thou seest, while teaching others, I am  
blind.

Send me a man who can direct my steps !'

Then, as he mused, he heard along his  
path

A sound as of an old man's staff among 15  
The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, looking  
up,

He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and  
old.

'Peace be unto thee, father !' Tauler  
said,

'God give thee a good day !' The old  
man raised

Slowly his calm blue eyes. 'I thank thee,  
son ; 20

But all my days are good, and none are  
ill.'

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake  
again.

'God give thee happy life.' The old man  
smiled,

'I never am unhappy.'

Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray  
sleeve : 25

'Tell me, O father, what thy strange  
words mean.

Surely man's days are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to.' 'Nay, my  
son,

Our times are in God's hands, and all our  
days

Are as our needs ; for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth,  
alike 31

Our thanks are due, since that is best  
which is ;

And that which is not, sharing not His  
life,

Is evil only as devoid of good.

And for the happiness of which I spake,  
I find it in submission to His will, 36

And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty  
Power.'

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher ; then he spake  
as one 40

Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting  
thought

Which long has followed, whispering  
through the dark

Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into  
light :

'What if God's will consign thee hence to  
Hell ?'

'Then,' said the stranger, cheerily, 'be  
it so. 45

What Hell may be I know not ; this  
I know, —

I cannot lose the presence of the Lord.  
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity ; the other, Love,  
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go 50  
He goes ; and better fire-walled Hell with  
Him

Than golden-gated Paradise without.'

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden  
light,

Like the first ray which fell on chaos,  
clove

Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange  
old man 56

Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Set like the white moon where the hills of  
vine

Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head  
and said :

'My prayer is answered. God hath sent  
the man 60

Long sought, to teach me, by his simple  
trust,

Wisdom the weary schoolmen never  
knew.'

So, entering with a changed and cheer-  
ful step

The city gates, he saw, far down the  
street,

A mighty shadow break the light of  
noon, 65

Which tracing backward till its airy  
lines

Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his  
eyes

O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,  
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted  
niche,

Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the  
wise 70

Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's

tower,

Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural  
crown,

Rose like a visible prayer. 'Behold !' he  
said,

'The stranger's faith made plain before  
mine eyes. 75

As yonder tower outstretches to the  
earth

The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top,

So, darkness in the pathway of Man's  
life

Is but the shadow of God's providence, 80  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon ;

And what is dark below is light in  
Heaven.'

## The Hermit of the Thebaid

### THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,  
From inmost founts of life ye start,—  
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath  
Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din, 5  
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,  
Unheard of man, ye enter in  
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,  
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ; 10  
The simple heart, that freely asks  
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :  
The mercy-seat and cherubim,  
And all the holy mysteries, 15  
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,  
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,  
And wearies Heaven for naught above  
Our common needs. 20

Which brings to God's all-perfect will  
That trust of His undoubting child  
Whereby all seeming good and ill  
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs 25  
Of favor, is content to fall  
Within the providence which shines  
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned  
At noontime o'er the sacred word. 30  
Was it an angel or a fiend  
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,  
A human utterance, sweet and mild ;  
And, looking up, the hermit saw 35  
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,  
O'erawed and troubled by the sight  
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,  
And anchorite. 40

'What dost thou here, poor man, 45  
shade  
Of cool, green palms, nor grass, nor  
well,  
Nor corn, nor vines.' The hermit said :  
'With God I dwell.

'Alone with Him in this great calm, 45  
I live not by the outward sense ;  
My Nile His love, my sheltering palm  
His providence.'

The child gazed round him. 'Does God  
live  
Here only?—where the desert's rim 50  
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,  
We pray to Him.

'My brother tills beside the Nile  
His little field ; beneath the leaves  
My sisters sit and spin, the while 55  
My mother weaves.

'And when the millet's ripe heads fall,  
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,  
My mother smiles, and says that all 60  
Are gifts from God.

'And when to share our evening meal,  
She calls the stranger at the door,  
She says God fills the hands that deal  
Food to the poor.'

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks 65  
Glistened the flow of human tears ;  
'Dear Lord !' he said, 'Thy angel speaks,  
Thy servant hears.'

Within his arms the child he took,  
And thought of home and life with  
men ; 70  
And all his pilgrim feet forsook  
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,  
The eyes that smiled through lavish  
locks,  
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song, 75  
And bleat of flocks.

'O child !' he said, 'thou teachest me  
There is no place where God is not ;  
That love will make, where'er it be, 80  
A holy spot.'

He rose from off the desert sand,  
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,  
Went with the young child hand in hand,  
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line, 85  
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,  
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,  
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide  
He followed, as the small hand led 90  
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,  
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,  
She thanked the stranger with her eyes;  
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy 95  
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and light  
A tender memory thrilled his frame;  
New-born, the world-lost anchorite  
A man became. 100

'O sister of El Zara's race,  
Behold me!—had we not one mother?'  
She gazed into the stranger's face:  
'Thou art my brother!'

'O kin of blood! Thy life of use 105  
And patient trust is more than mine;  
And wiser than the gray recluse  
This child of thine.

'For, taught of him whom God hath sent,  
That toil is praise, and love is prayer,  
I come, life's cares and pains content 111  
With thee to share.'

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,  
The hermit's better life began;  
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost, 115  
And found a man!

1854.

#### MAUD MULLER.

The recollection of some descendants of a Hessian deserter in the Revolutionary war bearing the name of Muller doubtless suggested the somewhat infelicitous title of a New England

Idyl. The poem had no real foundation in fact, though a hint of it may have been found in recalling an incident, trivial in itself, of a journey on the picturesque Maine seaboard with my sister some years before it was written. We had stopped to rest our tired horse under the shade of an apple-tree, and refresh him with water from a little brook which rippled through the stone wall across the road. A very beautiful young girl in scantest summer attire was at work in the hay-field, and as we talked with her we noticed that she strove to hide her bare feet by raking hay over them, blushing as she did so, through the tan of her cheek and neck.

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee 5  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own, 11  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade 15  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring  
that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup, 20  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

'Thanks!' said the Judge; 'a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.'

He spoke of the grass and flowers and  
trees, 25  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise 31  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : ' Ah  
me ! 35  
That I the Judge's bride might be !

' He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

' My father should wear a broadcloth  
coat ;  
My brother should sail a painted boat. 40

' I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.

' And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the  
poor,  
And all should bless me who left our  
door.'

The Judge looked back as he climbed the  
hill, 45  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

' A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

' And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair. 50

' Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay ;

' No doubtful balance of rights and  
wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

' But low of cattle and song of birds, 55  
And health and quiet and loving words.'

But he thought of his sisters, proud and  
cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and  
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone. 60

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-  
tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, 65  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright  
glow,  
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise. 70

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished  
rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret  
pain, 75

' Ah, that I were free again !

' Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her  
hay.'

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her  
door. 80

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook  
fall 85

Over the roadside, through the wall,



In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein ;

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face. 90

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney  
lug, 95  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, 'It might have been.' 100

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, 105  
The saddest are these: 'It might have  
been !'

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away ! 110  
1854.

### MARY GARVIN.

From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from  
the lake that never fails,  
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Con-  
way's intervals ;

There, in wild and virgin freshness, its  
waters foam and flow,  
As when Darby Field first saw them, two  
hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with  
bridges, dams, and mills, 5  
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost  
its freedom of the hills,

Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and  
stately Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl,  
the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with  
steeds of fire and steam,  
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday be-  
hind him like a dream. 10  
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly  
backward far and fast  
The milestones of the fathers, the land-  
marks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the  
sorrow and the sin,  
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are  
to our own akin ;  
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs  
our mothers sung, 15  
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance  
is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's  
banks to-day !  
O mill-girl watching late and long the  
shuttle's restless play !  
Let, for the once, a listening ear the  
working hand beguile,  
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits,  
a tear or smile ! 20

The evening gun had sounded from gray  
Fort Mary's walls ;  
Through the forest, like a wild beast,  
roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp  
and gusty grew,  
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes  
of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin, blazed  
the crackling walnut log ; 25  
Right and left sat dame and goodman,  
and between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and  
beside him on her mat,  
Sitting drowsy in the firelight, winked  
and purred the mottled cat.

'Twenty years!' said Goodman Garvin,  
speaking sadly, under breath,  
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one  
who speaks of death. 30

The goodwife dropped her needles: 'It is  
twenty years to-day,  
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole  
our child away.'

Then they sank into the silence, for each  
knew the other's thought,  
Of a great and common sorrow, and words  
were needed not.

'Who knocks?' cried Goodman Garvin.  
The door was open thrown; 35  
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked  
and furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-  
skin from his head;  
'Lives here Elkanah Garvin?' 'I am he,'  
the Goodman said.

'Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for  
the night is chill with rain.'  
And the goodwife drew the settle, and  
stirred the fire again. 40

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the  
firelight glistened fair  
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft  
folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: 'It is  
Mary's self I see!  
Dear heart!' she cried, 'now tell me, has  
my child come back to me?'

'My name indeed is Mary,' said the  
stranger sobbing wild; 45  
'Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary  
Garvin's child!

'She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her  
dying day  
She bade my father take me to her kins-  
folk far away.

'And when the priest besought her to do  
me no such wrong,  
She said, "May God forgive me! I have  
closed my heart too long. 50

"When I hid me from my father, and  
shut out my mother's call,  
I sinned against those dear ones, and the  
Father of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love,  
breaks no tie of kin apart;  
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of  
heart.

"Tell me not the Church must censure:  
she who wept the Cross beside 55  
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor  
the claims of blood denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents,  
with her child atones to them,  
Earthly daughter, Heavenly Mother!  
thou at least wilt not condemn!"

'So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed  
mother spake;  
As we come to do her bidding, so receive  
us for her sake.' 60

'God be praised!' said Goodwife Garvin,  
'He taketh, and He gives;  
He woundeth, but He healeth; in her  
child our daughter lives!'

'Amen!' the old man answered, as he  
brushed a tear away,  
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said,  
with reverence, 'Let us pray.'

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew  
paraphrase, 65  
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose  
his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose  
from off his knee,  
The stranger cross his forehead with the  
sign of Papistrie.

'What is this?' cried Farmer Garvin. 'Is  
an English Christian's home  
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make  
the sign of Rome?' 70

Then the young girl knelt beside him,  
kissed his trembling hand, and cried:  
'Oh, forbear to chide my father; in that  
faith my mother died!

'On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dew  
and sunshine fall,  
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and  
the dear God watches all !'

The old man stroked the fair head that  
rested on his knee; 75

'Your words, dear child,' he answered,  
'are God's rebuke to me.

'Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet  
our faith and hope be one.

Let me be your father's father, let him be  
to me a son.'

When the horn, on Sabbath morning,  
through the still and frosty air,

From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point,  
called to sermon and to prayer, 80

To the goodly house of worship, where,  
in order due and fit,

As by public vote directed, classed and  
ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly  
squire before the clown,

From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to  
the gray frock, shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher, 'Good-  
man Garvin and his wife 85

Fain would thank the Lord, whose kind-  
ness has followed them through life,

'For the great and crowning mercy, that  
their daughter, from the wild,

Where she rests (they hope in God's peace),  
has sent to them her child;

'And the prayers of all God's people they  
ask, that they may prove

Not unworthy, through their weakness, of  
such special proof of love.' 90

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the  
aged couple stood,

And the fair Canadian also, in her modest  
maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting,  
'She is Papist born and bred;'

Thought the young men, 'Tis an angel  
in Mary Garvin's stead !'

1856.

### THE RANGER.

Originally published as *Martha Mason; a Song  
of the Old French War.*

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were falling  
When the ranger's horn was calling  
Through the woods to Canada.  
Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,  
Gone the spring-time's bud and blowing, 5  
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,  
And again the fields are gray.  
Yet away, he's away !  
Faint and fainter hope is growing  
In the hearts that mourn his stay. 10

Where the lion, crouching high on  
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,  
Glares o'er wood and wave away,  
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,  
Or as thunder spent and dying, 15  
Come the challenge and replying,  
Come the sounds of flight and fray.  
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !  
Some are living, some are lying  
In their red graves far away. 20

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,  
Homeward faring, weary strangers  
Pass the farm-gate on their way :  
Tidings of the dead and living,  
Forest march and ambush, giving, 25  
Till the maidens leave their weaving,  
And the lads forget their play.  
'Still away, still away !'  
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,  
'Why does Robert still delay !' 30

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit bearer  
Through his painted woodlands stray,  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches, 35  
Silver coves and pebbled benches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay ;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
'Let me with my charmed earth stay.' 40

On the grain-lands of the mainlands  
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,

Plume and pennon rustling gay ;  
Out at sea, the islands wooded,  
Silver birches, golden-hooded, 45  
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,

White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,  
Stretch away, far away,  
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded  
By the hazy autumn day. 50

Gayly chattering to the clattering  
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,  
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.

On the grass-land, on the fallow,  
Drop the apples, red and yellow ;  
Drop the russet pears and mellow,  
Drop the red leaves all the day.  
And away, swift away,  
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow  
Chasing, weave their web of play. 55

'Martha Mason, Martha Mason,  
Prithee tell us of the reason

Why you mope at home to-day :  
Surely smiling is not sinning ;  
Leave your quilling, leave your spinning ;  
What is all your store of linen, 60  
If your heart is never gay ?  
Come away, come away !  
Never yet did sad beginning  
Make the task of life a play.' 70

Overbending, till she's blending  
With the flaxen skein she's tending  
Pale brown tresses smoothed away  
From her face of patient sorrow,  
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,  
From the trembling hope of morrow,  
Solace for the weary day.

'Go your way, laugh and play ;  
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow  
And the lily, let me pray.'

'With our rally rings the valley, --  
Join us !' cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;  
'Join us !' cried the laughing May,  
'To the beach we all are going,  
And, to save the task of rowing, 85  
West by north the wind is blowing,

Blowing briskly down the bay !  
Come away, come away !  
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,  
Let us take them while we may ! 90

'Never tell us that you'll fail us,  
Where the purple beach-plum mellows  
On the bluffs so wild and gray.  
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;  
Hark, our merry mates are calling ; 95  
Time it is that we were all in,  
Singing tideward down the bay !'  
'Nay, nay, let me stay ;  
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin  
Is my heart,' she said, 'to day.' 100

'Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !  
Some red squaw his moose-meat's broiling.  
Or some French lass, singing gay ;  
Just forget as he's forgetting ;  
What avails a life of fretting ? 105  
If some stars must needs be setting,  
Others rise as good as they.'  
'Cease, I pray ; go your way !'  
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;  
'Foul and false the words you say !' 110

'Martha Mason, hear to reason !  
Prithee, put a kinder face on !'  
'Cease to vex me,' did she say ;  
'Better at his side be lying,  
With the mournful pine-trees sighing, 115  
And the wild birds o'er us crying,  
Than to doubt like mine a prey ;  
While away, far away,  
Turns my heart, forever trying  
Some new hope for each new day. 120

'When the shadows veil the meadows,  
And the sunset's golden ladders  
Sink from twilight's walls of gray, --  
From the window of my dreaming,  
I can see his sickle gleaming, 125  
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming  
Down the locust-shaded way ;  
But away, swift away,  
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,  
And I kneel again to pray. 130

'When the growing dawn is showing,  
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,  
And the horned moon pales away :

From a dream of him awaking,  
Every sound my heart is making 135  
Seems a footstep of his taking ;  
Then I hush the thought, and say,  
"Nay, nay, he's away !"  
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking  
For the dear one far away.' 140

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,  
Glow's a face of manhood worthy :  
'Robert !' 'Martha !' all they say.  
O'er went wheel and reel together,  
Little cared the owner whither ; 145  
Heart of lead is heart of feather,  
Noon of night is noon of day !  
Come away, come away !  
When such lovers meet each other,  
Why should prying idlers stay ? 150

Quench the timber's fallen embers,  
Quench the red leaves in December's  
Hoary rime and chilly spray.  
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,  
Household welcomes sound sincerer, 155  
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,  
When the bridal bells shall say :  
'Hope and pray, trust away ;  
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,  
For the trial and delay !' 160  
1856.

#### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

From the hills of home forth looking, far  
beneath the tent-like span  
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the  
headland of Cape Ann.  
Well I know its coves and beaches to the  
ebb-tide glimmering down,  
And the white-walled hamlet children of  
its ancient fishing-town.  
Long has passed the summer morning,  
and its memory waxes old, 5  
When along yon breezy headlands with a  
pleasant friend I strolled.  
Ah ! the autumn sun is shining, and the  
ocean wind blows cool,  
And the golden-rod and aster bloom  
around thy grave, Rantoul !

With the memory of that morning by  
the summer sea I blend  
A wild and wondrous story, by the  
younger Mather penned, 10  
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all  
strange and marvellous things,  
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the  
chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of  
the dual life of old,  
Inward, grand with awe and reverence ;  
outward, mean and coarse and cold ;  
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over  
dull and vulgar clay, 15  
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a  
web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past ;  
but through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the  
life behind steal in ;  
And the lore of home and fireside, and  
the legendary rhyme,  
Make the task of duty lighter which the  
true man owes his time. 20  
So, with something of the feeling which  
the Covenanter knew,  
When with pious chisel wandering Scot-  
land's moorland graveyards through,  
From the graves of old traditions I part  
the blackberry-vines,  
Wipe the moss from off the headstones,  
and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward,  
hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran, 25  
The garrison-house stood watching on the  
gray rocks of Cape Ann ;  
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof  
and palisade,  
And rough walls of unhewn timber with  
the moonlight overlaid.  
On his slow round walked the sentry,  
south and eastward looking forth  
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white  
with breakers stretching north, — 30

Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift,  
jagged capes, with bush and tree,  
Leaning inland from the smiting of the  
wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly  
lit by dying brands,

Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with  
their muskets in their hands;

On the rough-hewn oaken table the veni-  
son haunch was shared, 35

And the pewter tankard circled slowly  
round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—  
talked of wizards Satan-sold;

Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs  
and wonders manifold;

Of the spectre ship of Salem, with the  
dead men in her shrouds,

Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom  
of morning clouds; 40

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the  
depths of Gloucester woods,

Full of plants that love the summer,—  
blooms of warmer latitudes;

Where the Arctic birch is braided by the  
tropic's flowery vines,

And the white magnolia-blossoms star  
the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to  
husky tones of fear, 45

As they spake of present tokens of the  
powers of evil near;

Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel  
and aim of gun;

Never yet was ball to slay them in the  
mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-  
locks, from the midnight wood they  
came,—

Thrice around the block-house marching,  
met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture,  
sunk in earth or lost in air, 51

All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the  
moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest  
moved a dusky mass that soon  
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted,  
grimly marching in the moon.

'Ghosts or witches,' said the captain,  
'thus I foil the Evil One!' 55

And he rammed a silver button, from his  
doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the  
guarded wall about;

Once again the levelled muskets through  
the palisades flashed out,

With that deadly aim the squirrel on his  
tree-top might not shun,

Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with  
his slant wing to the sun. 60

Like the idle rain of summer sped the  
harmless shower of lead.

With a laugh of fierce derision, once  
again the phantoms fled;

Once again, without a shadow on the  
sands the moonlight lay,

And the white smoke curling through it  
drifted slowly down the bay!

'God preserve us!' said the captain;  
'never mortal foes were there; 65

They have vanished with their leader,  
Prince and Power of the air!

Lay aside your useless weapons; skill  
and prowess naught avail;

They who do the Devil's service wear  
their master's coat of mail!

So the night grew near to cock-crow,  
when again a warning call

Roused the score of weary soldiers watch-  
ing round the dusky hall: 70

And they looked to flint and priming, and  
they longed for break of day;

But the captain closed his Bible: 'Let us  
cease from man, and pray!'

To the men who went before us, all the  
unseen powers seemed near,

And their steadfast strength of courage  
struck its roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every  
head was bowed and bare, 75

Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones,  
as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of  
the spectres round the wall,  
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote  
the ears and hearts of all,—  
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish !  
Never after mortal man  
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round  
the block-house of Cape Ann. 80

So to us who walk in summer through  
the cool and sea-blown town,  
From the childhood of its people comes  
the solemn legend down.  
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose  
moral lives the youth  
And the fitness and the freshness of an  
undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the  
spectres of the mind, 85  
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings,  
in the darkness undefined ;  
Round us throng the grim projections of  
the heart and of the brain,  
And our pride of strength is weakness,  
and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children ; and no  
answer from on high  
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and  
no white wings downward fly ; 90  
But the heavenly help we pray for comes  
to faith, and not to sight,  
And our prayers themselves drive back-  
ward all the spirits of the night !

1857.

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Herbigopolis, one day,  
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray  
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
Heard from without a miserable voice,  
A sound which seemed of all sad things  
to tell, 5  
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused ; the chain  
whereby  
His thoughts went upward broken by  
that cry ;

And, looking from the casement, saw  
below  
A wretched woman, with gray hair  
a-flow, 10  
And withered hands held up to him, who  
cried  
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, 'For the dear love of Him who  
gave  
His life for ours, my child from bondage  
save,  
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained  
with slaves 15  
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit  
waves  
Lap the white walls of Tunis !'—'What  
I can  
I give,' Tritemius said, 'my prayers.'—  
'O man

Of God !' she cried, for grief had made  
her bold,  
'Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers,  
but gold. 20  
Words will not serve me, alms alone  
suffice ;  
Even while I speak perchance my first-  
born dies.'

'Woman !' Tritemius answered, 'from  
our door  
None go unfed, hence are we always  
poor ;  
A single soldo is our only store. 25  
Thou hast our prayers ;—what can we  
give thee more ?'

'Give me,' she said, 'the silver candle-  
sticks  
On either side of the great crucifix.  
God well may spare them on His errands  
speed,  
Or He can give you golden ones instead.'

Then spake Tritemius, 'Even as thy  
word, 31  
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious  
Lord,  
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
Above the gifts upon His altar piled !) 35  
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy  
child.'

But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
He placed within the beggar's eager  
palms;  
And as she vanished down the linden  
shade,  
He bowed his head and for forgiveness  
prayed. 40

So the day passed, and when the twilight  
came  
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to  
behold  
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!  
1857.

# SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

In the valuable and carefully prepared *History of Marblehead*, published in 1879 by Samuel Roads, Jr., it is stated that the crew of Captain Ireson, rather than himself, were responsible for the abandonment of the disabled vessel. To screen themselves they charged their captain with the crime. In view of this the writer of the ballad addressed the following letter to the historian:—

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 5 mc. 18, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND; I heartily thank thee for a copy of thy *History of Marblehead*. I have read it with great interest and think good use has been made of the abundant material. No town in Essex County has a record more honorable than Marblehead; no one has done more to develop the industrial interests of our New England seaboard, and certainly none have given such evidence of self-sacrificing patriotism. I am glad the story of it has been at last told, and told so well. I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper Ireson's ride is the correct one. My verse was founded solely on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead.

I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the participators, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one, dead or living.

I am very truly thy friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Or all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back, 5  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a  
cart 10  
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart. 15  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:  
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt, 20  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd' in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase 25  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns'  
twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang: 30  
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd' in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Small pity for him!—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck, 36  
With his own town's people on her deck!  
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him.  
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!' 40  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a  
cart  
By the women of Marblehead!



Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur 45  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
Looked for the coming that might not  
be! 50

What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered\* and carried in a  
cart

By the women of Marblehead! 55

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse  
refrain:

'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt 65

By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so  
blue. 70

Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near:

'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd  
horrt, 75

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a  
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead!'

'Hear me, neighbors!' at last he  
cried,—

'What to me is this noisy ride? 79  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!

Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the  
dead! 85

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard  
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in  
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, 'God has touched him! why should  
we?' 90

Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!'

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in, 95  
And left him alone with his shame and  
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in  
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

1857.

### THE SYCAMORES.

Hugh Tallant was the first Irish resident of  
Haverhill, Mass. He planted the buttonwood  
trees on the bank of the river below the village  
in the early part of the seventeenth century.  
Unfortunately this noble avenue is now nearly  
destroyed.

In the outskirts of the village,

On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered, 5  
And another half-way told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,  
At his violin's sound they grew, 10  
Through the moonlit eves of summer,  
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!  
Pass in jerkin green along,  
With thy eyes brimful of laughter, 15  
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Eriff's outcasts, With his fiddle and his pack ; Little dreamed the village Saxons Of the myriads at his back.	20	Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle, Singing through the ancient town, Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant, Hath Tradition handed down.	
How he wrought with spade and fiddle, Delved by day and sang by night, With a hand that never wearied, And a heart forever light,—		Not a stone his grave discloses ; Put if yet his spirit walks, 'Tis beneath the trees he planted, And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks ;	65
Still the gay tradition mingles With a record grave and drear, Like the rollic air of Cluny With the solemn march of Mear.	25	Green memorials of the gleeman ! Linking still the river-shores, With their shadows cast by sunset, Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !	70
When the box-tree, white with blossoms, Made the sweet May woodlands glad, 30 And the Aronia by the river Lighted up the swarming shad,		When the Father of his Country Through the north-land riding came, And the roofs were starred with banners, And the steeples rang acclaim,—	76
And the bulging nets swept shoreward, With their silver-sided haul, Midst the shouts of dripping fishers, 35 He was merriest of them all.		When each war-scarred Continental, Leaving smithy, mill, and farm, Waved his rusted sword in welcome, And shot off his old king's-arm,—	80
When, among the jovial huskers, Love stole in at Labor's side, With the lusty airs of England Soft his Celtic measures vied.	40	Slowly passed that august Presence Down the thronged and shouting street ; Village girls as white as angels Scattering flowers around his feet.	
Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake, And the merry fair's carouse ; Of the wild Red Fox of Erin And the Woman of Three Cows,		Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow 85 Deepest fell, his rein he drew : On his stately head, uncovered, Cool and soft the west-wind blew.	
By the blazing hearths of winter, Pleasant seemed his simple tales, Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends And the mountain myths of Wales.	45	And he stood up in his stirrups, Looking up and looking down 90 On the hills of Gold and Silver Rimming round the little town,—	
How the souls in Purgatory Scrambled up from fate forlorn, 50 On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder, Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.		On the river, full of sunshine, To the lap of greenest vales Winding down from wooded headlands, Willow-skirted, white with sails. .	96
Of the fiddler who at Tara Played all night to ghosts of kings ; Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies 55 Dancing in their moorland rings !		And he said, the landscape sweeping Slowly with his ungloved hand, 'I have seen no prospect fairer In this goodly Eastern land.'	100
Jolliest of our birds of singing, Best he loved the Bob-o-link. 'Hush !' he'd say, 'the tipsy fairies ! Hear the little folks in drink !' 60		Then the bugles of his escort Stirred to life the cavalcade : And that head, so bare and stately, Vanished down the depths of shade.	

Ever since, in town and farm-house, 105  
 Life has had its ebb and flow ;  
 Thrice hath passed the human harvest  
 To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,  
 Through the changes, changeless stand ;  
 As the marble calm of Tadmor 111  
 Mocks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising  
 Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;  
 Still beneath them, half in shadow, 115  
 Singing, glides the pleasure craft ;

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,  
 Love and Youth together stray ;  
 While, as heart to heart beats faster,  
 More and more their feet delay. 120

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,  
 On the open hillside wrought,  
 Singing, as he drew his stitches,  
 Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his gray hair floating 125  
 Round his rosy ample face, —  
 Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen  
 Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy  
 Now are Traffic's dusty streets ; 130  
 From the village, grown a city,  
 Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,  
 On the river's winding shores,  
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees, 135  
 Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores,  
 1857.

### THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

An incident of the Sepoy mutiny.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
 Voice of the glens and hills ;  
 The droning of the torrents,  
 The treble of the rills !  
 Not the braes of broom and heather, 5  
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
 Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
 And plaided mountaineer, — 10  
 To the cottage and the castle  
 The Scottish pipes are dear ; —  
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;  
 But the sweetest of all music 15  
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;  
 Round and round the jungle-serpent  
 Near and nearer circles swept. 20  
 'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —  
 'Pray to-day !' the soldier said ;  
 'To-morrow, death 's between us  
 And the wrong and shame we dread.'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited, 25  
 Till their hope became despair ;  
 And the sobs of low bewailing  
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.  
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
 With her ear unto the ground : 30  
 'Dinna ye hear it? - dinna ye hear it? '  
 The pipes o' Havelock sound !'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning ;  
 Hushed the wife her little ones ;  
 Alone they heard the drum-roll 35  
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
 But to sounds of home and childhood  
 The Highland ear was true ; —  
 As her mother's cradle-crooning  
 The mountain pipes she knew. 40

Like the march of soundless music  
 Through the vision of the seer,  
 More of feeling than of hearing,  
 Of the heart than of the ear,  
 She knew the droning pibroch, 45  
 She knew the Campbell's call :  
 'Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,  
 The grandest o' them all !'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breath-  
 less,  
 And they caught the sound at last ; 50  
 Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
 Rose and fell the piper's blast !

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;  
'God be praised!—the march of Have-  
lock! 55

The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life. 60  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew,  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow, 65  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain; 70  
And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer,—  
To the cottage and the castle 75  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The Pipes at Lucknow played! 80

1858.

### TELLING THE BEES.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home. [The scene is minutely that of the Whittier homestead.]

<sup>12</sup> HERE is the place; right over the hill  
Runs the path I took;  
You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
And the stepping-stones in the shallow  
brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-  
barred, 5  
And the poplars tall;  
And the barn's brown length, and the  
cattle-yard,  
And the white horns tossing above the  
wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the  
sun;  
And down by the brink 10  
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-  
o'errun,  
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
Heavy and slow;  
And the same rose blows, and the same  
sun glows, 15  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the  
breeze;  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm. 20

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my  
hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow  
and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,— 25  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at  
last  
On the little red gate and the well-  
sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves, 30  
The sundown's blaze on her window-  
pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the  
door,— 35  
Nothing changed but the hives of  
bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl  
small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of  
black. 40

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of  
one

Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, 'My Mary weeps  
For the dead to-day: 46  
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away.'

But her dog whined low; on the doorway  
sill,

With his cane to his chin, 50  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on:—

'Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!' 56  
1858.

#### THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

In *Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts Bay* from 1623 to 1636 may be found Anthony Thacher's *Narrative of his Shipwreck*. Thacher was Avery's companion and survived to tell the tale. Mather's *Magnalia*, III. 2, gives further *Particulars of Parson Avery's End*, and suggests the title of the poem.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and  
the summer wearing late,  
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with  
his wife and children eight,  
Dropping down the river-harbor in the  
shallop 'Watch and Wait.'

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow  
summer-morn,

With the newly planted orchards drop-  
ping their fruits first-born, 5

And the home-roofs like brown islands  
amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the  
tided creeks between,  
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with  
oaks and walnuts green;—  
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes  
had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away  
where duty led, 10  
And the voice of God seemed calling, to  
break the living bread

To the souls of fishers starving on the  
rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the  
pleasant land-breeze died,

The blackening sky, at midnight, its  
starry lights denied,

And far and low the thunder of tempest  
prophesied! 15

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone  
were rock, and wood, and sand;

Grimly anxious stood the skipper with  
the rudder in his hand,

And questioned of the darkness what was  
sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones,  
nestled round him, weeping sore:

'Never heed, my little children! Christ  
is walking on before 20

To the pleasant land of heaven, where  
the sea shall be no more.'

All at once the great cloud parted, like  
a curtain drawn aside,

To let down the torch of lightning on the  
terror far and wide;

And the thunder and the whirlwind to-  
gether smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's  
wail and man's despair, 25

A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks,  
so sharp and bare,

And, through it all, the murmur of Father  
Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with  
the wild waves and the blast,

On a rock, where every billow broke above  
him as it passed,

Alone, of all his household, the man of  
God was cast. 30

There a comrade heard him praying, in  
the pause of wave and wind :  
'All my own have gone before me, and  
I linger just behind :  
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest  
Thy ransomed find !

'In this night of death I challenge the  
promise of Thy word !—  
Let me see the great salvation of which  
mine ears have heard !— 35  
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through  
the grace of Christ, our Lord !

'In the baptism of these waters wash  
white my every sin,  
And let me follow up to Thee my house-  
hold and my kin !  
Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and let  
me enter in !'

When the Christian sings his death-song,  
all the listening heavens draw near,  
And the angels, leaning over the walls of  
crystal, hear 41  
How the notes so faint and broken swell  
to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His servant's  
last request ;  
As the strong wave swept him downward  
the sweet hymn upward pressed,  
And the soul of Father Avery went, sing-  
ing, to its rest. 45

There was wailing on the mainland, from  
the rocks of Marblehead ;  
In the stricken church of Newbury the  
notes of prayer were read ;  
And long, by board and hearthstone, the  
living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding  
from the squall,  
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient  
tale recall, 50  
When they see the white waves breaking  
on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

1858.

# THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

'Concerning ye Amphibæna, as soon as I  
received your commands, I made diligent in-  
quiry : . . he assures me y<sup>t</sup> it had really two  
heads, one at each end ; two mouths, two stings  
or tongues.' REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to COT-  
TON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,  
Born of water, and air, and fire,  
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud 5  
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,  
Through dusk tradition and ballad age,  
So from the childhood of Newbury town  
And its time of fable the tale comes down  
Of a terror which haunted bush and  
brake, 11  
The Amphibæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
Consider that strip of Christian earth  
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea, 15  
Full of terror and mystery,  
Half redeemed from the evil hold  
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,  
Which drank with its lips of leaves the  
dew  
When Time was young, and the world was  
new, 20

And wove its shadows with sun and moon,  
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared  
and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood  
blown,

Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the  
North, 25  
Of the troubled throes of the quaking  
earth,

And the dismal tales the Indian told,  
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew  
cold,

And he shrank from the tawny wizard  
boasts,

And the hovering shadows seemed full of  
ghosts, 30

And above, below, and on every side,  
The fear of his creed seemed verified;—  
And think, if his lot were now thine own,  
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,

How laxer muscle and weaker nerve 35  
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;  
And own to thyself the wonder more  
That the snake had two heads, and not  
a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen  
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,  
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke, 41  
Or coiled by the Northman's Written  
Rock,

Nothing on record is left to show;  
Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
And left the cast of a double head 45  
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.  
For he carried a head where his tail  
should be,

And the two, of course, could never agree,  
But wriggled about with main and might,  
Now to the left and now to the right; 50  
Pulling and twisting this way and that,  
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near!  
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear!  
Think what ancient gossips might say, 55  
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,  
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day!  
How urchins, searching at day's decline  
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,  
The terrible double-ganger heard 60  
In leafy rustle or whirl of bird!

Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
In berry-time, of the younger sort,  
As over pastures, blackberry-twined,  
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind, 65  
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,  
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;  
And how the spark, who was forced to  
stay,

By his sweetheart's fears, till the break  
of day,  
Thanked the snake for the fond delay! 70

Far and wide the tale was told,  
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.

The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;  
And it served, in the worthy minister's  
eye,

To paint the primitive serpent by. 75  
Cotton Mather came galloping down  
All the way to Newbury town,  
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,  
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;  
Stirring the while in the shallow pool 80  
Of his brains for the lore he learned at  
school,

To garnish the story, with here a streak  
Of Latin, and there another of Greek:  
And the tales he heard and the notes he  
took,

Behold! are they not in his Wonder-  
Book? 85

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
And still, whenever husband and wife  
Publish the shame of their daily strife, 90  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and  
strain

At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
Of their gray heads, 'Look at the Double  
Snake!

One in body and two in will, 95  
The Amphibisbæna is living still!'

1859.

## MABEL MARTIN.

### A HARVEST IDYL.

Susanna Martin, an aged woman of Amesbury, Mass., was tried and executed for the alleged crime of witchcraft. Her home was in what is now known as Pleasant Valley on the Merrimac, a little above the old Ferry way, where, tradition says, an attempt was made to assassinate Sir Edmund Andros on his way to Falmouth (afterwards Portland) and Pemaquid, which was frustrated by a warning timely given. Goody Martin was the only woman hanged on the north side of the Merrimac during the dreadful delusion. The aged wife of Judge Bradbury, who lived on the other side of the Powow River, was imprisoned, and would have been put to death but for the collapse of the hideous persecution.

The substance of the poem which follows was published under the name of *The Witch's Daughter* in *The National Era* in 1857. In 1875 my publishers desired to issue it with illustrations, and I then enlarged it and otherwise altered it to its present form. The principal addition was in the verses which constitute Part I.

## PROEM.

I CALL the old time back : I bring my lay  
In tender memory of the summer day  
When, where our native river lapsed away,

We dreamed it over, while the thrushes  
made

Songs of their own, and the great pine-  
trees laid 5

On warm noonlights the masses of their  
shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again  
Her life in ours, despite of years and  
pain,—

The Autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one 10  
Who stands, at evening, when the work  
is done,

Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common land-  
scape seem

Fairer than any of which painters dream ;  
Lights the brown hills and sings in every  
stream ; 15

For she whose speech was always truth's  
pure gold

Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends  
told,

And loved with us the beautiful and old.

## I. THE RIVER VALLEY.

Across the level tableland,  
A grassy, rarely trodden way, 20  
With thinnest skirt of birchen spray

And stunted growth of cedar, leads  
To where you see the dull plain fall  
Sheer off, steep-slanted, ploughed by all

The seasons' rainfalls. On its brink 25  
The over-leaning harebells swing,  
With roots half bare the pine-trees  
cling ;

And, through the shadow looking west,  
You see the wavering river flow  
Along a vale, that far below 30

Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills—  
And glimmering water-line between,  
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,

And fruit-bent orchards grouped around  
The low brown roofs and painted eaves,  
And chimney-tops half hid in leaves. 36

No warmer valley hides behind  
Yon wind-scoured sand-dunes, cold  
and bleak ;

No fairer river comes to seek

The wave-sung welcome of the sea, 40  
Or mark the northmost border line  
Of sun-loved growths of nut and vine.

Here, ground-fast in their native fields,  
Untempted by the city's gain,  
The quiet farmer folk remain 45

Who bear the pleasant name of Friends,  
And keep their fathers' gentle ways  
And simple speech of Bible days ;

In whose neat homesteads woman holds  
With modest ease her equal place, 50  
And wears upon her tranquil face

The look of one who, merging not  
Her self-hood in another's will,  
Is love's and duty's handmaid still.

Pass with me down the path that winds  
Through birches to the open land, 56  
Where, close upon the river strand

You mark a cellar, vine o'errun,  
Above whose wall of loosened stones  
The sumach lifts its reddening cones, 60

And the black nightshade's berries shine,  
And broad, unsightly burdocks fold  
The household ruin, century-old.



Here, in the dim colonial time  
Of sterner lives and gloomier faith, 65  
A woman lived, tradition saith,

Who wrought her neighbors foul annoy,  
And witched and plagued the country-  
side,  
Till at the hangman's hand she died.

Sit with me while the westering day 70  
Falls slantwise down the quiet vale,  
And, haply ere yon loitering sail,

That rounds the upper headland, falls  
Below Deer Island's pines, or sees  
Behind it Hawkswood's belt of trees 75

Rise black against the sinking sun,  
My idyl of its days of old,  
The valley's legend, shall be told.

## II. THE HUSKING.

It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed, 80  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns,—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight  
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake 85  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented  
locks,—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor, 91  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low, 95  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon, 100  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm  
boughs!

On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless  
nerves! 105

And jests went round, and laughs that  
made

The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane,—

Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known, 115  
The charms and riddles that beguiled  
On Oxus' banks the young world's  
child,—

That primal picture-speech wherein  
Have youth and maid the story told,  
So new in each, so dateless old, 120

Recalling pastoral Ruth in her  
Who waited, blushing and demure,  
The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.

## III. THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard 125  
From lips of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid, 130  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
Since curious thousands thronged to see  
Her mother at the gallows-tree; 135

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die, 140  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified :  
God willed it, and the wretch had died !

Dear God and Father of us all, 145  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,  
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart. 150

Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars ; let us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Young Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone, 155  
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence !

Oh, dreary broke the winter days, 160  
And dreary fell the winter nights  
When, one by one, the neighboring  
lights

Went out, and human sounds grew still,  
And all the phantom-peopled dark  
Closed round her hearth-fire's dying  
spark. 165

And summer days were sad and long,  
And sad the uncompanioned eves,  
And sadder sunset-tinted leaves,

And Indian Summer's airs of balm ;  
She scarcely felt the soft caress, 170  
The beauty died of loneliness !

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
And, when she sought the house of  
prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighboring door 175  
She saw the horseshoe's curved charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm :

That mother, poor and sick and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer ;--

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail, 181  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way, 185  
So dark, would somewhere meet the  
day.

And still her weary wheel went round  
Day after day, with no relief :  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

#### IV. THE CHAMPION.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ; 190  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words, 196  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze 200  
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esck Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears, 205  
And, starting, with an angry frown,  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

'Good neighbors mine,' he sternly said,  
'This passes harmless mirth or jest ;  
I brook no insult to my guest. 210

'She is indeed her mother's child ;  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

'Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;  
I never knew her harm a fly, 215  
And witch or not, God knows—not I.

'I know who swore her life away ;  
And as God lives, I'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them.'

The broadest lands in all the town, 220  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's ; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside :  
'The little witch is evil-eyed ! 225

'Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a man !'

#### V. IN THE SHADOW.

Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed  
The nameless terrors of the wood, 230  
And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon ;  
The soft breath of the west-wind gave  
A chill as from her mother's grave.

How dreary seemed the silent house ! 235  
Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare  
Its windows had a dead man's stare !

And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,  
The tremulous shadow of a birch  
Reached out and touched the door's low porch, 240

As if to lift its latch ; hard by,  
A sudden warning call she heard,  
The night-cry of a boding bird.

She leaned against the door ; her face,  
So fair, so young, so full of pain, 245  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood knew ;  
The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear 250  
Had heard in moonlights long ago ;  
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,  
The hills rolled off into the night. 255

She saw and heard, but over all  
A sense of some transforming spell,  
The shadow of her sick heart fell.

And still across the wooded space  
The harvest lights of Harden shone, 260  
And song and jest and laugh went on.

And he, so gentle, true, and strong,  
Of men the bravest and the best,  
Had he, too, scorned her with the rest ?

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way, 266  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery : 'Let me die ! 270

'Oh ! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach !

'I dare not breathe my mother's name :  
A daughter's right I dare not crave 275  
To weep above her unblest grave !

'Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.

'O God ! have mercy on Thy child, 280  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all !'

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave became  
A voice whose burden was her name. 285

#### VI. THE BETROTHAL.

Had then God heard her ? Had He sent  
His angel down ? In flesh and blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :  
 'Dear Mabel, this no more shall be ; 290  
 Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

'You know rough Esek Harden well ;  
 And if he seems no suitor gay,  
 And if his hair is touched with gray,

'The maiden grown shall never find 295  
 His heart less warm than when she  
 smiled,  
 Upon his knees a little child !'

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
 As, folded in his strong embrace,  
 She looked in Esek Harden's face. 300

'O truest friend of all !' she said,  
 'God bless you for your kindly thought,  
 And make me worthy of my lot !'

He led her forth, and, blent in one,  
 Beside their happy pathway ran 305  
 The shadows of the maid and man.

He led her through his dewy fields,  
 To where the swinging lanterns glowed,  
 And through the doors the huskers  
 showed.

'Good friends and neighbors !' Esek  
 said, 310  
 'I'm weary of this lonely life ;  
 In Mabel see my chosen wife !'

'She greets you kindly, one and all ;  
 The past is past, and all offence  
 Falls harmless from her innocence. 315

'Henceforth she stands no more alone ;  
 You know what Esek Harden is ;—  
 He brooks no wrong to him or his.

'Now let the merriest tales be told,  
 And let the sweetest songs be sung 320  
 That ever made the old heart young !'

'For now the lost has found a home ;  
 And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,  
 As all the household joys return !'

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon, 325  
 Between the shadow of the mows,  
 Looked on them through the great elm-  
 boughs !

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
 On Esek's shaggy strength it fell ; 320  
 And the wind whispered, 'It is well !'  
 1857.

# THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

The prose version of this prophecy is to be found in Sewall's *The New Heaven upon the New Earth*, 1697, quoted in Joshua Coffin's *History of Newbury*. Judge Sewall's father, Henry Sewall, was one of the pioneers of Newbury.

Up and down the village streets  
 Strange are the forms my fancy meets,  
 For the thoughts and things of to-day  
 are hid,

And through the veil of a closed lid  
 The ancient worthies I see again : 5  
 I hear the tap of the elder's cane,  
 And his awful periwig I see,  
 And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.  
 Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,  
 His black cap hiding his whitened hair,  
 Walks the Judge of the great Assize, 11  
 Samuel Sewall the good and wise.

His face with lines of firmness wrought,  
 He wears the look of a man unbought,  
 Who swears to his hurt and changes not ;  
 Yet, touched and softened nevertheless 16  
 With the grace of Christian gentleness,  
 The face that a child would climb to kiss !  
 True and tender and brave and just,  
 That man might honor and woman trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told, 21  
 Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,  
 Of the fast which the good man lifelong  
 kept 13

With a haunting sorrow that never slept,  
 As the circling year brought round the  
 time 25

Of an error that left the sting of crime,  
 When he sat on the bench of the witch-  
 craft courts,

With the laws of Moses and Hale's  
 Reports,

And spake, in the name of both, the word  
 That gave the witch's neck to the cord, 30

And piled the oaken planks that pressed  
The feeble life from the warlock's breast !  
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,  
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;  
No foot on his silent threshold trod, 35  
No eye looked on him save that of God,  
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with  
charms

Of penitent tears, and prayers, and  
psalms,

And, with precious proofs from the sacred  
word

Of the boundless pity and love of the  
Lord, 40

His faith confirmed and his trust renewed  
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,  
Might be washed away in the mingled  
flood

Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear  
blood !

Green forever the memory be 45  
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,  
Whom even his errors glorified,  
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side  
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide !  
Honor and praise to the Puritan 50  
Who the halting step of his age outran,  
And, seeing the infinite worth of man  
In the priceless gift the Father gave,  
In the infinite love that stooped to save,  
Dared not brand his brother a slave ! 55  
'Who doth such wrong,' he was wont to  
say,

In his own quaint, picture-loving way,  
'Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade  
Which God shall cast down upon his  
head !'

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast 60  
That brave old jurist of the past  
And the cunning trickster and knave of  
courts

Who the holy features of Truth distorts,—  
Ruling as right the will of the strong,  
Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong ; 65  
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged and  
weak

Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;  
Scoffing aside at party's nod  
Order of nature and law of God ;

For whose dabbled ermine respect were  
waste, 70

Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;  
Justice of whom 't were vain to seek  
As from Koordish robber or Syrian  
Sheik !

Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes and  
sins ;

Let him rot in the web of lies he spins ! 75  
To the saintly soul of the early day,  
To the Christian judge, let us turn and  
say :

'Praise and thanks for an honest man !—  
Glory to God for the Puritan !'

I see, far southward, this quiet day, 80  
The hills of Newbury rolling away,  
With the many tints of the season gay,  
Dreamily blending in autumn mist  
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.  
Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,  
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground, 86  
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.  
Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
The hills curve round like a bended bow ;  
A silver arrow from out them sprung, 90  
I see the shine of the Quaysyung ;  
And, round and round, over valley and  
hill,

Old roads winding, as old roads will,  
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;  
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled  
eaves, 95  
Through green elm arches and maple  
leaves,—

Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,  
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone  
Life and Death have come and gone ! 100  
There pictured tiles in the fireplace  
show,

Great beams sag from the ceiling low,  
The dresser glitters with polished wares,  
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn  
stairs,

And the low, broad chimney shows the  
crack 105  
By the earthquake made a century back.  
Up from their midst springs the village  
spire

With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;

Beyond are orchards and planting lands,  
And great salt marshes and glimmering  
sands, 110  
And, where north and south the coast-  
lines run,  
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
But my thoughts are full of the past and  
old,

I hear the tales of my boyhood told; 115  
And the shadows and shapes of early days  
Flit dimly in the veiling haze,  
With measured movement and rhythmic  
chime

Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.  
I think of the old man wise and good, 120  
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
(A poet who never measured rhyme,  
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)  
And, propped on his staff of age, looked  
down,

With his boyhood's love, on his native  
town, 125  
Where, written as if on its hills and  
plains,

His burden of prophecy yet remains, 14  
For the voices of wood, and wave, and  
wind

To read in the ear of the musing mind :—

'As long as Plum Island, to guard the  
coast 130

As God appointed, shall keep its post ;  
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep  
Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap ;  
As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond  
swim ; 135

As long as the annual sea-fowl know  
Their time to come and their time to go ;  
As long as cattle shall roam at will  
The green, grass meadows by Turkey  
Hill ;

As long as sheep shall look from the  
side 140

Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,  
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;  
As long as a wandering pigeon shall  
search

The fields below from his white-oak perch,

When the barley-harvest is ripe and  
shorn, 145  
And the dry husks fall from the standing  
corn ;

As long as Nature shall not grow old,  
Nor drop her work from her dotting hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget,  
And the yellow rows in pairs to set ;— 150  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet  
corn !—

By the beak of bird, by the breath of  
frost,

Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But, husked by Death in the Planter's  
sight, 155  
Be sown again in the fields of light !'

The Island still is purple with plums,  
Up the river the salmon comes,  
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl  
feeds

On hillside berries and marish seeds,— 160  
All the beautiful signs remain,  
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain  
The good man's vision returns again !  
And let us hope, as well we can, 164  
That the Silent Angel who garners man  
May find some grain as of old he found  
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,  
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to  
own  
The precious seed by the fathers sown !  
1859.

### THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

[Suggested by reading the following passage in  
*Minnesota and its Resources*, by J. Wesley Bond :  
'As I pass slowly along the lonely road that leads  
me from thee, Selkirk, mine eyes do turn con-  
tinually to gaze upon thy smiling, golden fields,  
and thy lofty towers, now burnished with the rays  
of the departing sun, while the sweet vesper bell  
reverberates afar and strikes so mournfully  
pleasant upon mine ear. I feel satisfied that,  
though absent thousands of weary miles, my  
thoughts will always dwell on thee with rapturous  
emotions.' At midnight, with the last stroke of  
the clock ushering in the 17th of December, 1891,  
the 84th anniversary of Whittier's birth, the bells  
of St. Boniface rang a joyous peal.] 16

Out and in the river is winding  
The links of its long, red chain,  
Through belts of dusky pine-land  
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath  
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—  
The smoke of the hunting-lodges  
Of the wild Assiniboina !

Drearly blows the north-wind  
From the land of ice and snow ;  
The eyes that look are weary,  
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,  
And one upon the shore,  
The Angel of Shadow gives warning  
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?  
Is it the Indian's yell,  
That lends to the voice of the north-wind  
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens  
To the sound that grows apace ;  
Well he knows the vesper ringing  
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
That call from their turrets twain,  
To the boatman on the river,  
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey,  
The bitter north-winds blow,  
And thus upon life's Red River  
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow  
Rests his feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with watching  
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth  
The signal of his release  
In the bells of the Holy City,  
The chimes of eternal peace !

1859.

## THE PREACHER.

George Whitfield, the celebrated preacher,  
died at Newburyport in 1770, and was buried  
under the church which has since borne his  
name.

Its windows flashing to the sky,  
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
Far down the vale, my friend and I  
Beheld the old and quiet town ;  
The ghostly sails that out at sea  
Flapped their white wings of mystery ;  
The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low wooded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south ;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;  
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands  
A crimson-tinted shadow lay,  
Of clouds through which the setting day  
Flung a slant glory far away.  
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,  
It flamed upon the city's panes,  
Smote the white sails of ships that wore  
Outward or in, and glided o'er  
The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search  
O'erran the landscape. 'Yonder spire  
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire ;  
What is it, pray ?'—'The Whitefield  
Church !

Walled about by its basement stones,  
There rest the marvellous prophet's  
bones.'

Then as our homeward way we walked,  
Of the great preacher's life we talked ;  
And through the mystery of our theme  
The outward glory seemed to stream,  
And Nature's self interpreted  
The doubtful record of the dead ;  
And every level beam that smote  
The sails upon the dark afloat  
A symbol of the light became,  
Which touched the shadows of our blame  
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers  
Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;

On man and his works has passed the  
change

Which needs must be in a century's  
range.

The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,—

Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the  
plain, 45

The wilderness gladdened with fruit and  
grain !

But the living faith of the settlers old  
A dead profession their children hold ;

To the lust of office and greed of trade  
A stepping-stone is the altar made, 50

The Church, to place and power the  
door,

Rebukes the sin of the world no more,  
Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.

Everywhere is the grasping hand,  
And eager adding of land to land ; 55

And earth, which seemed to the fathers  
meant

But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—  
A nightly shelter to fold away

When the Lord should call at the break  
of day,

Solid and steadfast seems to be, 60  
And Time has forgotten Eternity !

But fresh and green from the rotting  
roots

Of primal forests the young growth  
shoots ;

From the death of the old the new pro-  
ceeds,

And the life of truth from the rot of  
creeds : 65

On the ladder of God, which upward  
leads,

The steps of progress are human needs,  
For His judgments still are a mighty

deep,  
And the eyes of His providence never

sleep :  
When the night is darkest He gives the

morn ; 70  
When the famine is sorest, the wine and

corn !  
In the church of the wilderness Edwards

wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought :

And with Thor's own hammer welded and  
bent

The iron links of his argument, 75  
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span

The purpose of God and the fate of man !  
Yet faithful still, in his daily round

To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick  
found,

The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
Drew warmth and life from his fervent

heart. 81  
Had he not seen in the solitudes

Of his deep and dark Northampton woods  
A vision of love about him fall ?

Not the blinding splendor which fell on  
Saul, 85

But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
Who walk in the New Jerusalem,

Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
But the Lord and His love are the light

alone !  
And watching the sweet, still coun-  
tenance 90

Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,  
Had he not treasured each broken word

Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;  
And loved the beautiful dreamer more 95

That thus to the desert of earth she bore  
Clusters of Eshcol from Canaan's shore ?

As the barley-winnower, holding with  
pain

Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,  
Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze

Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys, 100  
So he who had waited long to hear

The sound of the Spirit drawing near,  
Like that which the son of Iddo heard

When the feet of angels the myrtles  
stirred,

Felt the answer of prayer, at last, 105  
As over his church the afflatus passed,

Breaking its sleep as breezes break  
To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,  
The creep of the flesh at danger near, 110

A vague foreboding and discontent,  
Over the hearts of the people went.

All nature warned in sounds and signs :  
The wind in the tops of the forest pines



In the name of the Highest called to  
prayer, 115

As the muezzin calls from the minaret  
stair.

Through ceiled chambers of secret sin  
Sudden and strong the light shone in ;  
A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs  
Startled the man of title-deeds ; 120

The trembling hand of the worldling  
shook

The dust of years from the Holy Book ;  
And the psalms of David, forgotten long,  
Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward  
course 125

Of waters moved by a central force ;  
The tide of spiritual life rolled down  
From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands  
Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands  
And prayer availing, to downward call 131  
The fiery answer in view of all.  
Hearts are like wax in the furnace ; who  
Shall mould, and shape, and cast them  
anew ?

Lo ! by the Merrimac Whitefield stands  
In the temple that never was made by  
hands,— 136

Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
And dome of the sunshine over all—  
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name  
Blown about on the winds of fame ; 140

Now as an angel of blessing classed,  
And now as a mad enthusiast.  
Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
The moral lapse of his race and age,  
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw 145  
Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
Possessed by the one dread thought that  
lent

Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
Up and down the world he went,  
A John the Baptist crying, Repent ! 150

No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
Here or there the circle will break ;  
The orb of life as it takes the light  
On one side leaves the other in night.

Never was saint so good and great 155

As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.  
So, incomplete by his being's law,  
The marvellous preacher had his flaw ;  
With step unequal, and lame with faults,  
His shade on the path of History halts. 161

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :  
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—  
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,  
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ; 165  
But he is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful stress  
Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so  
small 170

That man was nothing, since God was  
all,—

Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
That the love of the Lord and of man are  
one.

Little to him whose feet unshod  
The thorny path of the desert trod, 175  
Careless of pain, so it led to God,  
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor  
man's wrong,

The weak ones trodden beneath the  
strong.

Should the worm be chooser?—the clay  
withstand

The shaping will of the potter's hand ? 180

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears  
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :  
'Spare thy pity !' Krishna saith ;  
'Not in thy sword is the power of death !  
All is illusion,—less but seems ; 185  
Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;  
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;  
Who counts as slain is living still.  
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;  
Nothing dies but the cheats of time ; 190  
Slain or slayer, small the odds  
To each, immortal as Indra's gods !'

So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the preacher  
laid

On the heart of the negro crushed and  
rent, 195  
And made of his blood the wall's cement;  
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to  
coast,  
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost;  
And begged, for the love of Christ, the  
gold

Coined from the hearts in its groaning  
hold. 200

What could it matter, more or less  
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?  
Living or dying, bond or free,  
What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished  
schemes! 205

Mission and church are now but dreams;  
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
To honor God through the wrong of man.  
Of all his labors no trace remains  
Save the bondman lifting his hands in  
chains. 210

The woof he wove in the righteous warp  
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,  
Clothes with curses the goodly land,  
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;  
And a century's lapse reveals once more  
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.  
Father of Light! how blind is he 217  
Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee  
With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: shall we count His gifts as  
naught? 220

Was the work of God in him unwrought?  
The servant may through his deafness err,  
And blind may be God's messenger;  
But the errand is sure they go upon,—  
The word is spoken, the deed is done. 225  
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good  
That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?  
For his tempted heart and wandering feet,  
Were the songs of David less pure and  
sweet?

So in light and shadow the preacher  
went, 230

God's erring and human instrument;  
And the hearts of the people where he  
passed

Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,

Under the spell of a voice which took  
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook, 235  
And the mystical chime of the bells of  
gold

On the ephod's hem of the priest of old.—  
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe  
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of  
Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd 240  
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.

The sailor reeling from out the ships  
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips  
Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.  
Listened the fisherman rude and hard, 245  
The calker rough from the builder's yard:  
The man of the market left his load,  
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,  
The maiden, and youth beside her, felt  
Their hearts in a closer union melt, 250  
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom  
Down the endless vistas of life to come.  
Old age sat feebly brushing away  
From his ears the scanty locks of gray;  
And careless boyhood, living the free 255  
Unconscious life of bird and tree,  
Suddenly awakened to a sense  
Of sin and its guilty consequence.

It was as if an angel's voice  
Called the listeners up for their final  
choice; 260

As if a strong hand rent apart  
The veils of sense from soul and heart,  
Showing in light ineffable  
The joys of heaven and woes of hell!  
All about in the misty air 265

The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;  
The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,  
The water's lap on its gravelled edge,  
The wailing pines, and, far and faint,  
The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—  
To the solemn voice of the preacher lent 271  
An undertone as of low lament;  
And the rote of the sea from its sandy  
coast,

On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,  
Seemed the murmurous sound of the judg-  
ment host. 275

Yet wise men doubted, and good men  
wept,

As that storm of passion above them swept,

And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,  
 The priests of the new Evangel came,—  
 Davenport, flashing upon the crowd, 280  
 Charged like summer's electric cloud,  
 Now holding the listener still as death  
 With terrible warnings under breath,  
 Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed  
 The vision of Heaven's beatitude! 285  
 And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound  
 Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,  
 Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,  
 And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,  
 Groaning under the world's despair! 290  
 Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,  
 Prophesied to the empty pews  
 That gourds would wither, and mushroom-rooms die,  
 And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,  
 Like the spring that gushed in Newbury  
 Street, 295  
 Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,  
 A silver shaft in the air and light,  
 For a single day, then lost in night,  
 Leaving only, its place to tell,  
 Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell. 300  
 With zeal wing-clipped and white-heat cool,  
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,  
 No longer harried, and cropped, and  
 fleeced,  
 Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,  
 But by wiser counsels left at ease 305  
 To settle quietly on his lees,  
 And, self-concentred, to count as done  
 The work which his fathers well begun,  
 In silent protest of letting alone,  
 The Quaker kept the way of his own,—  
 A non-conductor among the wires, 310  
 With coat of asbestos proof to fires.  
 And quite unable to mend his pace  
 To catch the falling manna of grace,  
 He hugged the closer his little store 315  
 Of faith, and silently prayed for more,  
 And vague of creed and barren of rite,  
 But holding, as in his Master's sight,  
 Act and thought to the inner light,  
 The round of his simple duties walked, 320  
 And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went  
 Step by step with the good intent,

And with love and meekness, side by side,  
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?— 325  
 That passionate longings and fancies vain  
 Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?  
 That over the holy oracles  
 Folly sported with cap and bells?  
 That goodly women and learned men 330  
 Marvelling told with tongue and pen  
 How unweaned children chirped like birds  
 Texts of Scripture and solemn words,  
 Like the infant seers of the rocky glens  
 In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes: 335  
 Or baby Lamas who pray and preach  
 From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?  
 In the war which Truth or Freedom wages  
 With impious fraud and the wrong of ages,  
 Hate and malice and self-love mar 340  
 The notes of triumph with painful jar,  
 And the helping angels turn aside  
 Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide,  
 Never on custom's oiled grooves  
 The world to a higher level moves, 345  
 But grates and grinds with friction hard  
 On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
 The heart must bleed before it heals;  
 The pool be troubled before it heals;  
 Ever by losses the right must gain, 350  
 Every good have its birth of pain:  
 The active Virtues blush to find  
 The Vices wearing their badge behind,  
 And Graces and Charities feel the fire  
 Wherein the sins of the age expire; 355  
 The fiend still rends as of old he rent  
 The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift  
 And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,  
 Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk? 360  
 Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic  
 monk?  
 The tide that loosens the temple's stones,  
 And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,  
 Drives away from the valley-land  
 That Arab robber, the wandering sand, 365  
 Moistens the fields that know no rain,  
 Fringes the desert with belts of grain,  
 And bread to the sower brings again.  
 So the flood of emotion deep and strong  
 Troubled the land as it swept along, 370  
 But left a result of holier lives,  
 Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.

The husband and father whose children  
fled

And sad wife wept when his drunken tread  
Frightened peace from his roof-tree's  
shade, 375

And a rock of offence his hearthstone  
made,

In a strength that was not his own began  
To rise from the brute's to the plane of  
man.

Old friends embraced, long held apart  
By evil counsel and pride of heart; 380

And penitence saw through misty tears,  
In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,

The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—  
The peace of God for the world's annoy,—

Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy ! 385

Under the church of Federal Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.

No saintly honors to them are shown, 390  
No sign nor miracle have they known ;

But he who passes the ancient church  
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,

And ponders the wonderful life of him  
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim. 395

Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,

And the vanishing town behind him search  
For the slender spire of the Whitefield

Church ;

And feel for one moment the ghosts of  
trad-, 400

And fashion, and folly, and pleasure  
laid,

By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
That voice of warning yet eloquent,

Of one on the errands of angels sent.  
And if where he labored the flood of  
sin 405

Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,  
And over a life of time and sense

The church-spires lift their vain defence,  
As if to scatter the bolts of God

With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—  
Still, as the gem of its civic crown, 411

Precious beyond the world's renown,  
His memory hallows the ancient town !

1859.

### THE TRUCE OF FISCATAQUA.

In the winter of 1675-76, the Eastern Indians, who had been making war upon the New Hampshire settlements, were so reduced in numbers by fighting and famine that they agreed to a peace with Major Waldron at Dover ; but the peace was broken in the fall of 1676. The famous chief, Squando, was the principal negotiator on the part of the savages. He had taken up the hatchet to revenge the brutal treatment of his child by drunken white sailors, which caused its death.

It not unfrequently happened during the Border wars that young white children were adopted by their Indian captors, and so kindly treated that they were unwilling to leave the free, wild life of the woods ; and in some instances they utterly refused to go back with their parents to their old homes and civilization.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,  
These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;

Blot out the humbler lives as well,  
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell

The weaving genii of the bell ; 5  
Tear from the wild Coheco's track

The dams that hold its torrents back ;  
And let the loud-rejoicing fall

Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;  
And let the Indian's paddle play 10

On the unbridged Piscataqua !  
Wide over hill and valley spread

Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
With here and there a clearing cut

From the walled shadows round it shut ; 15  
Each with its farm-house builded rude,

By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
And the grim, flanked block-house

bound  
With bristling palisades around.

So, haply shall before thine eyes 20  
The dusty veil of centuries rise,

The old, strange scenery overlay  
The tamer pictures of to-day,

While, like the actors in a play,  
Pass in their ancient guise along 25

The figures of my border song :  
What time beside Coheco's flood

The white man and the red man stood,  
With words of peace and brotherhood ;

When passed the sacred calumet 30  
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,

And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke		'All the while the totem sang, Lightning blazed and thunder rang;	75
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke, And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea		And a black cloud, reaching high, Pulled the white moon from the sky.	
For mercy, struck the haughty key	35	'I, the medicine-man, whose ear All that spirits hear can hear,—	
Of one who held, in any fate, His native pride inviolate!		I, whose eyes are wide to see	80
'Let your ears be opened wide! He who speaks has never lied.		All the things that are to be,—	
Waldron of Piscataqua, Hear what Squando has to say!	40	'Well I knew the dreadful signs In the whispers of the pines, In the river roaring loud, In the mutter of the cloud.	85
'Squando shuts his eyes and sees, Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees. In his wigwam, still as stone, Sits a woman all alone,	45	'At the breaking of the day, From the grave I passed away; Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad, But my heart was hot and mad.	
'Wampum beads and birchen strands Dropping from her careless hands, Listening ever for the fleet Patter of a dead child's feet!		'There is rust on Squando's knife, From the warm, red springs of life; On the funeral hemlock-trees Many a scalp the totem sees.	90
'When the moon a year ago Told the flowers the time to blow, In that lonely wigwam smiled Menewee, our little child.	50	'Blood for blood! But evermore Squando's heart is sad and sore; And his poor squaw waits at home For the feet that never come!	95
'Ere that moon grew thin and old, He was lying still and cold; Sent before us, weak and small, When the Master did not call!	55	'Waldron of Cohecho, hear! Squando speaks, who laughs at fear; Take the captives he has ta'en; Let the land have peace again!	100
'On his little grave I say; Three times went and came the day, Thrice above me blazed the noon, Thrice upon me wept the moon.	60	As the words died on his tongue, Wide apart his warriors swung; Parted, at the sign he gave, Right and left, like Egypt's wave.	105
'In the third night-watch I heard, Far and low, a spirit-bird; Very mournful, very wild, Sang the totem of my child.	65	And, like Israel passing free Through the prophet-charm'd sea, Captive mother, wife, and child Through the dusky terror filed.	
"Menewee, poor Menewee, Walks a path he cannot see: Let the white man's wigwam light With its blaze his steps aright.		One alone, a little maid, Middleway her steps delayed, Glancing, with quick, troubled sight, Round about from red to white.	110
"All-uncalled, he dares not show Empty hands to Manito: Better gifts he cannot bear Than the scalps his slayers wear."	70	Then his hand the Indian laid On the little maiden's head, Lightly from her forehead fair Smoothing back her yellow hair.	115

'Gift or favor ask I none ;  
What I have is all my own :  
Never yet the birds have sung,  
"Squanto hath a beggar's tongue." 120

'Yet for her who waits at home,  
For the dead who cannot come,  
Let the little Gold-hair be  
In the place of Menewee ! 125

'Mishanock, my little star !  
Come to Saco's pines afar ;  
Where the sad one waits at home  
Wequashim, my moonlight, come !'

'What !' quoth Waldron, 'leave a child  
Christian-born to heathens wild ? 131  
As God lives, from Satan's hand  
I will pluck her as a brand !'

'Hear me, white man !' Squando cried ;  
'Let the little one decide. 135  
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,  
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ?'

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,  
Half regretfully, the maid  
Owned the ties of blood and race, — 140  
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,  
But his wampum chain he broke,  
And the beaded wonder hung  
On that neck so fair and young. 145

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem  
In the marches of a dream,  
Single-filed, the grim array  
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed, 150  
Through her tears the young child gazed.  
'God preserve her !' Waldron said ;  
'Satan hath bewitched the maid !'

Years went and came. At close of day  
Singing came a child from play, 155  
Tossing from her loose-locked head  
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,  
But her head she gravely shook,  
And with lips that fondly smiled 160  
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :  
'Up and down the brook I ran,  
Where, beneath the bank so steep,  
Lie the spotted trout asleep. 165

"Chip !" went squirrel on the wall,  
After me I heard him call,  
And the cat-bird on the tree  
Tried his best to mimic me.

'Where the hemlocks grew so dark 170  
That I stopped to look and hark,  
On a log, with feather-hat,  
By the path, an Indian sat.

'Then I cried, and ran away ;  
But he called, and bade me stay ; 175  
And his voice was good and mild  
As my mother's to her child.

'And he took my wampum chain,  
Looked and looked it o'er again ;  
Gave me berries, and, beside,  
On my neck a plaything tied.' 180

Straight the mother stooped to see  
What the Indian's gift might be.  
On the braid of wampum hung,  
Lo ! a cross of silver swung. 185

Well she knew its graven sign,  
Squanto's bird and totem pine ;  
And, a mirage of the brain,  
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,  
Into space the walls outgrew ; 191  
On the Indian's wigwam-mat,  
Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,  
In her ear the pines sang low, 195  
And, like links from out a chain,  
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,  
From the griefs that gnaw within,  
To the freedom of the woods 200  
Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

Well, O painful minister !  
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,  
If her ear grew sharp to hear 205  
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul  
All the desert's glamour stole,  
That a tear for childhood's loss  
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read, 210  
And she bowed her widowed head,  
And a prayer for each loved name  
Rose like incense from a flame,

With a hope the creeds forbid  
In her pitying bosom hid, 215  
To the listening ear of Heaven  
Lo ! the Indian's name was given.  
1860.

### MY PLAYMATE.

[When written, this poem bore the title *Eleanor*,  
and when first printed *The Playmate*.]

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low ;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet, 5  
The orchard birds sang clear ;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home, 10  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine :  
What more could ask the bashful boy 15  
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more. 20

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years ;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year 25  
Her summer roses blow ;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown, --- 30  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make  
sweet 35  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea. 40

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems, -  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice ; 45  
Does she remember mine ?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours, - 50  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet, 55  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow ;  
And there in spring the veeries sing  
The song of long ago. 60

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea, -  
The moaning of the sea of change  
Between myself and thee !

1860.

COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION.

This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimac.<sup>16</sup>

THE beaver cut his timber

With patient teeth that day,  
The minks were fish-wards, and the crows  
Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside 5  
Upon his cobbler's form,  
With a pan of coals on either hand  
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,  
He stitched and hammered and sung ;  
In the brook he moistened his leather, 11  
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton  
Who brewed the stoutest ale,  
And he paid the goodwife's reckoning 15  
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing  
Who dress the hills of vine,  
The tales that haunt the Brocken  
And whisper down the Rhine. 20

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
The swift stream wound away,  
Through birches and scarlet maples  
Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges 25  
Plunging in steep cascade,  
Tossing its white-maned waters  
Against the hemlock's shade.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,  
East and west and north and south ; 30  
Only the village of fishers  
Down at the river's mouth ;

Only here and there a clearing,  
With its farm-house rude and new,  
And tree-stumps, swart as Indians, 35  
Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,  
No vintage-song he heard,  
And on the green no dancing feet  
The merry violin stirred. 40

'Why should folk be glum,' said Keezar,  
'When Nature herself is glad,  
And the painted woods are laughing  
At the faces so sour and sad?'

Small heed had the careless cobbler 45  
What sorrow of heart was theirs  
Who travailed in pain with the births of  
God,  
And planted a state with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,  
Smiting the heathen horde,— 50  
One hand on the mason's trowel,  
And one on the soldier's sword !

But give him his ale and cider,  
Give him his pipe and song,  
Little he cared for Church or State, 55  
Or the balance of right and wrong.

'Tis work, work, work,' he muttered,—  
'And for rest a snuffle of psalms !'  
He smote on his leathern apron  
With his brown and waxen palms. 60

'Oh for the purple harvests  
Of the days when I was young !  
For the merry grape-stained maidens,  
And the pleasant songs they sung !

'Oh for the breath of vineyards, 65  
Of apples and nuts and wine !  
For an oar to row and a breeze to blow  
Down the grand old river Rhine !'

A tear in his blue eye glistened,  
And dropped on his beard so gray. 70  
'Old, old am I,' said Keezar,  
'And the Rhine flows far away !'

But a cunning man was the cobbler ;  
He could call the birds from the trees,  
Charm the black snake out of the ledges,  
And bring back the swarming bees. 76

All the virtues of herbs and metals,  
All the lore of the woods, he knew,  
And the arts of the Old World mingled  
With the marvels of the New. 80



Well he knew the tricks of magic, And the lapstone on his knee Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles Or the stone of Doctor Dee. <sup>17</sup>		Golden the goodwife's butter, Ruby her currant-wine; Grand were the strutting turkeys, Fat were the beeves and swine.	125
For the mighty master Agrippa Wrought it with spell and rhyme From a fragment of mystic moonstone In the tower of Nettesheim.	85	Yellow and red were the apples, And the ripe pears russet-brown, And the peaches had stolen blushes From the girls who shook them down.	130
To a cobbler Minnesinger The marvellous stone gave he,— And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar, Who brought it over the sea.	90	And with blooms of hill and wildwood, That shame the toil of art, Mingled the gorgeous blossoms Of the garden's tropic heart.	135
He held up that mystic lapstone, He held it up like a lens, And he counted the long years coming By twenties and by tens.	95	'What is it I see?' said Keezar: 'Am I here, or am I there?' Is it a fête at Bingen? Do I look on Frankfort fair?	140
'One hundred years,' quoth Keezar, 'And fifty have I told: Now open the new before me, And shut me out the old!'	100	'But where are the clowns and puppets, And imps with horns and tail? And where are the Rhenish flagons? And where is the foaming ale?	
Like a cloud of mist, the blackness Rolled from the magic stone, And a marvellous picture mingled The unknown and the known.		'Strange things, I know, will happen,— Strange things the Lord permits; But that droughty folk should be jolly Puzzles my poor old wits.	146
Still ran the stream to the river, And river and ocean joined; And there were the bluffs and the blue sea-line And cold north hills behind.	105	'Here are smiling manly faces, And the maiden's step is gay; Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by drinking, Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.	150
But the mighty forest was broken By many a steeped town, By many a white-walled farm-house, And many a garner brown.	110	'Here's pleasure without regretting, And good without abuse, The holiday and the bridal Of beauty and of use.	155
Turning a score of mill-wheels, The stream no more ran free; White sails on the winding river, White sails on the far-off sea.	115	'Here's a priest and there is a Quaker, Do the cat and dog agree? Have they burned the stocks for oven- wood? Have they cut down the gallows-tree?	159
Below in the noisy village The flags were floating gay, And shone on a thousand faces The light of a holiday.	120	'Would the old folk know their children? Would they own the graceless town, With never a ranter to worry And never a witch to drown?'	
Swiftly the rival ploughmen Turned the brown earth from their shares; Here were the farmer's treasures, There were the craftsman's wares.		Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar, Laughed like a school-boy gay; Tossing his arms above him, The lapstone rolled away.	165

It rolled down the rugged hillside,  
It spun like a wheel bewitched, 170  
It plunged through the leaning willows,  
And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water,  
The magic stone lies still,  
Under the leaning willows 175  
In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher  
Sits on the shadowy bank,  
And his dreams make marvellous pictures  
Where the wizard's lapstone sank. 180

And still, in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers 185  
Beside the charmed stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,  
The rosy signals fly; 90  
Her homestead beckons from the cloud,  
And love goes sailing by.  
1861.

AMY WENTWORTH.

TO WILLIAM BRADFORD.

As they who watch by sick-beds find  
relief  
Unwittingly from the great stress of grief  
And anxious care, in fantasies out-  
wrought  
From the hearth's embers flickering low,  
or caught  
From whispering wind, or tread of pass-  
ing feet, 5  
Or vagrant memory calling up some sweet  
Snatch of old song or romance, whence or  
why  
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou  
and I,  
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is  
strong  
In the endurance which outwearies  
Wrong, 10

With meek persistence baffling brutal  
force,  
And trusting God against the universe,—  
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not  
share  
With other weapons than the patriot's  
prayer,  
Yet owning, with full hearts and mois-  
tened eyes, 15  
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,  
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all  
Who give their loved ones for the living  
wall  
Twixt law and treason,—in this evil  
day  
May haply find, through automatic play  
Of pen and pencil, solace to our pain, 21  
And hearten others with the strength we  
gain.  
I know it has been said our times require  
No play of art, nor dalliance with the  
lyre, 24  
No weak essay with Fancy's chloroform.  
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the storm.  
But the stern war-blast rather, such as  
sets  
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,  
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet with  
these  
Some softer tints may blend, and milder  
keys 30  
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let us  
keep sweet,  
If so we may, our hearts, even while  
we eat  
The bitter harvest of our own device  
And half a century's moral cowardice.  
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg  
defied, 35  
And Kranach painted by his Luther's  
side,  
And through the war-march of the Puritan  
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,  
So let the household melodies be sung, .  
The pleasant pictures on the wall be  
hung,— 40  
So let us hold against the hosts of night  
And slavery all our vantage-ground of  
light.  
Let Treason boast its savagery, and shake  
From its flag-folds its symbol rattlesnake,

Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins in tan,  
 And carve its pipe-bowls from the bones  
     of man, 46  
 And make the tale of Fijian banquets dull  
 By drinking whiskey from a loyal skull,—  
 But let us guard, till this sad war shall  
     cease,  
 (God grant it soon!) the graceful arts of  
     peace: 50  
 No foes are conquered who the victors  
     teach  
 Their vandal manners and barbaric speech.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness,  
     we bear

Of the great common burden our full share,  
 Let none upbraid us that the waves entice  
 Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint  
     device, 56

Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen  
     away

From the sharp strifes and sorrows of  
     to-day.

Thus, while the east-wind keen from  
     Labrador

Sings in the leafless elms, and from the  
     shore 60

Of the great sea comes the monotonous  
     roar

Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky  
 Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull,  
     I try

To time a simple legend to the sounds  
 Of winds in the woods, and waves on  
     pebbled bounds, 65

A song for oars to chime with, such as  
     might

Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night  
 Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet  
     cove

Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves  
     they love.

(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay  
 On the calm bosom of some Eastern bay, 71  
 And all the spray-moist rocks and waves  
     that rolled

Up the white sand-slopes flashed with  
     ruddy gold.)

Something it has—a flavor of the sea,  
 And the sea's freedom—which reminds of  
     thee. 75

Its faded picture, dimly smiling down  
 From the blurred fresco of the ancient  
     town,

I have not touched with warmer tints in  
     vain,

If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one  
     thought from pain.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys 80  
     They dance so light along;  
 The bloom upon her parted lips  
     Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles!  
     Her thoughts are not of thee; 85  
 She better loves the salted wind,  
     The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
     That at its anchor swings;  
 The murmur of the stranded shell 90  
     Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,  
     But dreams the while of one  
 Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
     The icebergs in the sun. 95

She questions all the winds that blow,  
     And every fog-wreath dim,  
 And bids the sea-birds flying north  
     Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of  
     men 100  
     He perilled life to save,  
 And grateful prayers like holy oil  
     To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking, of the fishing-smack!  
     Fair toast of all the town! - 105  
 The skipper's jerkin ill besseems  
     The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
     For him the blush of shame  
 Who dares to set his manly gifts 110  
     Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

115

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle-born.

120

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carven signs.

125

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown.  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

130

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador!

135

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliot's bowers;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar  
To see the white gulls fly;  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their clanging cry.

140

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold!

145

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will!

150

1862.

## THE COUNTESS.

TO E. W.

I inscribed this poem to Dr. Elias Weld of Haverhill, Massachusetts, to whose kindness I was much indebted in my boyhood. He was the one cultivated man in the neighborhood. His small but well-chosen library was placed at my disposal. He is the 'wise old doctor' of *Shore-Bound*.

Count François de Vipart with his cousin Joseph Rochemont de Poyen came to the United States in the early part of the present century. They took up their residence at Rocks Village on the Merrimac, where they both married. The wife of Count Vipart was Mary Ingalls, who, as my father remembered her, was a very lovely young girl. Her wedding dress, as described by a lady still living, was 'pink satin with an overdress of white lace, and white satin slippers.' She died in less than a year after her marriage. Her husband returned to his native country. He lies buried in the family tomb of the Viparts at Bordeaux.<sup>12</sup>

I know not, Time and Space so intervene,  
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,  
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years and ten,

Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citizen;  
But, here or there, a pleasant thought of thee,  
Like an old friend, all day has been with me.

The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly hand  
Smoothed his hard pathway to the wonder-land

Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood yet  
Keeps green the memory of his early debt.  
To-day, when truth and falsehood speak  
their words

Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth  
of swords,

Listening with quickened heart and ear  
intent

To each sharp clause of that stern argu-  
ment,

I still can hear at times a softer note  
Of the old pastoral music round me float,

While through the hot gleam of our civil strife	Over the wooded northern ridge,	
Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.	Between its houses brown,	50
As, at his alien post, the sentinel	To the dark tunnel of the bridge	
Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,	The street comes straggling down.	
And hears old voices in the winds that toss	You catch a glimpse, through birch and pine,	
Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,	Of gable, roof, and porch,	
So, in our trial-time, and under skies	The tavern with its swinging sign,	55
Shadowed by swords like Islam's paradise,	The sharp horn of the church.	
I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray	The river's steel-blue crescent curves	
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day ;	To meet, in ebb and flow,	
And howsoever the pencil dipped in dreams	The single broken wharf that serves	
Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset streams,	For sloop and gundelow.	60
The country doctor in the foreground seems,	With salt sea-scents along its shores	
Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes	The heavy hay-boats crawl,	
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.	The long antennae of their oars	
I could not paint the scenery of my song,	In lazy rise and fall.	
Mindless of one who looked thereon so long ;	Along the gray abutment's wall	65
Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,	The idle shad-net dries ;	
Made friends o' the woods and rocks, and knew the sound	The toll-man in his cobbler's stall	
Of each small brook, and what the hill-side trees	Sits smoking with closed eyes.	
Said to the winds that touched their leafy keys ;	You hear the pier's low undertone	
Who saw so keenly and so well could paint	Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;	70
The village-folk, with all their humors quaint,—	You start,—a skipper's horn is blown	
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,	To raise the creaking draw.	
Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown ;	At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds	
The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown ;	With slow and sluggish beat,	
The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,	Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds	75
And the loud straggler levying his black-mail,—	Wakes up the staring street.	
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears, 45	A place for idle eyes and ears,	
All that lies buried under fifty years.	A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;	
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,	Left by the stream whose waves are years	
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.	The stranded village seems.	80
	And there, like other moss and rust,	
	The native dweller clings,	
	And keeps, in uninquiring trust,	
	The old, dull round of things.	
	The fisher drops his patient lines,	85
	The farmer sows his grain,	
	Content to hear the murmuring pines	
	Instead of railroad train.	
	Go where, along the tangled steep	
	That slopes against the west,	90
	The hamlet's buried idlers sleep	
	In still profounder rest.	

Throw back the locust's flowery plume, The birch's pale-green scarf, And break the web of brier and bloom 95 From name and epitaph.	How sweet, when summer's day was o'er, His violin's mirth and wail, The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore, The river's moonlit sail ! 140
A simple muster-roll of death, Of pomp and romance shorn, The dry, old names that common breath Has cheapened and outworn. 100	Ah ! life is brief, though love be long ; The altar and the bier, The burial hymn and bridal song, Were both in one short year !
Yet pause by one low mound, and part The wild vines o'er it laced, And read the words by rustic art Upon its headstone traced.	Her rest is quiet on the hill, 145 Beneath the locust's bloom ; Far off her lover sleeps as still Within his scutcheon'd tomb.
Haply yon white-haired villager 105 Of fourscore years can say What means the noble name of her Who sleeps with common clay.	The Gascon lord, the village maid, In death still clasp their hands ; 150 The love that levels rank and grade Unites their severed lands.
An exile from the Gascon land Found refuge here and rest, 110 And loved, of all the village band, Its fairest and its best.	What matter whose the hillside grave, Or whose the blazoned stone ? Forever to her western wave 155 Shall whisper blue Garonne !
He knelt with her on Sabbath morn, He worshipped through her eyes, And on the pride that doubts and scorns Stole in her faith's surprise. 116	O Love !—so hallowing every soil That gives thy sweet flower room, Wherever, nursed by ease or toil, The human heart takes bloom !— 160
Her simple daily life he saw By homeliest duties tried, In all things by an untaught law Of fitness justified. 120	Plant of lost Eden, from the sod Of sinful earth unripen, White blossom of the trees of God Dropped down to us from heaven !—
For her his rank aside he laid ; He took the hue and tone Of lowly life and toil, and made Her simple ways his own.	This tangled waste of mound and stone 165 Is holy for thy sake ; A sweetness which is all thy own Breathes out from fern and brake.
Yet still, in gay and careless ease, 125 To harvest-field or dance He brought the gentle courtesies, The nameless grace of France.	And while ancestral pride shall twine The Gascon's tomb with flowers, 170 Fall sweetly here, O song of mine, With summer's bloom and showers !
And she who taught him love not less From him she loved in turn 130 Caught in her sweet unconsciousness What love is quick to learn.	And let the lines that severed seem Unite again in thee, As western wave and Gallic stream 175 Are mingled in one sea !
Each grew to each in pleased accord, Nor knew the gazing town If she looked upward to her lord 135 Or he to her looked down.	1863.

## AMONG THE HILLS.

This poem, when originally published, was dedicated to Annie Fields, wife of the distinguished publisher, James T. Fields, of Boston, in grateful acknowledgment of the strength and inspiration I have found in her friendship and sympathy.

The poem in its first form was entitled *The Wife: an Idyl of Bearcamp Water*, and appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1868. When I published the volume *Among the Hills*, in December of the same year, I expanded the Prelude and filled out also the outlines of the story.

## PRELUDE.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright staves. 5  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall 10  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side, 15  
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,  
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette—

Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends  
To the pervading symphony of peace. 21

No time is this for hands long over-worn  
To task their strength: and unto Him be praise

Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain

Of years that did the work of centuries 25  
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more

Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their noonning underneath the elms

With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,

I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn 30  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er

Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son  
Proud of field-lore and harvest craft, and feeling 35

All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man 40

Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty; still,  
I know

Too well the picture has another side,— 45  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the plentitude

Of nature, and how hard and colorless  
Is life without an atmosphere. I look 50  
Across the lapse of half a century,  
And call to mind old homesteads, where  
no flower

Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,

Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place  
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose

And honeysuckle, where the house walls  
seemed 56  
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves  
Across the curtainless windows, from  
whose panes  
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness.  
Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, un-  
washed 61  
(Broom-clean I think they called it); the  
best room  
Stifing with cellar-damp, shut from the air  
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless  
Save the inevitable sampler hung 65  
Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked,  
beneath  
Impossible willows; the wide-throated  
hearth  
Bristling with faded pine-boughs half  
concealing  
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's  
back; 70  
And, in sad keeping with all things about  
them,  
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen  
men,  
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
With scarce a human interest save their  
own  
Monotonous round of small economies, 75  
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treading the May-flowers with regardless  
feet;  
For them the song-sparrow and the bobo-  
link  
Sang not, nor winds made music in the  
leaves; 80  
For them in vain October's holocaust  
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the  
hills,  
The sacramental mystery of the woods.  
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen  
Powers,  
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-  
rent, 85  
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls  
And winter pork with the least possible  
outlay  
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life

Showing as little actual comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love and duty,  
As if the Sermon on the Mount had  
been 91  
Outdated like a last year's almanac:  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-  
tilled fields,  
And yet so pinched and bare and comfort-  
less,  
The veriest straggler limping on his  
rounds, 95  
The sun and air his sole inheritance,  
Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,  
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!  
Not such should be the homesteads of  
a land  
Where whose wisely wills and acts may  
dwell 100  
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred  
state,  
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to  
make  
His hour of leisure richer than a life  
Of fourscore to the barons of old time,  
Our yeoman should be equal to his home  
Set in the fair, green valleys, purple  
walled, 105  
A man to match his mountains, not to  
creep  
Dwarfed and abased below them. I would  
fain  
In this light way (of which I needs must  
own  
With the knife-grinder of whom Canning  
sings, 110  
'Story, God bless you! I have none to  
tell you!')  
Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
The beauty and the joy within their  
reach,—  
Home, and home loves, and the beati-  
tudes  
Of nature free to all. Haply in years 115  
That wait to take the places of our own,  
Heard where some breezy balcony looks  
down  
On happy homes, or where the lake in the  
moon  
Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as  
Ruth,



In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet 120  
Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood  
up

Through broader culture, finer manners,  
love, 125  
And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
Flood the new heavens and earth, and  
with thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things 130  
Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
Or seer has told of when in trance and  
dream

They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth  
divide 135

Between the right and wrong; but give  
the heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and  
starved so long,

At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies  
Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
The princely guest, whether in soft attire  
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
And, lending life to the dead form of faith,  
Give human nature reverence for the  
sake 145

Of One who bore it, making it divine  
With the ineffable tenderness of God;  
Let common need, the brotherhood of  
prayer,

The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
The unsolved mystery round about us,  
make 150

A man more precious than the gold of  
Ophir.

Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
Should minister, as outward types and  
signs

Of the eternal beauty which fulfils 154  
The one great purpose of creation, Love,  
The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
And vexed the vales with raining,  
And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining. 160

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valleys clean before  
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-wind  
sang 165  
Good morrow to the cotter;  
And once again Chocoma's horn  
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
Once more the sunshine wearing, 170  
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky,  
The peaks had winter's keenness;  
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales  
Had more than June's fresh green-  
ness. 175

Again the sodden forest floors  
With golden lights were checkered,  
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
And sunshine danced and flickered. 180

It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness  
Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales 185  
Of shadow and of shining,  
Through which, my hostess at my side,  
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
The river's whitening shallows, 190  
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
Swept through and through by swal-  
lows;

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
And larches climbing darkly  
The mountain slopes, and, over all, 195  
The great peaks rising starkly.

- You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven,—  
How through each pass and hollow  
streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven,— 200
- Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains,—  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains!
- We paused at last where home-bound  
cows 205  
Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
Beat out a harvest measure.
- We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,  
The crow his tree-mates calling: 210  
The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
About our feet were falling.
- And through them smote the level sun  
In broken lines of splendor,  
Touched the gray rocks and made the  
green 215  
Of the shorn grass more tender.
- The maples bending o'er the gate,  
Their arch of leaves just tinted  
With yellow warnth, the golden glow  
Of coming autumn hinted. 220
- Keen white between the farm-house  
showed,  
And smiled on porch and trellis,  
The fair democracy of flowers  
That equals cot and palace.
- And weaving garlands for her dog, 225  
Twixt chidings and caresses,  
A human flower of childhood shook  
The sunshine from her tresses.
- On either hand we saw the signs  
Of fancy and of shrewdness, 230  
Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.
- The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands, and called to Mary:  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came, 235  
White-aproned from her dairy.
- Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness. 240
- Not fair alone in curve and line,  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm eluding art,  
Its spirit, not its letter;—
- An inborn grace that nothing lacked 245  
Of culture or appliance,—  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.
- Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter 250  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter?
- She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls 255  
With practised hands disposing.
- Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story. 260
- The early crickets sang; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration:  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.
- 'More wise,' she said, 'than those who  
swarm 265  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June's first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.
- 'From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter, 270  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.
- 'Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields, 275  
She caught the bloom of clover.
- 'For health comes sparkling in the  
streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing:  
There's iron in our Northern winds;  
Our pines are trees of healing. 280

- 'She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.
- 'Beside her, from the summer heat 285  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.
- 'Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common,— 290  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.
- 'She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife, 295  
Your mother lacks a daughter.
- "To mend your frock and bake your  
bread  
You do not need a lady:  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready,— 300
- "Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure."
- 'He bent his black brows to a frown, 305  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
"Tis well," he said, "for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.
- "You think, because my life is rude  
I take no note of sweetness: 310  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.
- "Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock 315  
It stirs with throbs of passion.
- "You think me deaf and blind: you  
bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together. 320
- "You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.
- "The plaything of your summer sport,  
The spells you weave around me 325  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.
- "You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me; 330  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison-walls about me?
- "No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother:  
Who loves you loses in that love 335  
All power to love another!
- "I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading." 340
- 'She looked up in his face of pain  
So archly, yet so tender:  
"And if I lend you mine," she said,  
"Will you forgive the lender?"
- "Nor frock nor tan can hide the man; 345  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind the silken armor?"
- "I love you: on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming, 350  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming?"
- 'Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-swung cradle straining,  
Looked down to see love's miracle,— 355  
The giving that is gaining.
- 'And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter:  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp Water. 360
- 'Flowers spring to blossom where she  
walks  
The careful ways of duty;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

- 'Our homes are cheerier for her sake, 365  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.
- 'Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching; 370  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.
- 'And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing; 375  
Her garments to the sick man's ear  
Have music in their trailing.
- 'And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
Defy the winter weather,— 380
- 'In sugar-camps, when south and warr  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple's blood is flowing,—
- 'In summer, where some lilled pond 385  
Its virgin zone is baring,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring, -
- 'The coarseness of a ruder time  
Her finer mirth displaces, 390  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.
- 'Her presence lends its warmth and  
health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such 395  
As she alone restore it.
- 'For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor;  
Who holds to his another's heart  
Must needs be worse or better. 400
- 'Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.
- 'In party's doubtful ways he trusts 405  
Her instincts to determine;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon,
- 'He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason, 410  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.
- 'He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy's freer ranges; 415  
And love thus deepened to respect  
Is proof against all changes.
- 'And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel, 420
- 'Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.
- 'And higher, warmed with summer lights,  
Or winter-crowned and hoary, 426  
The ridged horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.
- 'He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him, 430  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him:
- 'The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes 435  
Her woman's life completer;
- 'A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it;  
And wit, that, like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite. 440
- 'How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention!
- 'How life behind its accidents 445  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.
- 'And so in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer, 450  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

<p>'And if the husband or the wife In home's strong light discovers Such slight defaults as failed to meet 455 The blinded eyes of lovers,</p>	<p>The simple life, the homely hearth, With beauty's sphere surrounding, And blessing toil where toil abounds With graces more abounding. 500 1868.</p>
<p>'Why need we care to ask?—who dreams Without their thorns of roses, Or wonders that the truest steel The readiest spark discloses? 460</p>	<p><b>THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.</b></p>
<p>'For still in mutual sufferance lies The secret of true living; Love scarce is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving.</p>	<p>THE land was pale with famine And racked with fever-pain; The frozen fiords were fishless, The earth withheld her grain.</p>
<p>'We send the Squire to General Court, He takes his young wife thither; 466 No prouder man election day Rides through the sweet June weather.</p>	<p>Men saw the boding Fylgja 5 Before them come and go, And, through their dreams, the Urdar- moon From west to east sailed slow!</p>
<p>'He sees with eyes of manly trust All hearts to her inclining; 470 Not less for him his household light That others share its shining.'</p>	<p>Jarl Thorkell of Thevera At Yule-time made his vow; 10 On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone He slew to Frey his cow.</p>
<p>Thus, while my hostess spake, there grew Before me, warmer tinted And outlined with a tenderer grace, 475 The picture that she hinted.</p>	<p>To bounteous Frey he slew her; To Skuld, the younger Norn, Who watches over birth and death, 15 He gave her calf unborn.</p>
<p>The sunset smouldered as we drove Beneath the deep hill-shadows. Below us wreaths of white fog walked Like ghosts the haunted meadows. 480</p>	<p>And his little gold-haired daughter Took up the sprinkling-rod, And smeared with blood the temple And the wide lips of the god. 20</p>
<p>Sounding the summer night, the stars Dropped down their golden plummets; The pale arc of the Northern lights Rose o'er the mountain summits,</p>	<p>Hoarse below, the winter water Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er; Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves, Rose and fell along the shore.</p>
<p>Until, at last, beneath its bridge, 485 We heard the Bearcamp flowing, And saw across the mapled lawn The welcome home-lights glowing.</p>	<p>The red torch of the Jokul, 25 Aloft in icy space, Shone down on the bloody Horg-stones And the statue's carven face.</p>
<p>And, musing on the tale I heard, 'T were well, thought I, if often 490 To rugged farm-life came the gift To harmonize and soften;</p>	<p>And closer round and grimmer Beneath its baleful light 30 The Jotun shapes of mountains Came crowding through the night.</p>
<p>If more and more we found the troth Of fact and fancy plighted, And culture's charm and labor's strength In rural homes united,— 496</p>	<p>The gray-haired Hersir trembled As a flame by wind is blown; A weird power moved his white lips, 35 And their voice was not his own!</p>

'The Æsir thirst!' he muttered;  
'The gods must have more blood  
Before the tun shall blossom  
Or fish shall fill the flood. 40

'The Æsir thirst and hunger,  
And hence our blight and ban;  
The mouths of the strong gods water  
For the flesh and blood of man!

'Whom shall we give the strong ones? 45  
Not warriors, sword on thigh;  
But let the nursling infant  
And bedrid old man die.'

'So be it!' cried the young men,  
'There needs nor doubt nor parle.' 50  
But, knitting hard his red brows,  
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping  
At the temple door was heard,  
But the old men bowed their white heads,  
And answered not a word. 50

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,  
A Vala young and fair,  
Sang softly, stirring with her breath  
The veil of her loose hair. 60

She sang: 'The winds from Alfheim  
Bring never sound of strife;  
The gifts for Frey the meekest  
Are not of death, but life.

'He loves the grass-green meadows, 65  
The grazing kine's sweet breath;  
He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,  
Your gifts that smell of death.

'No wrong by wrong is righted,  
No pain is cured by pain; 70  
The blood that smokes from Doom-rings  
Falls back in redder rain.

'The gods are what you make them,  
As earth shall Asgard prove;  
And hate will come of hating,  
And love will come of love. 75

'Make dole of skyr and black bread  
That old and young may live;  
And look to Frey for favor  
When first like Frey you give. 80

'Even now o'er Njord's sea-meadows  
The summer dawn begins:  
The tun shall have its harvest,  
The fiord its glancing fins.'

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell: 85  
'By Gimli and by Hel,  
O Vala of Thingvalla,  
Thou singest wise and well!

'Too dear the Æsir's favors  
Bought with our children's lives; 90  
Better die than shame in living  
Our mothers and our wives.

'The full shall give his portion  
To him who hath most need;  
Of curdled skyr and black bread, 95  
Be daily dole decreed.'

He broke from off his neck-chain  
Three links of beaten gold;  
And each man, at his bidding,  
Brought gifts for young and old. 100

Then mothers nursed their children,  
And daughters fed their sires,  
And Health sat down with Plenty  
Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal: 105  
The Doom-ring still remains;  
But the snows of a thousand winters  
Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now; the Æsir  
Have found their twilight dim; 110  
And, wiser than she dreamed, of old  
The Vala sang of Him!

1868.

# THE TWO RABBINS.

THE Rabbi Nathan twoscore years and  
ten  
Walked blameless through the evil world,  
and then,  
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,  
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,  
And miserably sinned. So, adding not 5  
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and  
taught

No more among the elders, but went out  
From the great congregation girt about  
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his  
head,

Making his gray locks grayer. Long he  
prayed, 10

Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he  
laid

Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,  
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,  
Behold the royal preacher's words: 'A  
friend

Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end; 15  
And for the evil day thy brother lives.'

Marvelling, he said: 'It is the Lord who  
gives

Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells  
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels  
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees  
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the  
bees 21

Bow with their weight. I will arise, and  
lay

My sins before him.'

And he went his way  
Barefooted, fasting long, with many  
prayers;

But even as one who, followed unawares,  
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand 26  
Thrill with its touch his own, and his  
cheek fauned

By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near  
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose  
but hear,

So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting  
low 30

The wail of David's penitential woe,  
Before him still the old temptation came,  
And mocked him with the motion and the  
shame

Of such desires that, shuddering, he ab-  
horred

Himself; and, crying mightily to the  
Lord 35

To free his soul and cast the demon out,  
Smote with his staff the blankness round  
about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,  
The towers of Ecbatana far away

Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan,  
faint 40

And footsore, pausing where for some  
dead saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed tomb,  
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow,  
whom

He greeted kindly: 'May the Holy One  
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!' Where-  
upon 45

The shape stood up with a loud cry, and  
then,

Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray  
men

Wept, praising Him whose gracious pro-  
vidence

Made their paths one. But straightway,  
as the sense

Of his transgression smote him, Nathan  
tore 50

Himself away: 'O friend beloved, no  
more

Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,  
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my  
shame.

Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth  
mine,

May purge my soul, and make it white  
like thine. 55

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!'

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert  
wind

Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare  
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

'I too, O friend, if not in act,' he said, 60  
'In thought have verily sinned. Hast  
thou not read,

'Better the eye should see than that desire  
Should wander?' Burning with a hidden  
fire

That tears and prayers quench not, I come  
to thee

For pity and for help, as thou to me. 65  
Pray for me, O my friend!' But Nathan

cried,  
'Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!'

Side by side  
In the low sunshine by the turban stone  
They knelt; each made his brother's woe  
his own,

Forgetting, in the agony and stress 70  
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;  
Peace, for his friend besought, his own  
became;  
His prayers were answered in another's  
name;  
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,  
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's  
face! 75

Long after, when his headstone gathered  
moss,  
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos  
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were  
read:—

*'Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;  
Forget it in love's service, and the debt 80  
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes  
alone;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy  
own!'*

1868.

NOREMBEGA.

Norembege, or Norimbegue, is the name given  
by early French fishermen and explorers to  
a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first  
discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was sup-  
posed to have a magnificent city of the same  
name on a great river, probably the Penobscot.  
The site of this barbaric city is laid down on  
a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604  
Champlain sailed in search of the Northern  
Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot  
from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to  
be that of Norembege, but wisely came to the  
conclusion that those travellers who told of the  
great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences  
of anything like civilization, but mentions the  
finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the  
woods.

The winding way the serpent takes  
The mystic water took,  
From where, to count its beaded lakes,  
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore, 5  
For sun or stars to fall,  
While evermore, behind, before,  
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath  
Wan flowers without a name; 10  
Life tangled with decay and death,  
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill  
The rounding shadow lay,  
Save where the river cut at will 15  
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,  
Weak as a child unweaned,  
At shut of day a Christian knight  
Upon his henchman leaned. 20

The embers of the sunset's fires  
Along the clouds burned down;  
'I see,' he said, 'the domes and spires  
Of Norembege town.'

'Alack! the domes, O master mine, 25  
Are golden clouds on high;  
Yon spire is but the branchless pine  
That cuts the evening sky.'

'Oh, hush and hark! What sounds are  
these  
But chants and holy hymns?' 30  
'Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs the  
trees  
Through all their leafy limbs.'

'Is it a chapel bell that fills  
The air with its low tone?'  
'Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills, 35  
The insect's vesper drone.'

'The Christ be praised!—He sets for me  
A blessed cross in sight!  
'Now, nay, 't is but yon blasted tree  
With two gaunt arms outright!' 40

'Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,  
It mattereth not, my knave;  
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,  
The cross is for my grave!

'My life is sped; I shall not see 45  
My home-set sails again;  
The sweetest eyes of Normandie  
Shall watch for me in vain.



<p>'Yet onward still to ear and eye The baffling marvel calls; I fain would look before I die On Norembega's walls.</p> <p>'So, haply, it shall be thy part At Christian feet to lay The mystery of the desert's heart My dead hand plucked away.</p> <p>'Leave me an hour of rest; go thou And look from yonder heights; Perchance the valley even now Is starred with city lights.'</p> <p>The henchman climbed the nearest hill, He saw nor tower nor town, But, through the drear woods, lone and still, The river rolling down.</p> <p>He heard the stealthy feet of things Whose shapes he could not see, A flutter as of evil wings, The fall of a dead tree.</p> <p>The pines stood black against the moon, A sword of fire beyond; He heard the wolf howl, and the loon Laugh from his reedy pond.</p> <p>He turned him back: 'O master dear, We are but men misled; And thou hast sought a city here To find a grave instead.'</p> <p>'As God shall will! what matters where A true man's cross may stand, So Heaven be o'er it here as there In pleasant Norman land?</p> <p>'These woods, perchance, no secret hide Of lordly tower and hall; Yon river in its wanderings wide Has washed no city wall;</p> <p>'Yet mirrored in the sullen stream The holy stars are given: Is Norembega, then, a dream Whose waking is in Heaven?</p> <p>'No builded wonder of these lands My weary eyes shall see: A city never made with hands Alone awaiteth me—</p>	<p>50</p> <p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p> <p>70</p> <p>75</p> <p>80</p> <p>85</p> <p>90</p>	<p>"<i>Urbs Syon mystica</i>;" I see Its mansions passing fair, "Conditæ celo;" let me be, Dear Lord, a dweller there!</p> <p>Above the dying exile hung The vision of the bard, As faltered on his failing tongue The song of good Bernard.</p> <p>The henchman dug at dawn a grave Beneath the hemlocks brown, And to the desert's keeping gave The lord of fief and town.</p> <p>Years after, when the Sieur Champlain Sailed up the unknown stream, And Norembega proved again A shadow and a dream,</p> <p>He found the Norman's nameless grave Within the hemlock's shade, And, stretching wide its arms to save, The sign that God had made,</p> <p>The cross-boughed tree that marked the spot And made it holy ground: He needs the earthly city not Who hath the heavenly found.</p> <p>1869.</p> <p><b>MIRIAM.</b> TO FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.</p> <p>[When Whittier was an editor in Hartford, Mr. Barnard, afterward President of Columbia College, was a teacher in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in that place. Both men were at the time especially interested in Eastern history and romance.]</p> <p>The years are many since, in youth and hope, Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.</p> <p>Now, with gray beards, and faces seamed with scars From life's hard battle, meeting once again,</p> <p>Wesmile, half sadly, over dreams so vain; Knowing, at last, that it is not in man Who walketh to direct his steps, or plan His permanent house of life. Alike we loved</p> <p>95</p> <p>100</p> <p>106</p> <p>110</p> <p>115</p> <p>5</p>
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The muses' haunts, and all our fancies  
 moved 10  
 To measures of old song. How since that  
 day  
 Our feet have parted from the path that  
 lay  
 So fair before us! Rich, from lifelong  
 search  
 Of truth, within thy Academic porch  
 Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,  
 Thy servitors the sciences exact; 16  
 Still listening with thy hand on Nature's  
 keys,  
 To hear the Samian's spherul harmonies  
 And rhythm of law. I, called from dream  
 and song,  
 Thank God! so early to a strife so long, 20  
 That, ere it closed, the black, abundant  
 hair  
 Of boyhood rested silver-sown and spare  
 On manhood's temples, now at sunset-  
 chime  
 Tread with fond feet the path of morning  
 time.  
 And if perchance too late I linger where  
 The flowers have ceased to blow, and trees  
 are bare, 26  
 Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely  
 blame  
 The friend who shields his folly with thy  
 name.

AMESBURY, 10th mo., 1870.

One Sabbath day my friend and I  
 After the meeting, quietly 30  
 Passed from the crowded village lanes,  
 White with dry dust for lack of rains,  
 And climbed the neighboring slope, with  
 feet  
 Slackened and heavy from the heat,  
 Although the day was wellnigh done, 35  
 And the low angle of the sun  
 Along the naked hillside cast  
 Our shadows as of giants vast.  
 We reached, at length, the topmost swell,  
 Whence, either way, the green turf fell 40  
 In terraces of nature down  
 To fruit-hung orchards, and the town  
 With white, pretenceless houses, tall  
 Church-steeples, and, o'ershadowing all.

Huge mills whose windows had the look 45  
 Of eager eyes that ill could brook  
 The Sabbath rest. We traced the track  
 Of the sea-seeking river back,  
 Glistening for miles above its mouth,  
 Through the long valley to the south, 50  
 And, looking eastward, cool to view,  
 Stretched the illimitable blue  
 Of ocean, from its curved coast-line;  
 Sombred and still, the warm sunshine  
 Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach 55  
 Of slumberous woods from hill to beach,—  
 Slanted on walls of thronged retreats  
 From city toil and dusty streets,  
 On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,  
 And rocky islands miles from land; 60  
 Touched the far-glancing sails, and  
 showed  
 White lines of foam where long waves  
 flowed  
 Dumb in the distance. In the north,  
 Dim through their misty hair, looked forth  
 The space-dwarfed mountains to the sea,  
 From mystery to mystery! 66

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,  
 We talked of human life, its hope  
 And fear, and unsolved doubts, and what  
 It might have been, and yet was not. 70  
 And, when at last the evening air  
 Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer  
 Ringing in steeples far below,  
 We watched the people churchward go,  
 Each to his place, as if thereon 75  
 The true shekinah only shone;  
 And my friend queried how it came  
 To pass that they who owned the same  
 Great Master still could not agree  
 To worship Him in company. 80  
 Then, broadening in his thought, he ran  
 Over the whole vast field of man,—  
 The varying forms of faith and creed  
 That somehow served the holders' need;  
 In which, unquestioned, undenied, 85  
 Uncounted millions lived and died;  
 The bibles of the ancient folk,  
 Through which the heart of nations spoke;  
 The old moralities which lent  
 To home its sweetness and content, 90  
 And rendered possible to bear  
 The life of peoples everywhere:

And asked if we, who boast of light,  
 Claim not a too exclusive right  
 To truths which must for all be meant, 95  
 Like rain and sunshine freely sent.  
 In bondage to the letter still,  
 We give it power to cramp and kill,—  
 To tax God's fulness with a scheme  
 Narrower than Peter's house-top dream,  
 His wisdom and his love with plans 101  
 Poor and inadequate as man's.  
 It must be that He witnesses  
 Somehow to all men that He is :  
 That something of His saving grace 105  
 Reaches the lowest of the race,  
 Who, through strange creed and rite, may  
 draw  
 The hints of a diviner law.  
 We walk in clearer light ;—but then,  
 Is He not God?—are they not men? 110  
 Are His responsibilities  
 For us alone and not for these?

And I made answer : ' Truth is one ;  
 And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
 Whoso hath eyes to see may see 115  
 The tokens of its unity.  
 No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
 We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
 Free as the sun and air it is  
 Of latitudes and boundaries. 120  
 In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
 Are messages of good to man ;  
 The angels to our Aryan sires  
 Talked by the earliest household fires ;  
 The prophets of the elder day, 125  
 The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
 Read not the riddle all amiss  
 Of higher life evolved from this.

' Nor doth it lessen what He taught,  
 Or make the gospel Jesus brought 130  
 Less precious, that His lips retold  
 Some portion of that truth of old ;  
 Denying not the proven seers,  
 The tested wisdom of the years ;  
 Confirming with His own impress 135  
 The common law of righteousness.  
 We search the world for truth ; we cull  
 The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
 From graven stone and written scroll,  
 From all old flower-fields of the soul ; 140

And, weary seekers of the Best,  
 We come back laden from our quest,  
 To find that all the sages said  
 Is in the Book our mothers read,  
 And all our treasure of old thought 145  
 In His harmonious fulness wrought  
 Who gathers in one sheaf complete  
 The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,  
 The common growth that maketh good  
 His all-embracing Fatherhood. 150

' Wherever through the ages rise  
 The altars of self-sacrifice,  
 Where love its arms has opened wide,  
 Or man for man has calmly died,  
 I see the same white wings outspread 155  
 That hovered o'er the Master's head !  
 Up from undated time they come,  
 The martyr souls of heathendom,  
 And to His cross and passion bring  
 Their fellowship of suffering. 160  
 I trace His presence in the blind  
 Pathetic gropings of my kind,—  
 In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,  
 In cradle-hymns of life they sung,  
 Each, in its measure, but a part 165  
 Of the unmeasured Over-heart ;  
 And with a stronger faith confess  
 The greater that it owns the less.  
 Good cause it is for thankfulness  
 That the world-blessing of His life . 170  
 With the long past is not at strife ;  
 That the great marvel of His death  
 To the one order witnesseth,  
 No doubt of changeless goodness wakes,  
 No link of cause and sequence breaks, 175  
 But, one with nature, rooted is  
 In the eternal verities ;  
 Whereby, while differing in degree  
 As finite from infinity,  
 The pain and loss for others borne, 180  
 Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,  
 The life man giveth for his friend  
 Becomes vicarious in the end ;  
 Their healing place in nature take,  
 And make life sweeter for their sake. 185

' So welcome I from every source  
 The tokens of that primal Force,  
 Older than heaven itself, yet new  
 As the young heart it reaches to,

Beneath whose steady impulse rolls 190  
The tidal wave of human souls;  
Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
The eternal spirit of the Lord !  
Nor fear I aught that science brings  
From searching through material things ;  
Content to let its glasses prove, 196  
Not by the letter's oldness move,  
The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
The spaces of the universe ;  
Since everywhere the Spirit walks 200  
The garden of the heart, and talks  
With man, as under Eden's trees,  
In all his varied languages.  
Why mourn above some hopeless flaw  
In the stone tables of the law, 205  
When scripture every day afresh  
Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?  
By inward sense, by outward signs,  
God's presence still the heart divines ;  
Through deepest joy of Him we learn, 210  
In sorest grief to Him we turn,  
And reason stoops its pride to share  
The child-like instinct of a prayer.'

And then, as is my wont, I told  
A story of the days of old, 215  
Not found in printed books,—in sooth,  
A fancy, with slight hint of truth,  
Showing how differing faiths agree  
In one sweet law of charity.  
Meanwhile the sky had golden grown, 220  
Our faces in its glory shone ;  
But shadows down the valley swept,  
And gray below the ocean slept,  
As time and space I wandered o'er  
To tread the Mogul's marble floor. 225  
And see a fairer sunset fall  
On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

The good Shah Akbar (peace be his al-  
way !)  
Came forth from the Divan at close of  
day  
Bowed with the burden of his many cares,  
Worn with the hearing of unnumbered  
prayers,— 231  
Wild cries for justice, the importunate  
Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,  
And all the strife of sect and creed and  
rite,  
Santon and Gourco waging holy fight: 235

For the wise monarch, claiming not to be  
Allah's avenger, left his people free,  
With a faint hope, his Book scarce justi-  
fied,  
That all the paths of faith, though severed  
wide,  
O'er which the feet of prayerful reverence  
passed, 240  
Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool harem,  
Where, far beneath, he heard the Jumna's  
stream  
Lapse soft and low along his palace wall,  
And all about the cool sound of the fall 245  
Of fountains, and of water circling free  
Through marble ducts along the balcony ;  
The voice of women in the distances sweet,  
And, sweeter still, of one who, at his  
feet,  
Soothed his tired ear with songs of a far  
land 250  
Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-sand  
The mirror of its cork-grown hills of  
drouth  
And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbor-  
mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the peepul  
laid 254  
Its topmost boughs against the balustrade,  
Motionless as the mimic leaves and vines  
That, light and graceful as the shawl-  
designs  
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;  
And the tired monarch, who aside had  
thrown  
The day's hard burden, sat from care  
apart, 260  
And let the quiet steal into his heart  
From the still hour. Below him Agra  
slept,  
By the long light of sunset overswept :  
The river flowing through a level land,  
By mango-groves and banks of yellow  
sand, 265  
Skirted with lime and orange, gay kiosks,  
Fountains at play, tall minarets of  
mosques,  
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their flower-  
ing trees  
Relieved against the mournful cypresses ;

And, air-poised lightly as the blown sea-foam, 270

The marble wonder of some holy dome  
Hung a white moonrise over the still wood,  
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the night

Swift-falling hid the city from his sight ;  
Then to the woman at his feet he said : 276  
' Tell me, O Miriam, something thou hast read

In childhood of the Master of thy faith,  
Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet saith :

" He was a true apostle, yea, a Word 280  
And Spirit sent before me from the Lord." Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well I know

By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.  
As the lute's tone the maker's hand betrays,  
The sweet disciple speaks her Master's praise.' 285

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in some sort

She cherished in the Moslem's liberal court  
The sweet traditions of a Christian child ;  
And, through her life of sense, the unde-  
filed

And chaste ideal of the sinless One 290  
Gazed on her with an eye she might not shun,—

The sad, reproachful look of pity, born  
Of love that hath no part in wrath or scorn,)

Began, with low voice and moist eyes, to tell

Of the all-loving Christ, and what befell  
When the fierce zealots, thirsting for her blood, 296

Dragged to His feet a shame of woman-  
hood.

How, when His searching answer pierced within

Each heart, and touched the secret of its sin,

And her accusers fled His face before, 300  
He bade the poor one go and sin no more.

And Akbar said, \*after a moment's thought,

' Wise is the lesson by thy prophet taught ;

Woe unto him who judges and forgets  
What hidden evil his own heart besets ! 305

Something of this large charity I find  
In all the sects that sever humankind ;

I would to Allah that their lives agreed  
More nearly with the lesson of their creed !

Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut pray  
By wind and water power, and love to say : 311

" He who forgiveth not shall, unforgiven,  
Fail of the rest of Buddha," and who even  
Spare the black gnat that stings them, vex my ears

With the poor hates and jealousies and fears 315

Nursed in their human hives. That lean,  
fierce priest

Of thy own people, (be his heart increased  
By Allah's love !) his black robes smelling yet

Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met  
Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the street 320

The saying of his prophet true and sweet,—

" He who is merciful shall mercy meet !"

But, next day, so it chanced, as night began

To fall, a murmur through the hareem ran  
That one, recalling in her dusky face 325

The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a race

Known as the blameless Ethiops of Greek song,

Plotting to do her royal master wrong,  
Watching, reproachful of the lingering light,

The evening shadows deepen for her flight, 330

Love-guided, to her home in a far land,

Now waited death at the great Shah's command.

Shapely as that dark princess for whose smile

A world was bartered, daughter of the Nile

Herself, and veiling in her large, soft  
 eyes 335  
 The passion and the languor of her skies,  
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet  
 Of her stern lord: 'O king, if it be meet,  
 And for thy honor's sake,' she said,  
 'that I,  
 Who am the humblest of thy slaves, should  
 die, 340  
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.  
 Easier it is to die than to outlive  
 All that life gave me,—him whose wrong  
 of thee  
 Was but the outcome of his love for me,  
 Cherished from childhood, when, beneath  
 the shade 345  
 Of templed Axum, side by side we  
 played.  
 Stolen from his arms, my lover followed  
 me  
 Through weary seasons over land and sea;  
 And two days since, sitting disconsolate  
 Within the shadow of the harem gate, 350  
 Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,  
 Down from the lattice of the balcony  
 Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cowerds  
 sung  
 In the old music of his native tongue.  
 He knew my voice, for love is quick of  
 ear, 355  
 Answering in song.  
 This night he waited  
 near  
 To fly with me. The fault was mine  
 alone:  
 He knew thee not, he did but seek his own;  
 Who, in the very shadow of thy throne, 359  
 Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou art,  
 Greatest and best of men, and in her heart  
 Grateful to tears for favor undeserved,  
 Turned ever homeward, nor one moment  
 swerved  
 From her young love. He looked into  
 my eyes,  
 He heard my voice, and could not other-  
 wise 365  
 Than he hath done; yet, save one wild  
 embrace  
 When first we stood together face to face,  
 And all that fate had done since last we  
 met

Seemed but a dream and left us children  
 yet,  
 He hath not wronged thee nor thy royal  
 bed: 370  
 Spare him, O king! and slay me in his  
 stead!  
 But over Akbar's brows the frown hung  
 black,  
 And, turning to the eunuch at his back,  
 'Take them,' he said, 'and let the  
 Jumna's waves  
 Hide both my shame and these accursed  
 slaves!' 375  
 His loathly length the unsexed bondman  
 bowed:  
 'On my head be it!  
 Straightway from a cloud  
 Of dainty shawls and veils of woven  
 mist  
 The Christian Miriam rose, and, stooping,  
 kissed  
 The monarch's hand. Loose down her  
 shoulders bare 380  
 Swept all the rippled darkness of her  
 hair,  
 Veiling the bosom that, with high, quick  
 swell  
 Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.  
 'Alas!' she cried, 'hast thou forgotten  
 quite 384  
 The words of Him we spake of yesternight?  
 Or thy own prophet's, 'Whoso doth endure  
 And pardon, of eternal life is sure'?  
 O great and good! be thy revenge alone  
 Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown;  
 Let thwarted love and youth their pardon  
 plead, 390  
 Who sinned but in intent, and not in  
 deed!  
 One moment the strong frame of Akbar  
 shook  
 With the great storm of passion. Then  
 his look  
 Softened to her uplifted face, that still  
 Pleaded more strongly than all words,  
 until 395  
 Its pride and anger seemed like over-  
 blown,  
 Spent clouds of thunder left to tell alone

Of strife and overcoming. With bowed  
head,  
And smiting on his bosom: 'God,' he  
said, 399  
'Alone is great, and let His holy name  
Be honored, even to His servant's shame!  
Well spake thy prophet, Miriam,—he  
alone  
Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a  
stone  
At such as these, who here their doom  
await,  
Held like myself in the strong grasp of  
fate. 405  
They sinned through love, as I through  
love forgive;  
Take them beyond my realm, but let them  
live!'

And, like a chorus to the words of grace,  
The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,  
Motionless as an idol and as grim, 410  
In the pavilion Akbar built for him  
Under the court-yard trees, (for he was  
wise,  
Knew Menu's laws, and through his close-  
shut eyes  
Saw things far off, and as an open book  
Into the thoughts of other men could look,)  
Began, half chant, half howling, to re-  
hearse 416  
The fragment of a holy Vedic verse;  
And thus it ran: 'He who all things  
forgives  
Conquers himself and all things else, and  
lives  
Above the reach of wrong or hate or  
fear, 420  
Calm as the gods, to whom he is most  
dear.'

Two leagues from Agra still the traveller  
sees  
The tomb of Akbar through its cypress-  
trees;  
And, near at hand, the marble walls that  
hide  
The Christian Begum sleeping at his side.  
And o'er her vault of burial (who shall  
tell 426  
If it be chance alone or miracle?)

The Mission press with tireless hand  
unrolls  
The words of Jesus on its lettered  
scrolls,—  
Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy  
o'er, 430  
And bids the guilty, 'Go and sin no  
more!'

It now was dew-fall; very still  
The night lay on the lonely hill,  
Down which our homeward steps we bent,  
And, silent, through great silence went,  
Save that the tireless crickets played 436  
Their long, monotonous serenade.  
A young moon, at its narrowest,  
Curved sharp against the darkening west;  
And, momentarily, the beacon's star, 440  
Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,  
From out the level darkness shot  
One instant and again was not.  
And then my friend spake quietly  
The thought of both: 'Yon crescent see!  
Like Islam's symbol-moon it gives 446  
Hints of the light whereby it lives:  
Somewhat of goodness, something true  
From sun and spirit shining through  
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark  
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark, 451  
Attests the presence everywhere  
Of love and providential care.  
The faith the old Norse heart confessed  
In one dear name,—the hopefulest 455  
And tenderest heard from mortal lips  
In pangs of birth or death, from ships  
Ice-bitten in the winter sea,  
Or lisped beside a mother's knee,—  
The wiser world hath not outgrown, 460  
And the All-Father is our own!'

1870.

### NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who of  
old  
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his nar-  
rowing Cape  
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the  
winds  
And the relentless smiting of the waves,

Awoke one morning from a pleasant  
dream 5

Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of  
God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
Far inland, where the voices of the waves  
Mellowed and mingled with the whisper-  
ing leaves, 10

As, through the tangle of the low, thick  
woods,

He searched his traps. Therein nor beast  
nor bird

Hefound; though meanwhile in the reedy  
pools

The otter plashed, and underneath the  
pines

The partridge drummed: and as his  
thoughts went back 15

To the sick wife and little child at home,  
What marvel that the poor man felt his  
faith

Too weak to bear its burden,—like a rope  
That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks  
above

The hand that grasps it. 'Even now,  
O Lord! 20

Send me,' he prayed, 'the angel of my  
dream!

Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait.'

Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet  
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,

He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
Crowding its silken net. Awhile he held

The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
With his great need, feeling the wondrous  
coins

Slide through his eager fingers, one by  
one.

So then the dream was true. The angel  
brought 30

One broad piece only; should he take all  
these?

Who would be wiser, in the blind, dumb  
woods?

The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely  
miss

This dropped crumb from a table always  
full.

Still, while he mused, he seemed to hear  
the cry 35

Of a starved child; the sick face of his  
wife

Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce  
revolt

Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,

Prayer, fasting, dread of blame, and piti-  
less eyes 40

To watch his halting,—had he lost for  
these

The freedom of the woods;—the hunting-  
grounds

Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven  
Of everlasting psalms? One healed the  
sick

Very far off thousands of moons ago: 45

Had he not prayed him night and day to  
come

And cure his bed-bound wife? Was there  
a hell?

Were all his fathers' people writhing  
there—

Like the poor shell-fish set to boil alive  
Forever, dying never? If he kept 50

This gold, so needed, would the dreadful  
God

Torment him like a Mohawk's captive  
stuck

With slow-consuming splinters? Would  
the saints

And the white angels dance and laugh to  
see him

Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His Chris-  
tian garb 55

Seemed falling from him; with the fear  
and shame

Of Adam naked at the cool of day,  
He gazed around. A black snake lay in  
coil

On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong  
eye

Watched from a dead bough. All his  
Indian lore 60

Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
In the supernal terrors of the Book,

He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake  
And ominous, black-winged bird; and all  
the while

The low rebuking of the distant waves 65



Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he  
 thrust  
 The base thought from him: 'Nauhaught,  
 be a man!  
 Starve, if need be; but, while you live,  
 look out 70  
 From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.  
 God help me! I am deacon of the church,  
 A baptized, praying Indian! Should I do  
 This secret meanness, even the barken  
 knots  
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to  
 see it, 75  
 The birds would tell of it, and all the  
 leaves  
 Whisper above me: 'Nauhaught is a  
 thief!'  
 The sun would know it, and the stars that  
 hide  
 Behind his light would watch me, and at  
 night  
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing  
 eyes. 80  
 Yea, thou, God, seest me!' Then Nau-  
 haught drew  
 Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
 The pain of hunger, and walked bravely  
 back  
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the sea;  
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily  
 asked: 85  
 'Who hath lost aught to-day?'  
 'I,' said a voice;  
 'Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,  
 My daughter's handiwork.' He looked,  
 and lo!  
 One stood before him in a coat of frieze  
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man, 90  
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with no  
 trace of wings.  
 Marvelling, he dropped within the stran-  
 ger's hand  
 The silken web, and turned to go his way.  
 But the man said: 'A tithe at least is  
 yours; 94  
 Take it in God's name as an honest man.'  
 And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed  
 Over the golden gift, 'Yea, in God's  
 name

I take it, with a poor man's thanks,' he  
 said.  
 So down the street that, like a river of  
 sand,  
 Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
 He sought his home, singing and praising  
 God; 101  
 And when his neighbors in their careless  
 way  
 Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—  
 A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port  
 That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—  
 He answered, with a wise smile, to him-  
 self: 106  
 'I saw the angel where they see a man,'  
 1870.

### THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,  
 Woke in the night to the sound of rain,  
 The rush of wind, the ramp and roar  
 Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.  
 Annie rose up in her bed-gown white, 5  
 And looked out into the storm and night.  
 'Hush, and hearken!' she cried in fear,  
 'Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?'  
 'I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,  
 And roar of the northeast hurricane. 10  
 'Get thee back to the bed so warm,  
 No good comes of watching a storm.  
 'What is it to thee, I fain would know,  
 That waves are roaring and wild winds  
 blow?  
 'No lover of thine's afloat to miss 15  
 The harbor-lights on a night like this.'  
 'But I heard a voice cry out my name,  
 Up from the sea on the wind it came!  
 'Twice and thrice have I heard it call,  
 And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
 Hall!' 20  
 On her pillow the sister tossed her head.  
 'Hall of the Heron is safe,' she said.

'In the tautest schooner that ever swam  
He rides at anchor in Annisquam.

'And, if in peril from swamping sea 25  
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on  
thee?'

But the girl heard only the wind and  
tide,  
And wringing her small white hands she  
cried:

'O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong;  
I hear it again, so loud and long. 30

' "Annie! Annie!" I hear it call,  
And the voice is the voice of Estwick  
Hall!'

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,  
'Thou liest! He never would call thy  
name!

'If he did, I would pray the wind and  
sea 35  
To keep him forever from thee and me!'

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast:  
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,  
But through her tears a strange light  
shone,--- 40

The solemn joy of her heart's release  
To own and cherish its love in peace.

'Dearest!' she whispered, under breath,  
'Life was a lie, but true is death.

'The love I hid from myself away 45  
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

'My ears shall never to wooer list,  
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

'Sacred to thee am I henceforth,  
Thou in heaven and I on earth!' 50

She came and stood by her sister's bed:  
'Hall of the Heron is dead!' she said.

'The wind and the waves their work have  
done,  
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

'Little will reck that heart of thine; 55  
It loved him not with a love like mine.

'I, for his sake, were he but here,  
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

'Though hands should tremble and eyes  
be wet,  
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set. 60

'But now my soul with his soul I wed;  
Thine the living, and mine the dead!'

1871.

### MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

Upward of one thousand of the Acadian  
peasants forcibly taken from their homes on  
the Gaspereau and Basin of Minas were assigned  
to the several towns of the Massachusetts colony,  
the children being bound by the authorities to  
service or labor.

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds  
into blossoms grew;  
Little of human sorrow the buds and the  
robins knew!

Sick, in an alien household, the poor  
French neutral lay;  
Into her lonesome garret fell the light of  
the April day,

Through the dusty window, curtained by  
the spider's warp and woof, 5  
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on  
oaken ribs of roof,

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the tea-  
cups on the stand,  
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped  
from her sick hand!

What to her was the song of the robin, or  
warm morning light,  
As she lay in the trance of the dying,  
heedless of sound or sight? 10

Done was the work of her hands, she had  
eaten her bitter bread;  
The world of the alien people lay behind  
her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-time ;  
 she saw the sun o'erflow  
 With gold the Basin of Minas, and set  
 over Gaspereau ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of  
 the sea at flood, 15  
 Through inlet and creek and river, from  
 dike to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-  
 hawk's rise and fall,  
 The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the  
 dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard  
 the song she sang ;  
 And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for  
 vespers rang ! 20

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat,  
 smoothing the wrinkled sheet,  
 Peering into the face, so helpless, and  
 feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her  
 greed and long abuse,  
 By care no longer heeded and pity too late  
 for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son  
 of the mistress stepped, 25  
 Leaned over the head-board, covering his  
 face with his hands, and wept.

Outspoke the mother, who watched him  
 sharply, with brow a-frown :  
 'What ! love you the Papist, the beggar,  
 the charge of the town ?'

'Be she Papist or beggar who lies here,  
 I know and God knows  
 I love her, and fain would go with her  
 wherever she goes ! 30

'O mother ! that sweet face came pleading,  
 for love so athirst.  
 You saw but the town-charge ; I knew her  
 God's angel at first.'

Shaking her gray head, the mistress hushed  
 down a bitter cry ;  
 And awed by the silence and shadow of  
 death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ; but  
 closer the young girl pressed, 35  
 With the last of her life in her fingers, the  
 cross to her breast.

'My son, come away,' cried the mother,  
 her voice cruel grown.  
 'She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim ;  
 let her alone !'

But he knelt with his hand on her fore-  
 head, his lips to her ear, 39  
 And he called back the soul that was  
 passing : 'Marguerite, do you hear !'

She paused on the threshold of Heaven :  
 love, pity, surprise,  
 Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the  
 cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her,  
 but never her cheek grew red,  
 And the words the living long for he  
 spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where  
 buds to blossoms grew ; 45  
 Of the folded hands and the still face  
 never the robins knew !

1871.

### THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles,  
 stopped, 5

And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
 From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

'Nay !' said the grandmother ; 'have  
 you not heard,

My poor, bad boy ! of the fiery pit, 10  
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful  
 bird

Carries the water that quenches it ?

'He brings coo! dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:  
You can see the mark on his red breast  
still 15  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

'My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-  
burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him!' 20

'Amen!' I said to the beautiful myth;  
'Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

'Prayers of love like rain-drops fall, 25  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they  
do!'

1871.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the 'Friends of God' in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of

Dr. Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. 'I was,' he says, 'glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck, feasting and dancing.' In 1683, in company with a small number of German Friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Cresfield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognized head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosserman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in *The Friend* (Vol. XVIII. No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. 'Have not,' he asks, 'these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?'

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a *Description of Pennsylvania*, in which he alludes to the settlement:—

'The German town of which I spoke before,  
Which is at least in length one mile or more,  
Where lives High German people and Low  
Dutch,  
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much,—  
There grows the flax, as also you may know  
That from the same they do divide the tow.  
Their trade suits well their habitation,  
We find convenience for their occupation.'

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned

Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipzig in 1700 and 1701. His *Lives of the Saints*, etc., written in German and dedicated to Professor Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled *Hive Beestock, Melliotropheum Alucar, or Rusca Aptum*, still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer:—

'Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria nostra  
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,  
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod opto,  
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras.'

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical *The Penn Monthly*, of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius:—

'No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; that Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded.'

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavors to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and

holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls 'the irresistible might of meekness,' has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering,—felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as 'a feeble folk,' with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their *Magnalia*; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians: indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilization that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer: 'The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendor and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an Inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles.'

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,—a simple picture of

a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favor may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 6th mo., 1872.

HAIL to posterity!  
Hail, future men of Germanopolis!  
Let the young generations yet to be  
Look kindly upon this.  
Think how your fathers left their native  
land,— 5  
Dear German-land! Osacred hearths  
and homes!—  
And, where the wild beast roams,  
In patience planned  
New forest-homes beyond the mighty sea,  
There undisturbed and free 10  
To live as brothers of one family.  
What pains and cares befell,  
What trials and what fears,  
Remember, and wherein we have done  
well  
Follow our footsteps, men of coming  
years! 15  
Where we have failed to do  
Aright, or wisely live,  
Be warned by us, the better way pursue,  
And, knowing we were human, even as  
you,  
Pity us and forgive! 20  
Farewell, Posterity!  
Farewell, dear Germany!  
Forevermore farewell!

*From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS  
in the Germantown Records 1688*

PRELUDE.

ISING the Pilgrim of a softer clime  
And milder speech than those brave  
men's who brought 25

To the ice and iron of our winter time  
A will as firm, a creed as stern, and  
wrought  
With one mailed hand, and with the  
other fought.  
Simply, as fits my theme, in homely rhyme  
I sing the blue-eyed German Spener  
taught, 30  
Through whose veiled, mystic faith the  
Inward Light,  
Steady and still, an easy brightness,  
shone,  
Transfiguring all things in its radiance  
white.  
The garland which his meekness never  
sought  
I bring him; over fields of harvest  
sown 35  
With seeds of blessing, now to ripeness  
grown,  
I bid the sower pass before the reapers'  
sight.

Never in tenderer quiet lapsed the day  
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,  
Where, forest-walled, the scattered ham-  
lets lay 40  
Along the wedded rivers. One long bar  
Of purple cloud, on which the evening  
star  
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,  
Held the sky's golden gate-way. Through  
the deep  
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to  
creep, 45  
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of  
sleep.  
All else was still. The oxen from their  
ploughs  
Rested at last, and from their long day's  
browae  
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-  
bound cows.  
And the young city, round whose virgin  
zone 50  
The rivers like two mighty arms were  
thrown,  
Marked by the smoke of evening fires  
alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then  
 With its fair women and its stately men  
 Gracing the forest court of William  
 Penn, 55

Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn  
 frames  
 Of oak and pine the dryads held their  
 claims,  
 And lent its streets their pleasant wood-  
 land names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane  
 Looked city-ward, then stooped to prune  
 again 60  
 Her vines and simples, with a sigh of  
 pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset paled  
 In the oak clearing, and, as daylight  
 failed,  
 Slow, overhead, the dusky night-birds  
 sailed.

Again she looked: between green walls of  
 shade, 65  
 With low-bent head as if with sorrow  
 weighed,  
 Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

'God's peace be with thee, Anna!' Then  
 he stood  
 Silent before her, wrestling with the mood  
 Of one who sees the evil and not good. 70

'What is it, my Pastorius?' As she  
 spoke,  
 A slow, faint smile across his features  
 broke,  
 Sadder than tears. 'Dear heart,' he said,  
 'our folk

'Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest  
 Friends  
 Are frail; our elders have their selfish  
 ends, 75  
 And few dare trust the Lord to make  
 amends

'For duty's loss. So even our feeble  
 word  
 For the dumb slaves the startled meeting  
 heard  
 As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

'And, as the clerk ceased reading, there  
 began 80  
 A ripple of dissent which downward ran  
 In widening circles, as from man to man.

'Somewhat was said of running before  
 sent,  
 Of tender fear that some their guide out-  
 went, 84  
 Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

'On hearing, for behind the reverend row  
 Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous  
 show,  
 I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

'And, in the spirit, I was taken where  
 They toiled and suffered; I was made  
 aware 90  
 Of shame and wrath and anguish and  
 despair!

'And while the meeting smothered our  
 poor plea  
 With cautious phrase, a Voice there  
 seemed to be,  
 "As ye have done to these ye do to Me!"

'So it all passed; and the old tithe went  
 on 95  
 Of anise, mint, and cummin, till the sun  
 Set, leaving still the weightier work  
 undone.

'Help, for the good man faileth! Who  
 is strong,  
 If these be weak? Who shall rebuke the  
 wrong,  
 If these consent? How long, O Lord!  
 how long! 100

He ceased; and, bound in spirit with the  
 bound,  
 With folded arms, and eyes that sought  
 the ground,  
 Walked musingly h' little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,  
 Rare plants of power and herbs of healing  
 grew, 105  
 Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gortitz' gentle sage,  
 With the mild mystics of his dreamy age  
 He read the herbal signs of nature's page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlau's  
bowers<sup>119</sup>  
Fair as herself, in boyhood's happy hours,  
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

'The dear Lord give us patience!' said  
his wife,  
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife  
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec  
knife<sup>115</sup>

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn  
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,  
Brought from the Spanish Main by mer-  
chantmen.

'See this strange plant its steady purpose  
hold,  
And, year by year, its patient leaves  
unfold,<sup>120</sup>  
Till the young eyes that watched it first  
are old.

'But some time, thou hast told me, there  
shall come  
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume;  
The century-moulded bud shall burst in  
bloom.

'So may the seed which hath been sown  
to-day<sup>125</sup>  
Grow with the years, and, after long delay,  
Break into bloom, and God's eternal Yea

'Answer at last the patient prayers of  
them  
Who now, by faith alone, behold its stem  
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom's  
diadem.<sup>130</sup>

'Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work and  
wait,  
Remains for us. The wrong indeed is  
great,  
But love and patience conquer soon or  
late.'

'Well hast thou said, my Anna!' Ten-  
derer<sup>134</sup>  
Than youth's caress upon the head of her  
Pastorius laid his hand. 'Shall we demur

'Because the vision tarrieth? In an  
hour  
We dream not of, the slow-grown bud  
may flower,  
And what was sown in weakness rise in  
power!'

Then through the vine-draped door whose  
legend read,<sup>140</sup>  
'Procul este profani!' Anna led  
To where their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. 'Dear heart,' she  
said, 'if we  
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,  
Our boy, God willing, yet the day shall  
see<sup>145</sup>

'When from the gallery to the farthest  
seat,  
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer  
meet,  
But all sit equal at the Master's feet.'

On the stone hearth the blazing walnut  
block  
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed the  
cock<sup>150</sup>  
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physie,  
side  
By side with Fox and Behmen, played at  
hide  
And seek with Anna, midst her household  
pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare<sup>155</sup>  
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but where,  
Tasting the fat shads of the Delaware,

The courtly Penn had praised the good-  
wife's cheer,  
And quoted Horace o'er her home-brewed  
beer,  
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's  
wave,<sup>161</sup>  
He dwelt in peace with God and man,  
and gave  
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.



For all too soon the New World's scandal shamed	How felt the Master when his chosen strove 191
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed, 165	In childish folly for their seats above;
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.	And that fond mother, blinded by her love,
And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,	Besought him that her sons, beside his throne,
And hardened avarice, on its gains intent, Stifled the inward whisper of dissent.	Might sit on either hand? Amidst his own 195
Yet all the while the burden rested sore On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore 171	A stranger oft, companionless and lone,
Their <b>warning</b> message to the Church's door	God's priest and prophet stands. The martyr's pain
In God's name; and the leaven of the word	Is not alone from scourge and cell and chain;
Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,	Sharper the pang when, shouting in his train,
And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes stirred 175	His weak disciples by their lives deny 200
To troubled life, and urged the vain excuse	The loud hosannas of their daily cry, And make their echo of his truth a lie.
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use, Good in itself if evil in abuse.	His forest home no hermit's cell he found,
Gravely Pastorius listened, not the less Discerning through the decent fig-leaf dress 180	Guests, motley-minded, drew his hearth around,
Of the poor plea its shame of selfishness.	And held armed truce upon its neutral ground. 205
One Scripture rule, at least, was unforget; He hid the outcast, and bewrayed him not;	There Indian chiefs with battle-bows un- strung.
And, when his prey the human hunter sought,	Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom Homer sung,
He scrupled not, while Anna's wise delay And proffered cheer prolonged the master's stay, 186	Pastorius fancied, when the world was young,
To speed the black guest safely on his way.	Came with their tawny women, lithe and tall,
Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief who lends	Like bronzes in his friend Von Rodeck's hall, 210
His life to some great cause, and finds his friends	Comely, if black, and not displeasing all.
Shame or betray it for their private ends?	There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray
	Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,
	Genial, half merry in their friendly way.
	Or, haply, pilgrims from the Fatherland. Weak, timid, homesick, slow to under- stand 216
	The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.

Or painful Kelpius<sup>20</sup> from his hermit den  
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,  
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of  
Petersen. 220

Deep in the woods, where the small river  
slid  
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic  
hid,  
Weird as a wizard, over arts forbid,

Reading the books of Daniel and of  
John,  
And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through  
the Stone 225  
Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

Whereby he read what man ne'er read  
before,  
And saw the visions man shall see no  
more,  
Till the great angel, striding sea and  
shore,

Shall bid all flesh await, on land or  
ships, 230  
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,  
Shattering the heavens before the dread  
eclipse.

Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin  
Leaned o'er the gate; or Ranter, pure  
within,  
Aired his perfection in a world of sin. 235

Or, talking of old home scenes, Op der  
Graaf  
Teased the low back-log with his shodden  
staff,  
Till the red embers broke into a laugh

And dance of flame, as if they fain would  
cheer  
The rugged face, half tender, half austere,  
Touched with the pathos of a homesick  
tear! 241

Or Sluyter,<sup>21</sup> saintly familist, whose word  
As law the Brethren of the Manor heard.  
Announced the speedy terrors of the  
Lord.

And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his  
race, 245  
Above a wrecked world with complacent  
face

Riding secure upon his plank of grace!

Haply, from Finland's birchen groves  
exiled,  
Manly in thought, in simple ways a child.  
His white hair floating round his visage  
mild, 250

The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's  
door,  
Pleased from his neighbor's lips to hear  
once more  
His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.

For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse,  
And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse  
Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding  
verse. 255

And oft Pastorius and the meek old man  
Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran,  
Ending in Christian love, as they began.

With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns  
he strayed 260  
Where Sommerhausen over vales of shade  
Looked miles away, by every flower de-  
layed,

Or song of bird, happy and free with one  
Who loved, like him, to let his memory  
run  
Over old fields of learning, and to sun 265

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,  
And dream with Philo over mysteries  
Whereof the dreamer never finds the  
keys;

To touch all themes of thought, nor weakly  
stop  
For doubt of truth, but let the buckets  
drop 270  
Deep down and bring the hidden waters  
up, 27

For there was freedom in that wakening  
time  
Of tender souls; to differ was not crime;  
The varying bells made up the perfect  
chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,  
The white, clear light, tradition-colored,  
stole 276

Through the stained oriel of each human  
soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker  
brought

His old beliefs, adjusting to the thought  
That moved his soul the creed his fathers  
taught. 280

One faith alone, so broad that all mankind  
Within themselves its secret witness find,  
The soul's communion with the Eternal  
Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule and  
Guide,

Scholar and peasant, lord and serf, allied,  
The polished Penn and Cromwell's Iron-  
side. 286

As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting, 23  
face

By face in Flemish detail, we may trace  
How loose-mouthed boor and fine ancestral  
grace

Sat in close contrast,—the clipt-headed  
churl, 290

Broad market-dame, and simple serving-  
girl

By skirt of silk and periwig in curl!

For soul touched soul; the spiritual trea-  
sure-trove

Made all men equal, none could rise above  
Nor sink below that level of God's love.

So, with his rustic neighbors sitting  
down, 296

The homespun frock beside the scholar's  
gown,

Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and  
sought

The bookless wisdom by experience  
taught, 300

And learned to love his new-found home,  
while not

Forgetful of the old; the seasons went  
Their rounds, and somewhat to his spirit  
lent

Of their own calm and measureless con-  
tent.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin  
sing 305

His song of welcome to the Western  
spring,

And bluebird borrowing from the sky his  
wing.

And when the miracle of autumn came,  
And all the woods with many-colored flame  
Of splendor, making summer's greenness  
tame, 310

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without a  
sound

Spoke to him from each kindled bush  
around,

And made the strange, new landscape  
holy ground!

And when the bitter north-wind, keen  
and swift,

Swept the white street and piled the door-  
yard drift, 315

He exercised, as Friends might say, his  
gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like the  
hash

Of corn and beans in Indian succotash;  
Dull, doubtless, but with here and there  
a flash

Of wit and fine conceit,—the good man's  
play 320

Of quiet fancies, meet to while away  
The slow hours measuring off an idle day.

At evening, while his wife put on her  
look

Of love's endurance, from its niche he  
took 324

The written pages of his ponderous book.

And read, in half the languages of man,  
His 'Rusca Apium,' which with bees  
began,

And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some  
friend  
In gray Altorf or storied Nürnberg  
penned 330  
Dropped in upon him like a guest to  
spend

The night beneath his roof-tree. Mystical  
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters fall  
And voices sound in dreams, and yet  
withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low tone,  
Over the roses of her gardens blown, 336  
Brought the warm sense of beauty all her  
own.

Wise Spenser questioned what his friend  
could trace  
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace  
In the wild natures of the Indian race. 340

And learned Schurnberg, fain, at times,  
to look  
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and Penta-  
teuch,  
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,  
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest range,  
Of flowers and fruits and simples new and  
strange. 346

And thus the Old and New World reached  
their hands  
Across the water, and the friendly lands  
Talked with each other from their severed  
strands.

Pastorius answered all: while seed and  
root 350  
Sent from his new home grew to flower  
and fruit  
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's foot;

And, in return, the flowers his boyhood  
knew  
Smiled at his door, the same in form and  
hue,  
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters  
grew. 355

No idler he; whoever else might shirk,  
He set his hand to every honest work,--  
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting  
clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is found,  
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a trefoil  
ground, 360  
With 'Vinum, Linum et Textrinum'  
wound.

One house sufficed for gospel and for law,  
Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text  
and saw,  
Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.

Whatever legal maze he wandered  
through, 365  
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,  
And justice always into mercy grew.

No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor  
jail,  
Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew  
pale  
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail, 370

The usurer's grasp released the forfeit  
land;  
The slanderer faltered at the witness-  
stand,  
And all men took his counsel for command.

Was it caressing air, the brooding love  
Of tenderer skies than German land  
knew of, 375  
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood  
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood  
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge  
of hate, 380  
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal  
to wait

The slow assurance of the better state?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner  
way  
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,  
Blew round the men of Massachusetts  
Bay? 385

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?  
What hints of pitiless power and terror  
spoke

In waves that on their iron coast-line  
broke?

Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn  
The sectary yielded to the citizen, 390  
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded  
men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung  
The air to madness, and no steeple flung  
Alarums down from bells at midnight  
rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from  
his face 395  
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the  
place

Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,  
Or wrought for wages at the white man's  
side,--

Giving to kindness what his native pride  
And lazy freedom to all else denied. 400

And well the curious scholar loved the old  
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told  
By wigwam-fires when nights were grow-  
ing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their  
fancy drew

Its dreams, and held their childish faith  
more true 405

To God and man than half the creeds he  
knew.<sup>24</sup>

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-  
fields rolled

Beneath the warm wind waves of green  
and gold;

The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun 410  
Than that which by the Rhine stream  
shines upon

The purpling hillsides with low vines o'er-  
run.

About each rustic porch the humming-  
bird

Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal  
stirred,

The Old World flowers to virgin soil trans-  
ferred; 415

And the first-fruits of pear and apple,  
bending

The young boughs down, their gold and  
russet blending,

Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and  
pine,

Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine, 420  
And all the subtle scents the woods com-  
bine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in sum-  
mer calm,

Warm, tender, restful, sweet with wood-  
land balm,

Came to him, like some mother-hallowed  
psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel 425  
Of labor, winding off from memory's  
reel

A golden thread of music. With no  
peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,  
The scattered settlers through green forest-  
ways

Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the  
dim 431

Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim.  
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with  
Him.

There, through the gathered stillness  
multiplied

And made intense by sympathy, outside  
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin  
cried, 436

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume  
Breathed through the open windows of  
the room

From locust-trees, heavy with clustered  
bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors  
came, 440

Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,  
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be  
their shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread  
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled  
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely  
said 445

God's message through their prison's iron  
bars;  
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed  
with scars  
From every stricken field of England's  
wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt  
Each waiting heart, till haply some one  
felt 450  
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings  
stole  
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,  
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meet-  
ing o'er, 455  
The friendly group still lingered at the  
door,  
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and  
maid  
Down the green vistas of the woodland  
strayed,  
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet  
delayed. 460

Did the boy's whistle answer back the  
thrushes?  
Did light girl laughter ripple through the  
bushes,  
As brooks make merry over roots and  
rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without  
a wound  
The ear of silence heard, and every sound  
Its place in nature's fine accordant  
found. 466

And solemn meeting, summer sky and  
wood,  
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood  
Seemed, like God's new creation, very  
good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and  
word, 470  
Pastorius went his way. The unscared  
bird

Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel  
stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;  
And, wheresoe'er the good man looked or  
trod,  
He felt the peace of nature and of God. 475

His social life wore no ascetic form,  
He loved all beauty, without fear of harm,  
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran  
warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,  
He made his own no circuit-judge to try 480  
The freer conscience of his neighbors by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,  
Gracious and sweet, the better way was  
shown,

The joy of one, who, seeking not his own,  
And faithful to all scruples, finds at last 485  
The thorns and shards of duty overpast,  
And daily life, beyond his hope's forecast,

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and  
sound,  
And flowers upspringing in its narrow  
round,  
And all his days with quiet gladness  
crowned. 490

He sang not; but, if sometimes tempted  
strong,  
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's  
Burschen-song,  
His good wife smiled and did not count  
it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's brother  
band;  
His Memory, while he trod the New  
World's strand, 495  
A double-ganger walked the Fatherland!

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the light  
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed the  
sight  
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child all in  
white;

- And closed his eyes, and listened to the  
sweet 500
- Old wait-songs sounding down his native  
street,
- And watched again the dancers' mingling  
feet :
- Yet not the less, when once the vision  
passed,
- He held the plain and sober maxims fast  
Of the dear Friends with whom his lot  
was cast. 505
- Still all attuned to nature's melodies,  
He loved the bird's song in his dooryard  
trees,
- And the low hum of home-returning bees ;
- The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in  
bloom
- Down the long street, the beauty and  
perfume 510
- Of apple-boughs, the mingling light and  
gloom
- Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven  
through
- With sun-threads ; and the music the wind  
drew,
- Mournful and sweet, from leaves it over-  
blew.
- And evermore, beneath this outward sense,  
And through the common sequence of  
events, 516
- He felt the guiding hand of Providence
- Reach out of space. A Voice spake in  
his ear,
- And lo ! all other voices far and near  
Died at that whisper, full of meanings  
clear. 520
- The Light of Life shone round him ; one  
by one
- The wandering lights, that all-misleading  
run,
- Went out like candles paling in the sun.
- That Light he followed, step by step,  
where'er
- It led, as in the vision of the seer 525
- The wheels moved as the spirit in the clear
- And terrible crystal moved, with all their  
eyes
- Watching the living splendor sink or  
rise,
- Its will their will, knowing no otherwise.
- Within himself he found the law of right,  
He walked by faith and not the letter's  
sight, 531
- And read his Bible by the Inward Light.
- And if sometimes the slaves of form and  
rule,
- Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's  
pool,
- Tried the large tolerance of his liberal  
school, 535
- His door was free to men of every name, .  
He welcomed all the seeking souls who  
came,
- And no man's faith he made a cause of  
blame.
- But best he loved in leisure hours to see  
His own dear Friends sit by him knee to  
knee, 540
- In social converse, genial, frank, and free.
- There sometimes silence (it were hard to  
tell  
Who owned it first) upon the circle fell,  
Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid its  
spell
- On the black boy who grimaced by the  
hearth, 545
- To solemnize his shining face of mirth ;  
Only the old clock ticked amidst the dearth
- Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand  
was stirred
- In that soul-sabbath, till at last some  
word
- Of tender counsel or low prayer was heard.
- Then guests, who lingered but farewell  
to say 551
- And take love's message, went their home-  
ward way ;
- So passed in peace the guileless Quaker's  
day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age of  
Gold,  
A truer idyl than the bards have told 555  
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of  
burial keep,  
And century-rooted mosses o'er it creep,  
The Nürnberg scholar and his helpmeet  
sleep.

And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at last  
In Bartram's garden, did John Woolman  
cast 561  
A glance upon it as he meekly passed?

And did a secret symp. thy possess  
That tender soul, and for the slave's re-  
dress  
Lend hope, strength, patience? It were  
vain to guess. 565

Nay, were the plant itself but mythical,  
Set in the fresco of tradition's wall  
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not  
at all.

Enough to know that, through the winter's  
frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is  
lost, 570  
And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and air,  
God sent the answer to his life-long prayer;  
The child was born beside the Delaware,

Who, in the power a holy purpose lends,  
Guided his people unto nobler ends, 576  
And left them worthier of the name of  
Friends.

And lo! the fulness of the time has come,  
And over all the exile's Western home,  
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom  
bloom! 580

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets  
blow;  
But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so  
The world forgets, but the wise angels  
know.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN  
WINTER.

[A Danish gentleman, Mr. P. Taft, sent the  
poet an unrhymed outline in English of Win-  
ter's ballad.]

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray  
stones of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the church  
of Vordingborg,  
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forget-  
ful of his power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded  
on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young  
and faithful squire: 5  
'Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of  
thy desire?'  
'Of all the men in Denmark she loveth  
only me:  
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to  
thee.'

Loud laughed the king: 'To-morrow shall  
bring another day,'  
When I myself will test her: gladsome 10  
say me nay.'  
Thereat the lords  
about him  
wagged 15  
heads in concert and  
singers should.

The gray 20  
sings o'er Vordingborg, and  
on the ancient town  
From the tower of Valdemar the  
Goose looks down;  
The yellow rain is waving in the pleasant  
wing of morn, 15  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and  
blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits  
and spins,  
And, singing with the early birds, her  
daily task begins.  
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls  
around her garden-bower,  
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer  
than the flower. 20



About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white  
 As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;  
 Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal  
 The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm; 25  
 But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.  
 And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,  
 Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,  
 As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way; 30  
 And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,  
 And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

'All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!  
 A weary months in secret my heart has waited for thee!  
 What noble knight was this? What words for modest maid's ear? 35  
 She dropped a lowly bow, a yes of bashfulness and fear.'

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,  
 Trembling in every limb, cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er  
 'Nay, fear me not,' the rider said, 'I offer heart and hand,  
 Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand. 40

'I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,  
 For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day.'  
 He spake the old phrase slyly, as glancing round his train,  
 He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

'The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair, 45  
 I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;  
 All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay  
 You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

'And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;  
 On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro. 50  
 At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,  
 While at our ease we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine.'

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;  
 A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.  
 Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw, 55  
 And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and blue.

'I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;  
 I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.  
 If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;  
 I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword.' 60

'To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,  
 And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay.'  
 'Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;  
 A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear.'

'Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,' the rider gayly spoke, 65  
 'And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak.'  
 'But mark,' she said, 'no stately horse my peasant love must ride,  
 A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide.'

The knight looked down upon his steed :  
'Well, let him wander free :

No other man must ride the horse that  
has been backed by me. 70

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to  
my oxen talk,

If only little Elsie beside my plough will  
walk.'

'You must take from out your cellar cask  
of wine and flask and can ;

The homely mead I brew you may serve  
a peasant-man.'

'Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that  
mead of thine, 75

And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to  
drain my generous wine.'

'Now break your shield asunder, and  
shatter sign and boss,

Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your  
knightly knee across.

And pull me down your castle from top  
to basement wall,

And let your plough trace furrows in the  
ruins of your hall !' 80

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ; right  
well at last he knew

The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to  
her troth-pledge true.

'Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act your  
part full well :

You know that I must bear my shield  
and in my castle dwell !

'The lions ramping on that shield between  
the hearts aflame 85

Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and  
guard her ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell in  
yonder towers,

Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark,  
this goodly home of ours !

'I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your heart  
I know is true ;

Would God that all our maidens were  
good and pure as you ! 90

Well have you pleased your monarch,  
and he shall well repay ;

God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow will  
bring another day !'

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred  
his good steed then,

And like a whirl-blast swept away with  
all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ; again  
on winds of morn 95

The wood resounds with cry of hounds  
and blare of hunter's horn.

'Thou true and ever faithful !' the listening  
Henrik cried ;

And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he  
stood by Elsie's side.

None saw the fond embracing, save, shin-  
ing from afar,

The Golden Goose that watched them  
from the tower of Valdemar. 100

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all the  
flowers that throng

Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for  
you my song.

No praise as yours so bravely rewards  
the singer's skill ;

Thank God ! of maids like Elsie the land  
has plenty still !

1872.

### THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud

That raked her splintering mast

The good ship settled slowly,

The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean

Her signal guns pealed out.

Dear God ! was that Thy answer

From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,

'Ho ! ship ahoy !' its cry :

'Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow

Shall lay till daylight by !'

Hour after hour crept slowly,

Yet on the heaving swells

Tossed up and down the ship's rights, 15

The lights of the Three Bells

And ship to ship made signs

Man answered back to man,

While oft, to cheer and

The Three Bells ne

20

And the captain from her taffrail  
Sent down his hopeful cry:  
'Take heart! Hold on!' he shouted;  
'The Three Bells shall lay by!'

All night across the waters 25  
The tossing lights shone clear;  
All night from reeling taffrail  
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches 30  
Of storm and darkness passed,  
Just as the wreck lurched under,  
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,  
In grateful memory sail!  
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue, 35  
Above the wave and gale!

Type of the Love eternal,  
Repeat the Master's cry,  
As tossing through our darkness 40  
The lights of God draw nigh!  
1872.

### JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone  
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth  
stone,  
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars  
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,  
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered  
down, 5  
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet,  
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,  
And, when the bolt of banishment fell  
On the head of his saintly oracle, 10  
He had shared her ill as her good report,  
And braved the wrath of the General  
Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away  
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.  
The world might bless and the world 15  
might ban,  
What did it matter the perfect man,  
To whom the freedom of earth was given,  
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along  
With screed of Scripture and holy song,  
Or thought how he rode with his lances  
free 21

By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-Zee,  
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,  
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house  
nigh, 25

The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,  
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,  
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;  
And he rose in his stirrups and looked  
abroad

Over land and water, and praised the  
Lord. 30

Goodly and stately and grave to see,  
Into the clearing's space rode he,  
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in  
sheath,

And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,  
And the settlers welcomed him, one and  
all, 35  
From swift Quampeagan to Gonie Fall.

And he said to the elders: 'Lo, I come  
As the way seemed open to seek a home.  
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my  
hands

In the Narragansett and Netherlands, 40  
And if here ye have work for a Christian  
man,

I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

'I boast not of gifts, but fain would own  
The wonderful favor God hath shown,  
The special mercy vouchsafed one day 45  
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,  
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp  
aside,  
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

'A sudden sweetness of peace I found,  
A garment of gladness wrapped me  
round; 50

I felt from the law of works released,  
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,  
My faith to a full assurance grew,  
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

'Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way, 55

I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;  
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,  
I wear the robe of His righteousness;  
And the shafts of Satan no more avail 59  
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail.'

'Tarry with us,' the settlers cried,  
'Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide.'

And Captain Underhill bowed his head.  
'The will of the Lord be done!' he said.  
And the morrow beheld him sitting down  
In the ruler's seat in Coheco town. 66

And he judged therein as a just man  
should;

His words were wise and his rule was  
good;

He coveted not his neighbor's land,  
From the holding of bribes he shook his  
hand; 70

And through the camps of the heathen ran  
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book  
saith,

And life hath ever a savor of death.  
Through hymns of triumph the tempter  
calls, 75

And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.  
Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,  
There was grief in the soul of the saintly  
man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail  
Had found the joints of his spiritual  
mail; 80

And men took note of his gloomy air,  
The shame in his eye, the halt in his  
prayer,

The signs of a battle lost within,  
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his  
name 85

With broken vows and a life of blame;  
And the people looked askance on him  
As he walked among them sullen and grim,  
Ill at ease, and bitter of word,  
And prompt of quarrel with hand or  
sword. 90

None knew how, with prayer and fasting  
still,

He strove in the bonds of his evil will;  
But he shook himself like Samson at  
length,

And girded anew his loins of strength,  
And bade the crier go up and down 95  
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head  
Ceased as he rose in his place and said:  
'Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye  
know

How I came among you a year ago, 100  
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed  
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

'I have sinned, I own it with grief and  
shame,

But not with a lie on my lips I came.  
In my blindness I verily thought my  
heart 105

Swept and garnished in every part.  
He chargeth His angels with folly; He  
sees

The heavens unclean. Was I more than  
these?

'I urge no plea. At your feet I lay  
The trust you gave me, and go my way. 110  
Hate me or pity me, as you will,  
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still:  
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,  
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall.'

No voice made answer: a sob so low 115  
That only his quickened ear could know  
Smote his heart with a bitter pain.

As into the forest he rode again,  
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut  
down

On his latest glimpse of Coheco town. 120

Crystal-clear on the man of sin  
The streams flashed up, and the sky  
shone in;

On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,  
The leaves dropped on him their tears of  
dew,

And angels of God, in the sweet  
guise 125  
Of flowers, looked on him with sad sur-  
prise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze  
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?  
What was it the mournful wood-thrush  
said? 129  
What whispered the pine-trees overhead?  
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way  
That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,  
Alone with the Infinite Purity;  
And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,  
As Peter did to the Master's look, 136  
He measured his path with prayers of  
pain  
For peace with God and nature again.

And in *after* years to Cocheco came  
The bruit of a once familiar name; 140  
How among the Dutch of New Nether-  
lands,  
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,  
A penitent soldier preached the Word,  
And smote the heathen with Gideon's  
sword!

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear  
How he harried the foe on the long  
frontier, 146  
And heaped on the land against him  
barred

The coals of his generous watch and ward.  
Frailest and bravest! the Bay State still  
Counts with her worthies John Underhill.

1873.

### CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

A railway conductor who lost his life in an  
accident on a Connecticut railway, May 9, 1873.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY, (always may his  
name  
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom  
came,  
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled  
frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just  
where he stood 4  
To do the most that a brave man could,  
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped  
their tears  
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or  
fears,  
Lost in the strength and glory of his  
years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips  
of pain, 10  
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved  
again:  
'Put out the signals for the other train!'

No nobler utterance since the world began  
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,  
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to  
this 16  
The sick-bed dramas of self-conscious-  
ness,  
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of  
bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in  
vain  
That last brave act of failing tongue and  
brain! 20  
Freighted with life the downward rushing  
train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave  
follows wave,  
Obed the warning which the dead lips  
gave.  
Others he saved, himself he could not  
save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not  
dead 25  
Who in his record still the earth shall  
tread  
With God's clear aureole shining round  
his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our  
pride  
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.  
God give us grace to live as Bradley  
died! 30

1873.

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

The house is still standing in Danvers, Mass., where, it is said, a suspected witch was confined overnight in the attic, which was bolted fast. In the morning, when the constable came to take her to Salem for trial, she was missing, although the door was still bolted. Her escape was doubtless aided by her friends, but at the time it was attributed to Satanic interference.<sup>26</sup>

I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes  
Blew warm the winds of May,  
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks  
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,  
The early birds at will  
Waked up the violet in its dell,  
The wind-flower on its hill.

'Where go you, in your Sunday coat,  
Son Andrew, tell me, pray.'  
'For striped perch in Wenham Lake  
I go to fish to-day.'

'Unharm'd of thee in Wenham Lake  
The mottled perch shall be:  
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank  
And weaves her net for thee.

'She weaves her golden hair; she sings  
Her spell-song low and faint;  
The wickedest witch in Salem jail  
Is to that girl a saint.'

'Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue;  
God knows,' the young man cried,  
'He never made a whiter soul  
Than hers by Wenham side.

'She tends her mother sick and blind,  
And every want supplies;  
To her above the blessed Book  
She lends her soft blue eyes.

'Her voice is glad with holy songs,  
Her lips are sweet with prayer;  
So where you will, in ten miles round  
Is none more good and fair.'

'Son Andrew, for the love of God  
And of thy mother, stay!'  
She clasped her hands, she wept aloud, 35  
But Andrew rode away.

'O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul  
The Wenham witch has caught;  
She holds him with the curled gold  
Whereof her snare is wrought. 40

'She charms him with her great blue eyes,  
She binds him with her hair;  
Oh, break the spell with holy words,  
Unbind him with a prayer!'

'Take heart,' the painful preacher said, 45  
'This mischief shall not be;  
The witch shall perish in her sins  
And Andrew shall go free.

'Our poor Ann Putnam testifies  
She saw her weave a spell, 50  
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of moon,  
Around a dried-up well.

'"Spring up, O well!" she softly sang  
The Hebrew's old refrain  
(For Satan uses Bible words), 55  
Till water flowed amain.

'And many a goodwife heard her speak  
By Wenham water words  
That made the buttercups take wings  
And turn to yellow birds. 60

'They say that swarming wild bees seek  
The hive at her command;  
And fishes swim to take their food  
From out her dainty hand.

'Meek as she sits in meeting-time, 65  
The godly minister  
Notes well the spell that doth compel  
The young men's eyes to her.

'The mole upon her dimpled chin  
Is Satan's seal and sign;  
Her lips are red with evil bread  
And stain of unbelief. 70

'For Tituba, my Indian, saith  
At Quasycung she took  
The Black Man's godless  
And signed his dreadfi

<p>'Last night my sore-afflicted child Against the young witch cried. To take her Marshal Herrick rides Even now to Wenham side.'</p>	80	<p>Sat shaping for her bridal dress Her mother's wedding gown, When lo! the marshal, writ in hand, From Alford Hill rode down.</p>	120
<p>The marshal in his saddle sat, His daughter at his knee; 'I go to fetch that arrant witch, Thy fair playmate,' quoth he.</p>		<p>His face was hard with cruel fear, He grasped the maiden's hands: 'Come with me unto Salem town, For so the law commands!'</p>	
<p>'Her spectre walks the parsonage, And haunts both hall and stair; They know her by the great blue eyes And floating gold of hair.'</p>	85	<p>'Oh, let me to my mother say Farewell before I go!' He closer tied her little hands Unto his saddle bow.</p>	125
<p>'They lie, they lie, my father dear! No foul old witch is she, But sweet and good and crystal-pure As Wenham waters be.'</p>	90	<p>'Unhand me,' cried she piteously, 'For thy sweet daughter's sake.' 'I'll keep my daughter safe,' he said, 'From the witch of Wenham Lake.'</p>	130
<p>'I tell, thee, child, the Lord hath set Before us good and ill, And woe to all whose carnal loves Oppose His righteous will.</p>	95	<p>'Oh, leave me for my mother's sake, She needs my eyes to see.' 'Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck From off the gallows-tree.'</p>	135
<p>'Between Him and the powers of hell Choose thou, my child, to-day: No sparing hand, no pitying eye, When God commands to slay!'</p>	100	<p>He bore her to a farm-house old, And up its stairway long, And closed on her the garret-door With iron bolted strong.</p>	140
<p>He went his way; the old wives shook With fear as he drew nigh; The children in the dooryards held Their breath as he passed by.</p>		<p>The day died out, the night came down: Her evening prayer she said, While, through the dark, strange faces seemed To mock her as she prayed.</p>	
<p>Too well they knew the gaunt gray horse The grim witch-hunter rode, The pale Apocalyptic beast By grisly Death bestrode.</p>	106	<p>The present horror deepened all The fears her childhood knew; The awe wherewith the air was filled With every breath she drew.</p>	145
II.			
<p>Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake Upon the young girl's shone, Her tender mouth, her dreaming eyes, Her yellow hair outblown.</p>	110	<p>And could it be, she trembling asked, Some secret thought or sin Had shut good angels from her heart And let the bad ones in?</p>	150
<p>By happy youth and love attuned To rural harmonies, The birds, the whispering wind, The breath the trees,</p>	115	<p>Had she in some forgotten dream Let go her hold on Heaven, And sold herself unwittingly To spirits unforgiven?</p>	155

Oh, weird and still the dark hours passed : No human sound she heard, But up and down the chimney stack The swallows moaned and stirred. 160	The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh At all its fears gone by ; 'He does not know,' she whispered low, 'A little witch am I.'
And o'er her, with a dread surmise Of evil sight and sound, The blind bats on their leathern wings Went wheeling round and round.	All day he urged his weary horse, 205 And, in the red sundown, Drew rein before a friendly door In distant Berwick town.
Low hanging in the midnight sky 165 Looked in a half-faced moon. Was it a dream, or did she hear Her lover's whistled tune?	A fellow-feeling for the wronged The Quaker people felt ; 210 And safe beside their kindly hearths The hunted maiden dwelt,
She forced the oaken scuttle back ; A whisper reached her ear : 170 'Slide down the roof to me,' it said, 'So softly none may hear.'	Until from off its breast the land The haunting horror threw, And hatred, born of ghastly dreams, 215 To shame and pity grew.
She slid along the sloping roof Till from its eaves she hung, And felt the loosened shingles yield 175 To which her fingers clung.	Sad were the year's spring morns, and sad Its golden summer day, But blithe and glad its withered fields, And skies of ashen gray ; 220
Below, her lover stretched his hands And touched her feet so small ; 'Drop down to me, dear heart,' he said, 'My arms shall break the fall.' 180	For spell and charm had power no more, The spectres ceased to roam, And scattered households knelt again Around the hearths of home.
He set her on his pillion soft, Her arms about him twined ; And, noiseless as if velvet-shod, They left the house behind.	And when once more by Beaver Dam 225 The meadow-lark outsang, And once again on all the hills The early violets sprang,
But when they reached the open way, 185 Full free the rein he cast ; Oh, never through the mirk midnight Rode man and maid more fast.	And all the windy pasture slopes Lay green within the arms 230 Of creeks that bore the salted sea To pleasant inland farms,
Along the wild wood-paths they sped, The bridgeless streams they swam ; 190 At set of moon they passed the Bass, At sunrise Agawam.	The smith filed off the chains he forged, The jail-bolts backward fell ; And youth and hoary age came forth 235 Like souls escaped from hell. 1877.
At high noon on the Merrimac The ancient ferryman Forgot, at times, his idle oars, 195 So fair a freight to scan.	<b>KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.</b> Out from Jerusalem The king rode with his great War chiefs and lords of state, And Sheba's queen with them ;
And when from off his grounded boat He saw them mount and ride, 'God keep her from the evil eye, And harm of witch!' he cried. 200	Comely, but black withal, 5 To whom, perchance, belongs That wondrous Song of songs, Sensuous and mystical,



Whereto devout souls turn  
 In fond, ecstatic dream, 10  
 And through its earth-born theme  
 The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,  
 In gold and purple sheen,  
 The dusky Ethiop queen 15  
 Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew  
 The languages of all  
 The creatures great or small 20  
 That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led  
 The king's path, and he heard  
 Its small folk, and their word  
 He thus interpreted :

'Here comes the king men greet 25  
 As wise and good and just,  
 To crush us in the dust  
 Under his heedless feet.'

The great king bowed his head,  
 And saw the wide surprise 30  
 Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes  
 As he told her what they said.

'O king !' she whispered sweet,  
 'Too happy fate have they  
 Who perish in thy way 35  
 Beneath thy gracious feet !

'Thou of the God-lent crown,  
 Shall these vile creatures dare  
 Murmur against thee where 40  
 The knees of kings kneel down?'

'Nay,' Solomon replied,  
 'The wise and strong should seek  
 The welfare of the weak,' 45  
 And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,  
 Curved with their leader round  
 The ant-hill's peopled mound, 45  
 And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;  
 'O king !' she said, 'henceforth 50  
 The secret of thy worth  
 And wisdom well I know.

'Happy must be the State  
 Whose ruler heedeth more  
 The murmurs of the poor 55  
 Than flatteries of the great.'

1877.

### IN THE 'OLD SOUTH.'

On the 8th of July, 1677, Margaret Brewster with four other Friends went into the South Church in time of meeting, 'in sackcloth, with ashes upon her head, barefoot, and her face blackened,' and delivered 'a warning from the great God of Heaven and Earth to the Rulers and Magistrates of Boston.' For the offence she was sentenced to be 'whipped at a cart's tail up and down the Town, with twenty lashes.'

SHE came and stood in the Old South Church,

A wonder and a sign,  
 With a look the old-time sibyls wore,  
 Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about her wound, 5

Unclothed as the primal mother,  
 With limbs that trembled and eyes that blazed  
 With a fire she dare not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair,  
 With sprinkled ashes gray ; 10  
 She stood in the broad aisle strange and weird  
 As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his sermon's midst,  
 And the people held their breath,  
 For these were the words the maiden spoke 15  
 Through lips as the lips of death :

'Thus saith the Lord, with equal feet  
 All men My courts shall tread,  
 And priest and ruler no more shall eat  
 My people up like bread ! 20

'Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall speak  
 In thunder and breaking seals !  
 Let all souls worship Him in the way  
 His light within reveals.'

She shook the dust from her naked feet,  
And her sackcloth closer drew, 26  
And into the porch of the awe-hushed  
church

She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o' the  
cart

Through half the streets of the town, 30  
But the words she uttered that day nor fire  
Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church  
By equal feet are trod,  
And the bell that swings in its belfry  
rings 35

Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done  
It thrills the conscious walls ;  
The stone from the basement cries aloud  
And the beam from the timber calls. 40

There are steeple-houses on every hand,  
And pulpits that bless and ban,  
And the Lord will not grudge the single  
church

That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the law  
And the prophets under the sun, 46  
And the first is last and the last is first,  
And the twain are verily one.

So long as Boston shall Boston be,  
And her bay-tides rise and fall, 50  
Shall freedom stand in the Old South  
Church

And plead for the rights of all !

1877.

# THE HENCHMAN.

[Written at the request of a young lady, who  
said to the poet: 'Mr. Whittier, you never wrote  
a love song. I do not believe you can write one.  
I wish you would try to write one for me to sing.'  
In sending the poem afterward to the editor of  
*The Independent*, Whittier wrote: 'I send, in  
compliance with the wish of Mr. Bowen and  
thyself, a ballad upon which, though not long,

I have bestowed a good deal of labor. It is not  
exactly a Quakerly piece, nor is it didactic, and  
it has no moral that I know of. But it is, I think,  
natural, simple, and not unpoetical.']

My lady walks her morning round,  
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,  
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,  
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers, 5  
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers ;  
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,  
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;  
The least of all her worshippers, 10  
The dust beneath her dainty heel,  
She knows not that I see or feel.

Oh, proud and calm !—she cannot know  
Where'er she goes with her I go ;  
Oh, cold and fair !—she cannot guess 15  
I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,  
I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;  
Her suitors come from east and west,  
I steal her smiles from every guest. 20

Unheard of her, in loving words,  
I greet her with the song of birds ;  
I reach her with her green-armed bowers,  
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail, 25  
The wind and I uplift her veil ;  
As if the calm, cold moon she were,  
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share  
The license of the sun and air, 30  
And in a common homage hide  
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,  
I breathe her charmed atmosphere,  
Wherein to her my service brings 35  
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,  
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;  
The love that no return doth crave  
To knightly levels lifts the slave. 40

No lance have I, in joust or fight,  
To splinter in my lady's sight;  
But, at her feet, how blest were I  
For any need of hers to die!

1877.

### THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK.

E. B. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, chapter xii., gives an account of the reverence paid the dead by the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur, Assam. 'When a Ho or Munda,' he says, 'has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the threshing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food, covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines of India.' In the *Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal*, vol. ix., p. 795, is a Ho dirge.

We have opened the door,  
Once, twice, thrice!  
We have swept the floor,  
We have boiled the rice.  
Come hither, come hither!  
Come from the far lands,  
Come from the star lands,  
Come as before!  
We lived long together,  
We loved one another;  
Come back to our life.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Child, husband, and wife,  
For you we are sighing.  
Come take your old places,  
Come look in our faces,  
The dead on the dying,  
Come home!

We have opened the door, 20  
Once, twice, thrice!  
We have kindled the coals,  
And we boil the rice  
For the feast of souls.  
Come hither, come hither! 25  
Think not we fear you,  
Whose hearts are so near you.  
Come tenderly thought on,  
Come all unforgetten,  
Come from the shadow-lands, 30  
From the dim meadow-lands  
Where the pale grasses bend  
Low to our sighing.  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother, 35  
Come husband and friend,  
The dead to the dying,  
Come home!

We have opened the door  
You entered so oft; 40  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals,  
And we boil the rice soft.  
Come you who are dearest  
To us who are nearest, 45  
Come hither, come hither,  
From out the wild weather;  
The storm clouds are flying,  
The peepul is sighing;  
Come in from the rain. 50  
Come father, come mother,  
Come sister and brother,  
Come husband and lover,  
Beneath our roof-cover.  
Look on us again, 55  
The dead on the dying,  
Come home!

We have opened the door!  
For the feast of souls  
We have kindled the coals 60  
We may kindle no more!  
Snake, fever, and famine,  
The curse of the Brahmin,  
The sun and the dew,  
They burn us, they bite us, 65  
They waste us and smite us;  
Our days are but few!

In strange lands far yonder  
To wonder and wander  
We hasten to you. 70  
List then to our sighing,  
While yet we are here:  
Nor seeing nor hearing,  
We wait without fearing  
To feel you draw near.  
O dead, to the dying 75  
Come home!

1879.

THE KHAN'S DEVIL.

THE Khan came from Bokhara town  
To Hamza, santan of renown.

'My head is sick, my hands are weak;  
Thy help, O holy man, I seek.'

In silence marking for a space 5  
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

'Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,  
'Thou hast a devil!' Hamza said.

'Allah forbid!' exclaimed the Khan.  
'Rid me of him at once, O man!' 10

'Nay,' Hamza said, 'no spell of mine  
Can slay that cursed thing of thine.

'Leave feast and wine, go forth and drink  
Water of healing on the brink

'Where clear and cold from mountain  
snows, 15  
The Nahr el Zebeu downward flows.

'Six moons remain, then come to me;  
May Allah's pity go with thee!'

Awestruck, from feast and wine the Khan  
Went forth where Nahr el Zebeu ran. 20

Roots were his food, the desert dust  
His bed, the water quenched his thirst;

And when the sixth moon's scimitar  
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santan's door, 25  
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of brain;  
'Behold,' he said, 'the fiend is slain.'

'Nay,' Hamza answered, 'starved and  
drowned,

The curst one lies in death-like swoond. 30

'But evil breaks the strongest gyves,  
And jins like him have charmed lives.

'One beaker of the juice of grape  
May call him up in living shape.

'When the red wine of Badakshan 35  
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan!

'With water quench the fire within,  
And drown each day thy devilkin!'

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned the  
cup

As Shitan's own, though offered up, 40

With laughing eyes and jewelled hands,  
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's.

And, in the lofty vestibule  
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law 45  
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,  
Graved on it at the Khan's command:

'In Allah's name, to him who hath  
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith, 50

'Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine:  
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

'No prayer can slay, no marabout  
Nor Meccan dervish can drive out.

'I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm 55  
That robs him of his power to harm.

'Drown him, O Islam's child! the spell  
To save thee lies in tank and well!'

1879.

## THE KING'S MISSIVE.

1661.

This ballad, originally written for *The Memorial History of Boston*, describes, with pardonable poetic license, a memorable incident in the annals of the city. The interview between Shattuck and the Governor took place, I have since learned, in the residence of the latter, and not in the Council Chamber. The publication of the ballad led to some discussion as to the historical truthfulness of the picture, but I have seen no reason to rub out any of the figures or alter the lines and colors.

UNDER the great hill sloping bare  
To cove and meadow and Common lot,  
In his council chamber and oaken chair.

Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.  
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross  
from out

The flag, and cloven the May-pole down,  
Harried the heathen round about,  
And whipped the Quakers from town  
to town.

Earnest and honest, a man at need  
To burn like a torch for his own harsh  
creed,

He kept with the flaming brand of his  
zeal

The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,  
With a look of mingled sorrow and  
wrath;

'Woe's me!' he murmured: 'at every  
turn

The pestilent Quakers are in my path!  
Some we have scourged, and banished  
some,

Some hanged, more doomed, and still  
they come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,  
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

'Did we count on this? Did we leave  
behind

The graves of our kin, the comfort and  
ease

Of our English hearths and homes, to  
find

Troublers of Israel such as these?

Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God  
forbid!

I will do as the prophet to Agag did:  
They come to poison the wells of the  
Word,

I will hew them in pieces before the  
Lord!

The door swung open, and Rawson the  
clerk

Entered, and whispered under breath,  
'There waits below for the hangman's  
work

A fellow banished on pain of death—  
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the  
whip,

Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship  
At anchor here in a Christian port,  
With freight of the devil and all his  
sort!

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor  
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,  
'The Lord do so to me and more,'

The Governor cried, 'if I hang not all!  
Bring hither the Quaker.' Calm, sedate,  
With the look of a man at ease with  
fate,

Into that presence grim and dread  
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

'Off with the knave's hat!' An angry  
hand

Smote down the offence; but the wearer  
said,

With a quiet smile, 'By the king's com-  
mand

I bear his message and stand in his  
stead.'

In the Governor's hand a missive he laid  
With the royal arms on its seal displayed,  
And the proud man spake as he gazed  
thereat,

Uncovering, 'Give Mr. Shattuck his hat.'

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low,—  
'The king commandeth your friends'  
release;

Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although  
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's in-  
crease. 60

What he here enjoineeth, John Endicott,  
His loyal servant, questioneth not.  
You are free! God grant the spirit you  
own

May take you from us to parts unknown.'

So the door of the jail was open cast, 65  
And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den  
Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
With age-bowed women and gray-locked  
men.

And the voice of one appointed to die  
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high, 70  
And the little maid from New Netherlands  
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's  
hands.

And one, whose call was to minister  
To the souls in prison, beside him went,  
An ancient woman, bearing with her 75  
The linen shroud for his burial meant.  
For she, not counting her own life dear,  
In the strength of a love that cast out fear,  
Had watched and served where her  
brethren died,

Like those who waited the cross beside. 80

One moment they paused on their way  
to look

On the martyr graves by the Common  
side,  
And much scourged Wharton of Salem  
took

His burden of prophecy up and cried:  
'Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain 85  
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain;  
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors  
crowned,

With a fourfold chain ye have Satan  
bound!'

The autumn haze lay soft and still  
On wood and meadow and upland  
farms; 90

On the brow of Snow Hill the great  
windmill

Slowly and lazily swung its arms;

Broad in the sunshine stretched away,  
With its capes and islands, the turquoise  
bay;

And over water and dusk of pines 95  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
The sumach added its crimson fleck,  
And double in air and water showed  
The tinted maples along the Neck; 100  
Through frost flower clusters of pale star-  
mist,

And gentian fringes of amethyst,  
And royal plumes of golden-rod,  
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw  
The world about them; they only  
thought 106

With deep thanksgiving and pious awe  
On the great deliverance God had  
wrought.

Through lane and alley the gazing town  
Noisily followed them up and down; 110  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.  
Upsall, gray with his length of days,  
Cried from the door of his Red Lion  
Inn: 115

'Men of Boston, give God the praise!  
No more shall innocent blood call down  
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.  
The freedom of worship, dear to you,  
Is dear to all, and to all is due. 120

'I see the vision of days to come,  
When your beautiful City of the Bay  
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,  
And none shall his neighbor's rights  
gainsay.

The varying notes of worship shall  
blend 125

And as one great prayer to God ascend,  
And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of praise.'

So passed the Quakers through Boston  
town,

Whose painful ministers sighed to  
see 130

The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,  
And wolves of heresy prowling free.

But the years went on, and brought no  
 wrong;  
 With milder counsels the State grew  
 strong,  
 As outward Letter and inward Light 135  
 Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,  
 To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,  
 And spake in the voice of the cannon-  
 shot

That severed the chains of a continent.  
 With its gentler mission of peace and  
 good-will 141

The thought of the Quaker is living  
 still,

And the freedom of soul he prophesied  
 Is gospel and law where the martyrs died.

1880.

## VALUATION.

THE old Squire said, as he stood by his  
 gate,

And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by,  
 'In spite of my bank stock and real estate,  
 You are better off, Deacon, than I.

'We're both growing old, and the end's  
 drawing near, 5

You have less of this world to resign,  
 But in Heaven's appraisal your assets,  
 I fear,

Will reckon up greater than mine.

'They say I am rich, but I'm feeling so  
 poor,

I wish I could swap with you even: 10  
 The pounds I have lived for and laid up  
 in store

For the shillings and pence you have  
 given.'

'Well, Squire,' said the Deacon, with  
 shrewd common sense,

While his eye had a twinkle of fun,  
 'Let your pounds take the way of my  
 shillings and pence, 15  
 And the thing can be easily done!'

1880.

## RABBI ISHMAEL.

'Rabbi Ishmael Ben Elisha said, Once I entered into the Holy of Holies [as High Priest] to burn incense, when I saw Akriel [the Divine Crown] Jah, Lord of Hosts, sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, who said unto me, "Ishmael, my son, bless me." I answered, "*May it please Thee to make Thy compassion prevail over Thine anger; may it be revealed above Thy other attributes; mayest Thou deal with Thy children according to it, and not according to the strict measure of judgment.*" It seemed to me that He bowed His head, as though to answer Amen to my blessing.'—Talmud (Berachoth, f. f 6 b).

The Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin  
 Of the world heavy upon him, entering in  
 The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face  
 With terrible splendor filling all the place.  
 'O Ishmael Ben Elisha!' said a voice, 5  
 'What seekest thou? What blessing is  
 thy choice?'

And, knowing that he stood before the  
 Lord,

Within the shadow of the cherubim,  
 Wide-winged between the blinding light  
 and him,

He bowed himself, and uttered not a  
 word, 10

But in the silence of his soul was prayer:  
 'O Thou Eternal! I am one of all,  
 And nothing ask that others may not  
 share.

Thou art almighty; we are weak and  
 small,

And yet Thy children: let Thy mercy  
 spare!' 15

Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in the  
 place

Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face  
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent  
 Graciously down in token of assent,  
 And, smiling, vanished! With strange  
 joy elate, 20

The wondering Rabbi sought the temple's  
 gate.

Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he  
 stood

And cried aloud unto the multitude:

'O Israel, hear! The Lord our God is good!  
Mine eyes have seen His glory and His grace; 25  
Beyond His judgments shall His love endure;  
The mercy of the All Merciful is sure!' 1881.

THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE.

H. Y. Hind, in *Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula* (11. 166), mentions the finding of a rock-tomb near the little fishing-port of Bradore, with the inscription upon it which is given in the poem.

A DREAR and desolate shore!  
Where no tree unfolds its leaves,  
And never the spring wind weaves  
Green grass for the hunter's tread;  
A land forsaken and dead, 5  
Where the ghostly icebergs go  
And come with the ebb and flow  
Of the waters of Bradore!

A wanderer, from a land  
By summer breezes fanned, 10  
Looked round him, awed, subdued,  
By the dreadful solitude,  
Hearing alone the cry  
Of sea-birds clanging by,  
The crash and grind of the floe, 15  
Wail of wind and wash of tide.  
'O wretched land!' he cried,  
'Land of all lands the worst,  
God forsaken and curst!  
Thy gates of rock should show 20  
The words the Tuscan seer  
Read in the Realm of Woe:  
*Hope entereth not here!*'

Lo! at his feet there stood  
A block of smooth larch wood, 25  
Waif of some wandering wave,  
Beside a rock-closed cave  
By Nature fashioned for a grave;  
Safe from the ravening bear  
And fierce fowl of the air,  
Wherein to rest was laid 30  
A twenty summers' maid,  
Whose blood had equal share

Of the lands of vine and snow,  
Half French, half Eskimo. 35  
In letters uneffaced,  
Upon the block were traced  
The grief and hope of man,  
And thus the legend ran:  
'We loved her!' 40  
Words cannot tell how well!  
'We loved her!  
God loved her!  
And called her home to peace and rest.  
'We love her!' 45

The stranger paused and read.  
'O winter land!' he said,  
'Thy right to be I own;  
God leaves thee not alone.  
And if thy fierce winds blow 50  
Over drear wastes of rock and snow,  
And at thy iron gates  
The ghostly iceberg waits,  
Thy homes and hearts are dear.  
Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust 55  
Is sanctified by hope and trust;  
God's love and man's are here.  
And love where'er it goes  
Makes its own atmosphere;  
Its flowers of Paradise 60  
Take root in the eternal ice,  
And bloom through Polar snows!' 1881.

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

The volume in which *The Bay of Seven Islands* was published was dedicated to the late Edwin Percy Whipple, to whom more than to any other person I was indebted for public recognition as one worthy of a place in American literature, at a time when it required a great degree of courage to urge such a claim for a proscribed abolitionist. Although younger than I, he had gained the reputation of a brilliant essayist, and was regarded as the highest American authority in criticism. His wit and wisdom enlivened a small literary circle of young men, including Thomas Starr King, the eloquent preacher, and Daniel N. Haskell, of the *Daily Transcript*, who gathered about our common friend James T. Fields at the Old Corner Bookstore. The poem which gave title to the volume I inscribed to my



friend and neighbor, Harriet Prescott Spofford,  
whose poems have lent a new interest to our  
beautiful river-valley.

FROM the green Amesbury hill which  
bears the name  
Of that half mythic ancestor of mine  
Who trod its slopes two hundred years  
ago,

Down the long valley of the Merrimac,  
Midway between me and the river's  
mouth, 5

I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest  
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines.  
Crowning the crag on which the sunset  
breaks

Its last red arrow. Many a tale and song,  
Which thou hast told or sung, I call to  
mind, 10

Softening with silvery mist the woods and  
hills,

The out-thrust headlands and inreaching  
bays

Of our northeastern coast-line, trending  
where

The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill  
blockade

Of icebergs stranded at its northern gate.

To thee the echoes of the Island Sound 16  
Answer not vainly, nor in vain the moan  
Of the South Breaker prophesying storm.  
And thou hast listened, like myself, to  
men

Sea-periled oft where Anticosti lies 20  
Like a fell spider in its web of fog,

Or where the Grand Bank shallows with  
the wrecks

Of sunken fishers, and to whom strange  
isles

And frost-rimmed bays and trading sta-  
tions seem

Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle Cove,  
Nubble and Boon, the common names of  
home. 26

So let me offer thee this lay of mine,  
Simple and homely, lacking much thy  
play

Of color and of fancy. If its theme  
And treatment seem to thee befitting  
youth 30

Rather than age, let this be my excuse:

It has beguiled some heavy hours and  
called

Some pleasant memories up; and, better  
still,

Occasion lent me for a kindly word  
To one who is my neighbor and my  
friend. 35

1883.

The skipper sailed out of the harbor  
mouth,

Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner Breeze. 39

Handsome and brave and young was he,  
And the maids of Newbury sighed to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty  
screen

Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine, 45  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little Breeze sailed on,

Backward and forward, along the shore  
Of lorn and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way 50  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering snow,  
With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood; 55

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last out-  
post

Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner  
lay, 60

A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over isle and bay, and behind  
On mountains dim-defined.

And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest, and  
sung 65

In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine;  
And both, it so befell, 70  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to one;  
Though less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twain apart. 75

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed;  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house for-  
bade, 80

And solemn warning was sternly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, 'A warm sun shines 85  
On the green-banked Merrimac;  
Wait, watch, till I come back.

'And when you see, from my mast head,  
The signal fly of a kerchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait; 90  
Come, when the night is late.'

Ah! weighed with childhood's haunts  
and friends,

\* And all that the home sky overbends,  
Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale? 95

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands:  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard? 100  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished once  
more

By the black coast-line of Labrador; 105  
And by love and the north wind  
driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again;  
Said Suzette, 'Mother dear, 110  
The heretic's sail is here.'

'Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide;  
Your door shall be bolted!' the mother  
cried:

While Suzette, ill at ease, 114  
Watched the red sign of the Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff;  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed, 120  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite  
said:

And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands? Did he pause to  
hear

The sound of her light step drawing near?  
And, as the slow hours passed, 126  
Would he doubt her faith at last?

But when she saw through the misty pane,  
The morning break on a sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail 130  
To follow his vanished sail?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Moic hills behind,  
And heard from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar. 135

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray  
weather

They sat on the reeling deck together,  
Lover and counterfeit  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead  
fair 140

He smoothed away her jet-black hair.  
What was it his fond eyes met?  
The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted : ' Bear away  
East by north for the Seven Isles Bay !'  
The maiden wept and prayed, 146  
But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found :  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung 150  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw :  
Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
In the hush of its lonely bay. 155

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping  
sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scared look of Suzette.

' Here is your daughter,' the skipper said ;  
' Give me the one I love instead.' 161  
But the woman sternly spake ;  
' Go, see if the dead will wake !'

He looked. Her sweet face still and white  
And strange in the noonday taper light,  
She lay on her little bed, 166  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man  
bent  
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went  
Back to the waiting Breeze, 170  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came  
back.  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette, 175

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say ?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day  
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais, 181  
Or squaw, in her small kyack,  
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands ;  
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast  
sands ; 185  
One in her wild despair,  
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
The red sign fluttering from her mast,  
Over the solemn seas, 190  
The ghost of the schooner Breeze !  
1882.

### THE WISHING BRIDGE.

AMONG the legends sung or said  
Along our rocky shore,  
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead  
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran 5  
The old-time story) all  
Good wishes said above its span  
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed  
The prayers of man or maid 10  
For him who on the deep sea sailed,  
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from school,  
And wished in childish glee :  
And one would be a queen and rule, 15  
And one the world would see.

Time passed ; with change of hopes and  
fears,  
And in the self-same place,  
Two women, gray with middle years,  
Stood, wondering, face to face. 20

With wakened memories, as they met,  
They queried what had been :  
' A poor man's wife am I, and yet,'  
Said one, ' I am a queen.

' My realm a little homestead is, 25  
Where, lacking crown and throne,  
I rule by loving services  
And patient toil alone.'

The other said: 'The great world lies  
Beyond me as it lay; 30  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet may never stray.

'I see but common sights of home,  
Its common sounds I hear,  
My widowed mother's sick-bed room 35  
Sufficeth for my sphere.

'I read to her some pleasant page  
Of travel far and wide,  
And in a dreamy pilgrimage 40  
We wander side by side.

'And when, at last, she falls asleep,  
My book becomes to me  
A magic glass: my watch I keep,  
But all the world I see.

'A farm-wife queen your place you fill, 45  
While fancy's privilege  
Is mine to walk the earth at will,  
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge.'

'Nay, leave the legend for the truth,'  
The other cried, 'and say 50  
God gives the wishes of our youth,  
But in His own best way!'

1882.

## HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.

The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

*To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.*

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not

exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

*Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.*

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

THE tossing spray of Coheco's fall  
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,  
As through Dover town in the chill, gray  
dawn,  
Three women passed, at the cart-tail  
drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's  
grip 5  
And keener sting of the constable's whip,  
The blood that followed each hissing blow  
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid  
Followed the dismal cavalcade; 10  
And from door and window, open thrown,  
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

'God is our witness,' the victims cried,  
'We suffer for Him who for all men  
died;  
The wrong ye do has been done before, 15  
We hear the stripes that the Master bore!

'And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom  
We hear the feet of a coming doom,  
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong  
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long. 20

'In the light of the Lord, a flame we see  
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;  
And beneath it an old man lying dead,  
With stains of blood on his hoary head.'

'Sunite, Goodman Hate-Evil! — harder  
still!' 25

The magistrate cried, 'lay on with a will!  
Drive out of their bodies the Father of  
Lies,  
Who through them preaches and pro-  
phesies!'

So into the forest they held their way, 29  
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,  
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat  
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,  
Peered stealthily through the forest gaps;  
And the outlying settler shook his head, —  
'They're witches going to jail,' he said. 36

At last a meeting-house came in view;  
A blast on his horn the constable blew;  
And the boys of Hampton cried up and  
down,  
'The Quakers have come!' to the wonder-  
ing town. 40

From barn and woodpile the goodninan  
came;

The goodwife quitted her quilting frame,  
With her child at her breast; and, hobbling  
slow,

The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,  
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh  
stung. 46

'Oh, spare! they are bleeding!' a little  
maid cried,  
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd: 'Good  
folks,'

Quoth the constable, busy counting the  
strokes, 50

'No pity to wretches like these is due,  
They have beaten the gospel black and  
blue!'

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,  
With her wooden noggin of milk drew  
near.

'Drink, poor hearts!' a rude hand smote 55  
Her draught away from a parching throat.

'Take heed,' one whispered, 'they'll take  
your cow

For fines, as they took your horse and  
plough,

And the bed from under you.' 'Even so,'  
She said; 'they are cruel as death, I know.'

Then on they passed, in the waning day, 61  
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;  
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bar,  
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town, 65  
The sufferers stood, in the red sundown,  
Bare for the lash! O pitying Night,  
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on his  
lip

The Salisbury constable dropped his  
whip. 70

'This warrant means murder foul and red;  
Cursed is he who serves it,' he said.

'Show me the order, and meanwhile strike  
A blow at your peril!' said Justice Pike.  
Of all the rulers the land possessed, 75  
Wiseest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met  
As man meets man: his feet he set  
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,  
Soul-free, with his face to the morning  
light. 80

He read the warrant: '*These convey  
From our precincts; at every town on the  
way  
Give each ten lashes.*' 'God judge the  
brute!

I tread his order under my foot! 84

2 Cut loose these poor ones and let them go:  
Come what will of it, all men shall know  
No warrant is good, though backed by  
the Crown,  
For whipping women in Salisbury town!

The hearts of the villagers, half released  
From creed of terror and rule of priest, 90  
By a primal instinct owned the right  
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,  
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;  
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran 95  
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise  
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze  
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed  
A golden glory on each bowed head. 100

The tale is one of an evil time,  
When souls were fettered and thought  
was crime,  
And heresy's whisper above its breath  
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and  
death!

What marvel, that hunted and sorely  
tried, 105  
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,  
And soft words rarely answered back  
The grim persuasion of whip and rack!

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail  
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven  
nail, 110

O woman, at ease in these happier days,  
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways!

How much thy beautiful life may owe  
To her faith and courage thou canst not  
know,

Nor how from the paths of thy calm  
retreat 115

She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding  
feet.

1883.

# SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell  
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,  
Who pause beside the narrow cell  
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came 5  
A beggar, stretching empty palms,  
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name  
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, 'All I have  
In this poor cell of mine I give, 10  
The silver cup my mother gave:  
In Christ's name take thou it, and live.'

Years passed; and, called at last to  
bear

The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,  
The poor monk, in Saint Peter's chair, 15  
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

'Prepare a feast,' Saint Gregory cried,  
'And let twelve beggars sit thereat.'  
The beggars came, and one beside,  
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

'I asked thee not,' the Pontiff spake, 21  
'O stranger; but if need be thine,  
I bid thee welcome, for the sake  
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine.'

A grave, calm face the stranger raised, 25  
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,  
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,  
Whose form was as the Son of God.

'Know'st thou,' he said, 'thy gift of  
old?'

And in the hand he lifted up 30  
The Pontiff marvelled to behold  
Once more his mother's silver cup.

'Thy prayers and alms have risen, and  
bloom

Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.  
I am The Wonderful, through whom 35  
Whate'er thou askest shall be given.'

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell  
With his twelve guests in mute accord  
Prone on their faces, knowing well  
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord. 40

The old-time legend is not vain;  
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,  
Telling it o'er and o'er again  
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares 45  
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,  
And love the beggar's feast prepares,  
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,  
Unseen, because our eyes are dim, 50  
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,  
And all good deeds are done to Him.

1883.

## BIRCHBROOK MILL.

A NOTELESS stream, the Birchbrook runs  
Beneath its leaning trees;  
That low, soft ripple is its own,  
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone  
The distant church spire's tip,  
And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray,  
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,  
It wanders at its will;  
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell  
Where once was Birchbrook mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed  
Long since a farmer's fires;  
His doorsteps are the stones that ground  
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here; but Nature lost  
No right of her domain;  
She waited, and she brought the old  
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves  
Falls on its moist, green sod,  
And wakes the violet bloom of spring  
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,  
The swallow dips her wings  
In the cool spray, and on its banks  
The gray song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night falls,  
The school-girl shrinks with dread:  
The farmer, home-bound from his fields,  
Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the grind  
Of shadowy stone on stone;  
The plashing of a water-wheel  
Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a cry of pain been heard  
Above the clattering mill?  
The pawing of an unseen horse,  
Who waits his mistress still?

Yet never to the listener's eye  
Has sight confirmed the sound;  
A wavering birch line marks alone  
The vacant pasture ground.

No ghostly arms fling up to heaven  
The agony of prayer;  
No spectral steed impatient shakes  
His white mane on the air.

The meaning of that common dread  
No tongue has fitly told;  
The secret of the dark surmise  
The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past  
Broods here forevermore?  
What ghost his unforgiven sin  
Is grinding o'er and o'er?

Does, then, immortal memory play  
The actor's tragic part,  
Rehearsals of a mortal life  
And unveiled human heart?

God's pity spare a guilty soul  
That drama of its ill,  
And let the scenic curtain fall  
On Birchbrook's haunted mill!  
1884.

## THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

Read at the unveiling of the bust of Elizabeth  
Fry at the Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

A. D. 1209.

AMIDST Thuringia's wooded hills she  
dwelt,  
A high-born princess, servant of the  
poor,  
Sweetening with gracious words the food  
she dealt  
To starving throngs at Wartburg's  
blazoned door.

A blinded zealot held her soul in chains, 5  
Cramped the sweet nature that he could  
not kill,  
Scarred her fair body with his penance-  
pains,  
And gauged her conscience by his  
narrow will.

God gave her gifts of beauty and of grace,  
With fast and vigil she denied them all;  
Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic face, 11  
She followed meekly at her stern guide's  
call.

So drooped and died her home-blown rose  
of bliss  
In the chill rigor of a discipline  
That turned her fond lips from her  
children's kiss, 15  
And made her joy of motherhood a sin.

To their sad level by compassion led,  
One with the low and vile herself she  
made,  
While thankless misery mocked the hand  
that fed,  
And laughed to scorn her piteous mas-  
querade. 20

But still, with patience that outwearied  
hate,  
She gave her all while yet she had to  
give;  
And then her empty hands, importunate,  
In prayer she lifted that the poor might  
live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs more  
hard to bear, 25  
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh  
control,  
She kept life fragrant with good deeds  
and prayer,  
And fresh and pure the white flower of  
her soul.

Death found her busy at her task: one  
word 29  
Alone she uttered as she paused to die,  
'Silence!'—then listened even as one who  
heard  
With song and wing the angels drawing  
nigh!

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her hands,  
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want and  
Pain  
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image  
stands 35  
Worshipped and crowned in Marburg's  
holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross  
uprears,  
Wide as the world her story still is  
told;  
In manhood's reverence, woman's prayers  
and tears,  
She lives again whose grave is centuries  
old. 40

And still, despite the weakness or the  
blame  
Of blind submission to the blind, she  
hath  
A tender place in hearts of every name,  
And more than Rome owns Saint  
Elizabeth!

A.D. 1780.

Slow ages passed: and lo! another  
came, 45  
An English matron, in whose simple  
faith  
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,  
A plain, uncanonized Elizabeth.

No sackcloth robe, nor ashen-sprinkled  
hair,  
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor vigil  
long, 50  
Marred her calm presence. God had made  
her fair,  
And she could do His goodly work no  
wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden  
light  
Whose sole confessor is the Christ of  
God;  
Her quiet trust and faith transcending  
sight 55  
Smoothed to her feet the difficult paths  
she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade her  
go,  
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered nun,  
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's  
gaudy show,  
And overcame the world she did not  
shun. 60



In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal  
hall,  
In the great city's restless crowd and  
din,

Her ear was open to the Master's call,  
And knew the summons of His voice  
within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife, 65  
Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime  
she stood

In modest raiment faultless as her life,  
The type of England's worthiest woman-  
hood!

To melt the hearts that harshness turned  
to stone

The sweet persuasion of her lips sufficed,  
And guilt, which only hate and fear had  
known, 71

Saw in her own the pitying love of  
Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit went  
She followed, finding every prison cell  
It opened for her sacred as a tent 75  
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's  
well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong  
appeal,

And priest and ruler marvelled as they  
saw

How hand in hand went wisdom with her  
zeal,

And woman's pity kept the bounds of  
law. 80

She rests in God's peace; but her memory  
stirs

The air of earth as with an angel's wings,  
And warms and moves the hearts of men  
like hers, 85

The sainted daughter of Hungarian  
kings.

United now, the Briton and the Hun, 85  
Each, in her own time, faithful unto  
death,

Live sister souls! in name and spirit one,  
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth!

1885.

### REQUITAL.

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day  
drew

Nigh to its close, besought all men to  
say

Whom he had wronged, to whom he  
then should pay

A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,  
And, through the silence of his weeping  
friends, 5

A strange voice cried: 'Thou owest me  
a debt,'

'Allah be praised!' he answered. 'Even  
yet

He gives me power to make to thee  
amends.

O friend! I thank thee for thy timely  
word.'

So runs the tale. Its lesson all may heed,  
For all have sinned in thought, or word,  
or deed, 11

Or, like the Prophet, through neglect have  
erred.

All need forgiveness, all have debts to pay  
Ere the night cometh, while it still is day.

1885.

### THE HOMESTEAD.<sup>27</sup>

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,  
Ghost of a dead home, staring through  
Its broken lights on wasted lands  
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,  
The poor, forsaken farm-fields lie, 6  
Once rich and rife with golden corn  
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,  
The garden plot no housewife keeps; 10  
Through weeds and tangle only left,  
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, still blossom-clad,  
Sways slow before the empty rooms;  
Beside the roofless porch a sad 15  
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,  
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,  
And in the fireless chimney's mouth  
His web the spider weaves. 20

The leaning barn, about to fall,  
Resounds no more on husking eves;  
No cattle low in yard or stall,  
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost 25  
Some haunting Presence makes its sign;  
That down yon shadowy lane some  
ghost  
Might drive his spectral kine!

O home so desolate and lorn!  
Did all thy memories die with thee? 30  
Were any wed, were any born,  
Beneath this low roof-tree?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,  
And let the waiting sunshine through?  
What goodwife sent the earliest smoke 35  
Up the great chimney flue?

Did rustic lovers hither come?  
Did maidens, swaying back and forth  
In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,  
Make light their toil with mirth? 40

Did child feet patter on the stair?  
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?  
Did gray age, in her elbow chair,  
Knit, rocking to and fro? 44

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,  
The pine's slow whisper, cannot tell;  
Low mounds beneath the hemlock-trees  
Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast  
Of sons far off who strive and thrive, 50  
Forgetful that each swarming host  
Must leave an emptier hive!

O wanderers from ancestral soil,  
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store:  
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil, 55  
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,  
And fragrant fern, and ground-nut vine;  
Breathe airs blown overholt and copse  
Sweet with black birch and pine. 60

What matter if the gains are small  
That life's essential wants supply?  
Your homestead's title gives you all  
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollared crave, 65  
The brick-walled slaves of 'Change and  
mart,  
Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers, you  
have,  
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-willed,  
With none to bid you go or stay, 70  
Till the old fields your fathers tilled,  
As manly men as they!

With skill that spares your toiling hands,  
And chemic aid that science brings,  
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands, 75  
And reign thereon as kings!

1886.

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,  
Under May's blown apple-tree,  
While these home-birds in and out  
Through the blossoms flit about.  
Hear a story, strange and old, 5  
By the wild red Indians told,  
How the robin came to be:  
Once a great chief left his son,—  
Well-beloved, his only one,—  
When the boy was well-nigh grown, 10  
In the trial-lodge alone.  
Left for tortures long and slow  
Youths like him must undergo,  
Who their pride of manhood test,  
Lacking water, food, and rest. 15

Seven days the fast he kept,  
Seven nights he never slept.  
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
Weak from nature's overstrain,

Faltering, moaned a low complaint: 20  
 'Spare me, father, for I faint !'  
 But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
 Hid his pity in his pride.  
 'You shall be a hunter good,  
 Knowing never lack of food : 25  
 You shall be a warrior great,  
 Wise as fox and strong as bear ;  
 Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
 If with patient heart you wait  
 Bravely till your task is done. 30  
 Better you should starving die  
 Than that boy and squaw should cry  
 Shame upon your father's son !'

When next morn the sun's first rays  
 Glistened on the hemlock sprays, 35  
 Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
 And boiled sump and moose meat brought.  
 'Rise and eat, my son !' he said.  
 Lo, he found the poor boy dead !  
 As with grief his grave they made, 40  
 And his bow beside him laid,  
 Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,  
 On the lodge-top overhead,  
 Preening smooth its breast of red  
 And the brown coat that it wore, 45  
 Sat a bird, unknown before.  
 And as if with human tongue,  
 'Mourn me not,' it said, or sung ;  
 'I, a bird, am still your son,  
 Happier than if hunter fleet, 50  
 Or a brave, before your feet  
 Laying scalps in battle won.  
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
 Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
 To each wigwam I shall bring 55  
 Tidings of the coming spring ;  
 Every child my voice shall know  
 In the moon of melting snow,  
 When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells.  
 As their fond companion  
 Men shall henceforth own your son,  
 And my song shall testify  
 That of human kin am I.'

Thus the Indian legend saith 65  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life from death,  
 Bird for boy, and still the same.

If my young friends doubt that this 70  
 Is the robin's genesis,  
 Not in vain is still the myth  
 If a truth be found therewith :  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;  
 Happier far than hate is praise,— 75  
 He who sings than he who slays.  
 1886.

### BANISHED FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

1660.

On a painting by E. A. Abbey. The General  
 Court of Massachusetts enacted Oct. 19, 1658, that  
 'any person or persons of the cursed sect of  
 Quakers' should, on conviction of the same, be  
 banished, on pain of death, from the jurisdiction  
 of the commonwealth.

OVER the threshold of his pleasant home  
 Set in green clearings passed the exiled 40  
 Friend,  
 In simple trust, misdoubting not the  
 end.  
 'Dear heart of mine !' he said, 'the time  
 has come  
 To trust the Lord for shelter.' One long 45  
 gaze  
 The goodwife turned on each familiar  
 thing,—  
 The lowing kine, the orchard blossom-  
 ing,  
 The open door that showed the hearth-  
 fire's blaze,—  
 And calmly answered, 'Yes, He will  
 provide.' 55  
 Silent and slow they crossed the home-  
 stead's bound,  
 Lingering the longest by their child's  
 grave-mound.  
 'Move on, or stay and hang !' the sheriff 60  
 cried.  
 They left behind them more than home  
 or land,  
 And set sad faces to an alien strand.

Safer with winds and waves than human 65  
 wrath,  
 With ravening wolves than those whose  
 zeal for God  
 Was cruelty to man, the exiles trod

Drear leagues of forest without guide or  
path,  
Or launching frail boats on the uncharted  
sea,  
Round storm-vexed capes, whose teeth  
of granite ground 20  
The waves to foam, their perilous way  
they wound,  
Enduring all things so their souls were  
free.  
Oh, true confessors, shaming them who  
did  
Anew the wrong their Pilgrim Fathers  
bore !  
For you the Mayflower spread her sail  
once more, 25  
Freighted with souls, to all that duty bid  
Faithful as they who sought an unknown  
land,  
O'er wintry seas, from Holland's Hook of  
Sand !  
So from his lost home to the darkening  
main,  
Bodeful of storm, stout Macy held his  
way, 30  
And, when the green shore blended with  
the gray,  
His poor wife moaned : ' Let us turn back  
again.'  
' Nay, woman, weak of faith, kneel down,'  
said he,  
' And say thy prayers : the Lord Him-  
self will steer ;  
And led by Him, nor man nor devils  
I fear !' 35  
So the gray Southwicks, from a rainy sea,  
Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and  
gave  
With feeble voices thanks for friendly  
ground  
Whereon to rest their weary feet, and  
found  
A peaceful death-bed and a quiet grave  
Where, ocean-walled, and wiser than his  
age, 41  
The lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's  
rage.  
Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely  
shores,  
And Indian-haunted Narragansett saw

The way-worn travellers round their  
camp-fire draw, 45  
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.  
And every place whereon they rested  
grew  
Happier for pure and gracious woman-  
hood,  
And men whose names for stainless  
honor stood,  
Founders of States and rulers wise and  
true. 50  
The Muse of history yet shall make  
amends  
To those who freedom, peace, and jus-  
tice taught,  
Beyond their dark age led the van of  
thought,  
And left unforfeited the name of Friends.  
O mother State, how foiled 'was thy  
design ! 55  
The gain was theirs, the loss alone was  
thine.  
1886.

# THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

The hint of this ballad is found in Arndt's  
*Marchen*, Berlin, 1816. The ballad appeared first  
in *St. Nicholas*, whose young readers were ad-  
vised, while smiling at the absurd superstition,  
to remember that bad companionship and evil  
habits, desires, and passions are more to be  
dreaded now than the Elves and Trolls who  
frightened the children of past ages.

THE pleasant isle of Rügen looks the  
Baltic water o'er,  
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pom-  
eranian shore ;  
And in the town of Ramin a little boy  
and maid  
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and  
in the sea-surf played.  
Alike were they in beauty if not in their  
degree : 5  
He was the Amptman's first-born, the  
miller's child was she.  
Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of  
Dwarfs and Trolls,  
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the  
people without souls ;

And for every man and woman in Rügen's island found	She will not come ; she's one of us ; she's mine !' the Brown Dwarf said ;
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was underground. 10	'The day is set, the cake is baked, to- morrow we shall wed.'
It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away	'The fell fiend fetch thee !' Deitrich cried, 'and keep thy foul tongue still.
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.	Quick ! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill !'
That day, in barley fields below, the harvesters had known	The Dwarf obeyed ; and youth and Troll down the long stairway passed, 35
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.	And saw in dim and sunless light a coun- try strange and vast.
She came not back ; the search for her in field and wood was vain : 15	Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land,—
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.	Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.
'She's down among the Brown Dwarfs,' said the dream-wives wise and old,	He came unto a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church bell tolled.	Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread. 40
Five years her father mourned her ; and then John Deitrich said :	How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild !
'I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead.' 20	Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled !
He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,	Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.	Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.
And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,	He looked ; he clasped her in his arms ; he knew the long-lost one ; 45
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell, and thrust it on his head.	'O Lisbeth ! See thy playmate—I am the Amptman's son !'
The Troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it. 25	She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sobs she spoke :
'Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit !' ;	'Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk !
'Nay,' Deitrich said ; 'the Dwarf who throws his charmed cap away,	'And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.	And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain ! 50
'You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth ;	'And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth.' 30	The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea :

'And oh, upon my father's knee to sit  
beside the door,  
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Ram-  
bin church once more !'

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips ;  
the Brown Dwarf groaned to see, 55  
And tore his tangled hair and ground his  
long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said : 'For five long years  
this tender Christian maid  
Has served you in your evil world, and  
well must she be paid !

'Haste !—hither bring me precious gems,  
the richest in your store ;

Then when we pass the gate of glass,  
you 'll take your cap once more.' 60

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and,  
murmuring, he obeyed,

And filled the pockets of the youth and  
apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and  
passed the gate of glass ;

They felt the sunshine's warm caress,  
they trod the soft, green grass.

And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf  
stretch up to them his brown 65

And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed  
his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was  
never sky so blue,

As hand in hand they homeward walked  
the pleasant meadows through !

And never sang the birds so sweet in  
Rambin's woods before,  
And never washed the waves so soft along  
the Baltic shore ; 70

And when beneath his door-yard trees  
the father met his child,  
The bells rung out their merriest peal,  
the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the  
twain came forth as one,  
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the  
miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide,  
and nurse and maid crooned o'er 75  
Their cradle song : 'Sleep on, sleep well,  
the Trolls shall come no more !'

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a  
cross of stone ;

And Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain  
a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair  
Rügen's pride and boast,

Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Po-  
meranian coast ; 80

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich  
beyond compare,

Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt  
long and happy there.

## Poems of Nature

### THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! You may trace his footsteps  
now

On the naked woods and the blasted  
fields and the brown hill's withered  
brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old  
trees where their pleasant green  
came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever  
he goes, have shaken them down  
to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! from the frozen Labrador, 5

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,  
which the white bear wanders o'er,  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,  
and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night  
into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! on the rushing Northern  
blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have  
bowed as his fearful breath went  
past. 10

With an unscorched wing he has hurried  
on, where the fires of Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and  
the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! and the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,  
and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the  
broken rocks, or sang to the leaning  
grass, 15

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and  
in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit  
comes! Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire  
his evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round, when  
that firelight dances high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled  
Fiend as his sounding wing goes  
by! 20

1830.

### THE MERRIMAC.

'The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to  
the south, which they call Merrimac.'—SIEUR DE  
MONTS, 1694.

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them  
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold 5  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.

There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide 10  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem

Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail 15  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade, 20  
But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.  
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand, 25  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed  
strand,

Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak, 30  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimac rolled down his flood;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook, 35  
Which channels vast Agiochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of  
Heaven,' 40  
Tributes from vale and mountain-side,—  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood, 45  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,<sup>29</sup>  
Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled, 50  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story;<sup>30</sup>  
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters, 55  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's  
waters,—  
Who, when the chance of war had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours of  
pain, 60

And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;  
And clearly on the calm air swells 65  
The twilight voice of distant bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,  
The mists come slowly rolling in;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim, 70  
While yonder lonely coast-light, set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers!—I have stood 75  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade;  
Looked down the Appalachian peak  
On Juniata's silver streak; 80  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner 85  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;  
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to  
thee!

Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound, 90  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore;  
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him pass; 95  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
Along whose bowers of beauty swept 100  
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;  
And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some dear familiar face, 105  
He wept to find the vision flown,—  
A phantom and a dream alone!



## HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
 Where, miles away,  
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
 A luminous belt, a misty light,  
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes  
 of sandy gray. 5

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
 Against its ground  
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
 Still as a picture, clear and free,  
 With varying outline mark the coast for  
 miles around. 10

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein  
 Our seaward way,  
 Through dark-green fields and blossom-  
 ing grain,  
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
 And bends above our heads the flowering  
 locust spray. 15

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
 Comes this fresh breeze,  
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
 While through my being seems to flow  
 The breath of a new life, the healing of  
 the seas! 20

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
 His feet hath set  
 In the great waters, which have  
 bound  
 His granite ankles greenly round  
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds  
 with cool spray wet. 25

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take  
 Mine ease to-day:  
 Here where these sunny waters break,  
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
 All burdens from the heart, all weary  
 thoughts away. 30

I draw a freer breath, I seem  
 Like all I see—  
 Waves in the sun, the white-winged  
 gleam  
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam,  
 And far-off sails which flit before the  
 south-wind free. 35

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
 The soul may know  
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
 But with the upward rise, and with the  
 vastness grow. 40

And all we shrink from now may seem  
 No new revealing;  
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
 Or pleasant memory of a dream  
 The loved and cherished Past upon the  
 new life stealing. 45

Serene and mild the untried light  
 May have its dawning;  
 And, as in summer's northern night  
 The evening and the dawn unite,  
 The sunset hues of Time blend with the  
 soul's new morning. 50

I sit alone; in foam and spray  
 Wave after wave  
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern and  
 gray,  
 Shoulder the broken tide away,  
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through  
 mossy cleft and cave. 55

What heed I of the dusty land  
 And noisy town?  
 I see the mighty deep expand  
 From its white line of glimmering  
 sand  
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer  
 waves shuts down! 60

In listless quietude of mind,  
 I yield to all  
 The change of cloud and wave and wind;  
 And passive on the flood reclined,  
 I wander with the waves, and with them  
 rise and fall. 65

But look, thou dreamer! wave and shore  
 In shadow lie;  
 The night-wind warns me back once  
 more  
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing  
 sunset sky. 70

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell !

I bear with me  
No token stone nor glittering shell,  
But long and oft shall Memory tell  
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing  
by the Sea. 75

1843.

### A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play ;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.  
The snow-plumed Angel of the North 5  
Has dropped his icy spear ;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook, 10  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.  
'Bear up, O Mother Nature !' cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;  
'Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee !' 15

So, in those winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear. 20  
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And how beneath the winter's snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day. 25  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall ; 30  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His hope with all !

4th, 1st mo., 1847.

### THE LAKESIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night ;  
Slow up the slopes of Osaipée  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding heat, 5  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills ! where, cool and sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie !

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er ials and reach and bay, 10  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep 15  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked down  
Upon the Smile of God. 20  
To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest skeptic taught ;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought. 15

He saw these mountains in the light 25  
Which now across them shines ;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.  
God near him seemed ; from earth and  
skies  
His loving voice he heard, 30  
As, face to face, in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father ! that, like him,  
Thy tender love I see,  
In radiant hill and woodland dim, 35  
And tinted sunset sea.  
For not in mockery dost Thou fill  
Our earth with light and grace ;  
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
Behind Thy smiling face ! 40

1849.

## AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray, 5  
'An emblem of myself thou art,'  
'Not so,' the Earth did seem to say,  
'For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.'

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams 10  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn, 15  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow ;

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart ;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart. 20  
1849.

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL  
FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
Upon my heart have lain,  
Like shadows on the winter sky,  
Like frost upon the pane ;

But now my torpid fancy wakes, 5  
And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,  
Or witch upon her broom !

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
Before me spreads the lake 10  
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
The grain he has not sown ;  
I see, with flashing scythe of fire, 15  
The prairie harvest mown !

I hear the far-off voyager's horn :  
I see the Yankee's trail,—  
His foot on every mountain-pass,  
On every stream his sail. 20

By forest, lake, and waterfall,  
I see his pedler show ;  
The mighty mingling with the mean,  
The lofty with the low.

He 's whittling by St. Mary's Falls, 25  
Upon his loaded wain ;  
He 's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,  
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell, 30  
The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuit chapel bell !

I see the swarthy trappers come  
From Mississippi's springs ;  
And war-chiefs with their painted brows,  
And crests of eagle wings. 36

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves ;  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves. 40

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be ;  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here 45  
Are plastic yet and warm ;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form !

Each rude and jostling fragment soon 5  
Its fitting place shall find,—  
The raw material of a State,  
Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which leads  
The New World in its train  
Has tipped with fire the icy spears 55  
Of many a mountain chain,

The snowy cones of Oregon  
Are kindling on its way ;  
And California's golden sands  
Gleam brighter in its ray ! 60

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,  
As, wandering far and wide,  
I thank thee for this twilight dream  
And Fancy's airy ride !

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes, 65  
Which Western trappers find,  
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance  
sown,  
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
Whose glistening quill I hold ; 70  
Thy home the ample air of hope,  
And memory's sunset gold !

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
And strength unite with love,  
The eagle's pinions folding round 75  
The warm heart of the dove !

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
Where still the blind bird clings,  
The sunshine of the upper sky  
Shall glitter on thy wings ! 80  
1849.

## APRIL.

'The spring comes slowly up this way.  
*Christabel.*

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet never  
a bird  
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is  
heard ;  
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of  
snow,  
And blowing of drifts where the crocus  
should blow ;  
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and  
white, 5  
On south-sloping brooksides should smile  
in the light,

O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-  
waking roots

The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal  
shoots ;

And, longing for light, under wind-driven  
heaps,

Round the boles of the pine-wood the  
ground-laurel creeps, 10

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of  
showers,

With buds scarcely swelled, which should  
burst into flowers !

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of  
the south !

For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss  
of thy mouth ;

For the yearly evangel thou bearest from  
God, 15

Resurrection and life to the graves of the  
sod !

Up our long river-valley, for days, have  
not ceased

The wail and the shriek of the bitter  
northeast, 75

Raw and chill, as if winnowed through  
ices and snow,

All the way from the land of the wild  
Esquimau, 20

Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,  
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny  
southwest. 80

O soul of the spring-time, its light and  
its breath,

Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life  
to this death ;

Renew the great miracle ; let us behold 25

The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre  
rolled,

And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old !  
Let our faith, which in darkness and cold-  
ness has lain,

Revive with the warmth and the bright-  
ness again,

And in blooming of flower and budding  
of tree 30

The symbols and types of our destiny see ;  
The life of the spring-time, the life of the  
whole,

And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to  
the soul !

1852.

## PICTURES.

## I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness,  
and o'er all  
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, rain-  
ing down  
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed  
town,  
The freshening meadows, and the hill-  
sides brown ;  
Voice of the west-wind from the hills  
of pine, 5  
And the brimmed river from its distant  
fall,  
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude  
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting  
wood,—  
Heralds and prophecies of sound and  
sight,  
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and  
light, 10  
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,  
With reverent footsteps keeping pace  
with mine,—  
Once more, through God's great love,  
with you I share  
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair  
As that which saw, of old, in Pales-  
tine, 15  
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom  
From the dark night and winter of the  
tomb !  
2d, 5th mo., 1852.

## II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the  
pathway winds  
Before me; dust is on the shrunken  
grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs  
I pass; 20  
Frail screen against the Hunter of the  
sky,  
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,  
While mounting with his dog-star  
high and higher  
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds  
The burnished quiver of his shafts  
of fire. 25

Between me and the hot fields of his  
South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-  
mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled  
sight,  
As if the burning arrows of his ire  
Broke as they fell, and shattered into  
light; 30  
Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,  
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,  
And to the faint and flower-forsaken  
bees,  
Tales of fair meadows, green with con-  
stant streams,  
And mountains rising blue and cool be-  
hind, 35  
Where in moist dells the purple orchis  
gleams,  
And starred with white the virgin's bower  
is twined.  
So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares  
Along life's summer waste, at times is  
fanned,  
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs  
Of a serener and a holier land, 41  
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall  
bland.  
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which  
we pray,  
Blow from the eternal hills ! make glad  
our earthly way !  
8th mo., 1852.

## SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

## LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

## I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the  
deep,  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep !  
O isles of calm ! O dark, still wood !  
And stiller skies that overbrood 5  
Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,  
through

Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land, 10  
And softer lights and airs more bland,  
And skies,—the hollow of God's hand !

Transfused through you, O mountain  
friends !

With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends. 15

I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine,  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release 20  
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O welcome calm of heart and mind !  
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind  
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ; 25  
A child again, my head I lay  
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethæan powers,  
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,  
The lake is white with lotus-flowers ! 30

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,  
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,  
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,  
Whose ever-nearing steps appall, 35  
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,  
It speaks but what the light waves say,—  
Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I 41  
Alike on Nature's love rely ;  
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills  
With light the spaces of these hills  
No evil to His creatures wills, 45

The simple faith remains, that He  
Will do, whatever that may be,  
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,  
What light and life the other know, 50  
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,  
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming  
crown

The moon, slow-rounding into sight,  
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles, 56  
Each silver-hemmed ! How sharply  
show

The shadows of their rocky piles,  
And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains seem,  
Dim-looming through the pale, still  
light ! 61

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,  
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,  
Hushed by that presence grand and  
grave, 65

Are silent, save the cricket's wail,  
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and Night  
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,  
What time before the eastern light 70  
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,  
And the young archer, Morn, shall  
break

His arrows on the mountain pines,  
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay 76  
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,  
With lighter steps than mine, may stray  
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave 80  
 These waters and these hills than I :  
 Or, distant, fonder dream how eve  
 Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild  
 On wooded isle and silvering bay ; 85  
 Or setting suns beyond the piled  
 And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,  
 Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,  
 Shall add, to life's abounding joy, 90  
 The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart  
 Her choicest gifts to such as gain  
 An entrance to her loving heart  
 Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes 96  
 One blessing from us others fall ;  
 And, soon or late, our Father makes  
 His perfect recompense to all !

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,  
 And folded in the strong embrace 101  
 Of the great mountains, with the light  
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy dower  
 Of beauty still, and while above 105  
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,  
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.  
 1853.

### THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of autumn's  
 sky  
 Of sunset faded from our hills and  
 streams,  
 I sat, vague listening, lapped in twilight  
 dreams,  
 To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's cry.  
 Then, like that basket, flush with summer  
 fruit, 5  
 Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's  
 foot,

Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered  
 sweetness,  
 Full-orbed, and glowing with the pri-  
 soned beams

Of summery suns, and rounded to com-  
 pleteness

By kisses of the south-wind and the dew.  
 Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought  
 I knew 11

The pleasure of the homeward-turning  
 Jew,

When Eshcol's clusters on his shoulders  
 lay,  
 Dropping their sweetness on his desert  
 way.

I said, 'This fruit beseems no world of  
 sin. 15

Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,  
 O'ercrept the wall, and never paid the  
 price

Of the great mischief,—an ambrosial  
 tree,

Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,  
 To keep the thorns and thistles com-  
 pany.' 20

Perchance our frail, sad mother plucked  
 in haste

A single vine-slip as she passed the gate,  
 Where the dread sword alternate paled  
 and burned, 23

And the stern angel, pitying her fate,  
 Forgave the lovely trespasser, and turned  
 Aside his face of fire ; and thus the waste  
 And fallen world hath yet its annual  
 taste

Of primal good, to prove of sin the cost,  
 And show by one gleaned ear the mighty  
 harvest lost.

1854.

### FLOWERS IN WINTER.

#### PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty morn,  
 In graceful counterfeit of flowers,  
 These children of the meadows, born  
 Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains 5 The pictures of its flower-sown home, The lights and shades, the purple stains, And golden hues of bloom !	But welcome, be it new or old, 45 The gift which makes the day more bright, And paints, upon the ground of cold And darkness, warmth and light !
It was a happy thought to bring To the dark season's frost and rime 10 This painted memory of spring, This dream of summer-time.	Without is neither gold nor green ; Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing ; Yet, summer-like, we sit between 51 The autumn and the spring.
Our hearts are lighter for its sake, Our fancy's age renews its youth, And dim-remembered fictions take 15 The guise of present truth.	The one, with bridal blush of rose, And sweetest breath of woodland balm, And one whose matron lips uncloze 55 In smiles of saintly calm.
A wizard of the Merrimac,— So old ancestral legends say,— Could call green leaf and blossom back To frosted stem and spray. 20	Fill soft and deep, O winter snow ! The sweet azalea's oaken dells, And hide the bank where roses blow, And swing the azure bells ! 60
The dry logs of the cottage wall, Beneath his touch, put out their leaves ; The clay-bound swallow, at his call, Played round the icy eaves.	O'erlay the amber violet's leaves, The purple aster's brookside home, Guard all the flowers her pencil gives A life beyond their bloom.
The settler saw his oaken flail 25 Take bud, and bloom before his eyes ; From frozen pools he saw the pale, Sweet summer lilies rise.	And she, when spring comes round again, By greening slope and singing flood 66 Shall wander, seeking, not in vain, Her darlings of the wood.
To their old homes, by man profaned, Came the sad dryads, exiled long, 30 And through their leafy tongues com- plained Of household use and wrong.	1855.
The beechen platter sprouted wild, The pipkin wore its old-time green, The cradle o'er the sleeping child 35 Became a leafy screen.	<b>THE MAYFLOWERS.</b>
Haply our gentle friend hath met, While wandering in her sylvan quest, Haunting his native woodlands yet, That Druid of the West ; 40	The tralling arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter. The name <i>mayflower</i> was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and still is, to the hawthorn. Its use in New England in connection with <i>Epigæa</i> <i>repens</i> dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower association.
And, while the dew on leaf and flower Glistened in moonlight clear and still, Learned the dusk wizard's spell of power, And caught his trick of skill.	SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars, And nursed by winter gales, With petals of the sleeted spars, And leaves of frozen sails !



What had she in those dreary hours, 5  
 Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
 In common with the wild-wood flowers,  
 The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, 'God be praised !' the Pilgrim said,  
 Who saw the blossoms peer 10  
 Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,  
 'Behold our Mayflower here !'

'God wills it: here our rest shall be,  
 Our years of wandering o'er ;  
 For us the Mayflower of the sea 15  
 Shall spread her sails no more.'

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
 As sweetly now as then  
 Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
 In many a pine-dark glen. 20

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,  
 Unchanged, your leaves unfold,  
 Like love behind the manly strength  
 Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons, 25  
 Their sturdy faith be ours,  
 And ours the love that overruns  
 Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day  
 Its shadow round us draws ; 30  
 The Mayflower of his stormy bay,  
 Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring  
 To life the frozen sod ;  
 And through dead leaves of hope shall  
 spring 35  
 Afresh the flowers of God !  
 1856.

### THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

#### I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched  
 hands  
 Plead with the leaden heavens in  
 vain,  
 I see, beyond the valley lands,  
 The sea's long level dim with rain.

Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
 Seem praying for the snows to come, 6  
 And, for the summer bloom and greenness  
 gone,  
 With winter's sunset lights and dazzling  
 morn atone.

#### II.

Along the river's summer walk,  
 The withered tufts of asters nod ; 10  
 And trembles on its arid stalk  
 The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
 And on a ground of sombre fir,  
 And azure-studded juniper,  
 The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
 And scarlet berries tell where bloomed  
 the sweet wild-rose ! 16

#### III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
 A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
 Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
 Like a great arrow through the sky, 21  
 Two dusky lines converged in one,  
 Chasing the southward-flying sun ;  
 While the brave snow-bird and the hardy  
 jay  
 Call to them from the pines, as if to bid  
 them stay.

#### IV.

I passed this way a year ago : 25  
 The wind blew south ; the noon of day  
 Was warm as June's ; and save that  
 snow  
 Flecked the low mountains far away,  
 And that the vernal-seeming breeze 29  
 Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,  
 I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
 Watching the fallen leaves with the soft  
 wind at play.

#### V.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled  
 The white pagodas of the snow  
 On these rough slopes, and, strong and  
 wild, 35  
 Yon river, in its overflow

Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;  
And over these gray fields, then green  
and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's  
organ rolled. 40

VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
• What hues wherewith our Northern  
clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands  
gay, 44  
What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,  
What songs of brooks and birds, what  
fruits and flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in  
its round been ours !

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go ;  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands, 51  
What purple lights on Alpine snow !  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates ;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale, 55  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a tra-  
veller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails ;  
And he who wanders lonely lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils 60  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,  
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset  
call to prayer !

IX.

The eye may well be glad that looks 65  
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and  
fall ;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.

The marble palaces of Ind  
Rise round him in the snow and wind ;  
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz  
smiles, 71  
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his wood-  
land aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends  
The near at hand and far and rare ;  
And while the same horizon bends 75  
Above the silver-sprinkled hair  
Which flashed the light of morning  
skies  
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
Within its round of sea and sky and field,  
Earth wheels with all her zones, the  
Kosmos stands revealed. 80

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
The toiler to his task-work bound,  
Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
Their clipped horizon widen round !  
While freedom-giving fancy waits, 85  
Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,  
To bring the lost world back, and make  
it theirs again !

XII.

What lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre 90  
Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire !  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes ;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows  
austere, 95  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of  
Thought, draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
'In vain the human heart we mock ;  
Bring living guests who love the day,  
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock !

The herbs we share with flesh and blood  
Are better than ambrosial food 102  
With laurelled shades.' I grant it, no-  
thing loath,  
But doubly blest is he who can partake  
of both.

## XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,  
Have I not seen before me sit, 106  
And watched his puritanic face,  
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?  
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back  
Of his Poor Richard's Almanac 110  
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's  
dream,  
Links Manu's age of thought to Fulton's  
age of steam!

## XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,  
Have I not welcomed to my hearth  
The gentle pilgrim troubadour, 115  
Whose songs have girdled half the  
earth;  
Whose pages, like the magic mat  
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple  
vines,  
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's  
mountain pines! 120

## XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,  
The wisdom and the moral health,  
The ethics of the school of Christ;  
The statesman to his holy trust, 125  
As the Athenian archon, just,  
Struck down, exiled like him for truth  
alone,  
Has he not graced my home with beauty  
all his own?

## XVII.

What greetings smile, what farewells  
wave,  
What loved ones enter and depart!  
The good, the beautiful, the brave, 131  
The Heaven-lent treasures of the  
heart!

How conscious seems the frozen sod  
And beechen slope whereon they trod!  
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass  
bends 135  
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or  
absent friends.

## XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
To bear the winter's lingering chills, 139  
The mocking spring's perpetual loss.  
I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of  
flowers be sweet,  
Could I not feel thy soil, New England,  
at my feet!

## XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies, 145  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm, 149  
The north-wind break the tropic calm;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and  
strength to beauty join.

## XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on its flowery strand, 155  
Of God's occasions drifting by!  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
The needles of this goading air,  
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim  
to know. 160

## XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's  
halls,  
The painted, shingly town-house where  
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!

The simple roof where prayer is made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade; 166  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-  
spired Milan!

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
Than classic halls where Priestcraft  
rules, 171  
And Learning wears the chains of  
Creed;  
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
Than the mad license ushering Lenten  
pains, 175  
(Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance  
in chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells;  
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime, 181  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old home-bred virtues hold their not un-  
honored place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake 185  
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
The graces and the loves which make  
The music of the march of life;  
And woman, in her daily round  
Of duty, walks on holy ground. 190  
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here  
Is the bad lesson learned at human rights  
to sneer.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm,  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow 195  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.

Young hearts shall hail the drifted  
cold,  
As gayly as I did of old;  
And I, who watch them through the  
frosty pane,  
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er  
again. 200

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds  
The life that hides in mead and  
wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and  
gold,  
Will still, as He hath done, incline 205  
His gracious care to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong  
debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make  
brighter every star!

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,  
My hopes for man take form in  
fact, 210  
But God will give the victory  
In due time; in that faith I act.  
And he who sees the future sure,  
The baffling present may endure,  
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand  
that leads 215  
The heart's desires beyond the halting  
step of deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,  
Where harsher songs of mine have  
flown;  
Go, find a place at home and hearth  
Where'er thy singer's name is known;  
Revive for him the kindly thought 221  
Of friends; and they who love him not,  
Touched by some strain of thine, per-  
chance may take  
The hand he proffers all, and thank him  
for thy sake.  
1857.

## THE FIRST FLOWERS.

FOR ages, on our river borders,  
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,  
 And willowy studs of downy silver,  
 Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters 5  
 Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,  
 And the clear carol of the robin  
 And song of bluebird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,  
 Or song of early bird, have they 10  
 Been greeted with a gladder welcome  
 Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,  
 The weary watch of sleepless pain ;  
 And from my heart, as from the river, 15  
 The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary ! for this wild-wood token  
 Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;  
 Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,  
 The growing of the grass I hear. 20

It is as if the pine-trees called me  
 From ceiled room and silent books,  
 To see the dance of woodland shadows,  
 And hear the song of April brooks !

As in the old Teutonic ballad 25  
 Of Odenwald live bird and tree,  
 Together live in bloom and music,  
 I blend in song thy flowers and thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever  
 The dint of rain and small bird's track :  
 Who knows but that my idle verses 31  
 May leave some trace by Merrimac !

The bird that trod the mellow layers  
 Of the young earth is sought in vain ;  
 The cloud is gone that wove the sandstone,  
 From God's design, with threads of 36  
 rain !

So, when this fluid age we live in  
 Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,  
 Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle  
 The savants of the coming time ; 40

And, following out their dim suggestions,  
 Some idly-curious hand may draw  
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier  
 Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights, 45  
 Singing my words to breeze and stream,  
 Shall wonder if the old-time Mary  
 Were real, or the rhymers' dream !  
 1st, 3d mo., 1857.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.<sup>31</sup>

Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,  
 Our hills are maple-crowned ;  
 But not from them our fathers chose  
 The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land 5  
 To Death they set apart ;  
 With scanty grace from Nature's hand,  
 And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,  
 Frost-flung and broken, lines 10  
 A lonesome acre thinly grown  
 With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows  
 Its drooped and tasselled head ;  
 Within, a stag-horned sumach grows, 15  
 Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighboring  
 plain  
 Like white ghosts come and go,  
 The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,  
 The cow-bell tinkles slow. 20

Low moans the river from its bed,  
 The distant pines reply ;  
 Like mourners shrinking from the dead,  
 They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun, Unchecked the winter blast ; The school-girl learns the place to shun, With glances backward cast.	25	The doubts we vainly seek to solve, The truths we know, are one ; The known and nameless stars revolve Around the Central Sun.	65
For thus our fathers testified, That he might read who ran, The emptiness of human pride, The nothingness of man.	30	And if we reap as we have sown, And take the dole we deal, The law of pain is love alone, The wounding is to heal.	70
They dared not plant the grave with flowers, Nor dress the funeral sod, Where, with a love as deep as ours, They left their dead with God.	35	Unharm'd from change to change we glide, We fall as in our dreams ; The far-off terror at our side A smiling angel seems.	75
The hard and thorny path they kept From beauty turned aside ; Nor missed they over those who slept The grace to life denied.	40	Secure on God's all-tender heart Alike rest great and small ; Why fear to lose our little part, When He is pledged for all ?	80
Yet still the wilding flowers would blow, The golden leaves would fall, The seasons come, the seasons go, And God be good to all.		O fearful heart and troubled brain ! Take hope and strength from this,— That Nature never hints in vain, Nor prophesies amiss.	
Above the graves the blackberry hung In bloom and green its wreath, And harebells swung as if they rung The chimes of peace beneath.	45	Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave, Her lights and airs are given Alike to playground and the grave ; And over both is Heaven.	86
The beauty Nature loves to share, The gifts she hath for all, The common light, the common air, O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.	50	<b>THE PALM-TREE.</b>	
It knew the glow of eventide, The sunrise and the noon, And glorified and sanctified It slept beneath the moon.	55	Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm, On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ? Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?	
With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod, Around the seasons ran, And evermore the love of God Rebuked the fear of man.	60	A ship whose keel is of palm beneath, Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath, And a rudder of palm it steereth with.	5
We dwell with fears on either hand Within a daily strife, And spectral problems waiting stand Before the gates of life.		Branches of palm are its spars and rails, Fibres of palm are its woven sails, And the rope is of palm that idly trails !	
		What does the good ship bear so well ? The cocoa-nut with its stony shell, And the milky sap of its inner cell.	10

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under the  
Line? 15

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?  
The master, whose cunning and skill could  
charm

Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,  
From a beaker of palm his drink is  
quaffed, 20

And a palm-thatch shields from the sun  
aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his  
hands,

Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head 25  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf  
braid,

And the fan that cools him of palm was  
made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,  
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as  
one! 30

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine,—  
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease 35  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

'Allah il Allah!' he sings his psalm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;  
'Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!'

1858.

### THE RIVER PATH. 32

No bird-song floated down the hill,  
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,  
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew, 5  
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,  
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side  
We saw the hill-tops glorified,— 10

A tender glow, exceeding fair,  
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom:  
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,  
The river rolled in shade between. 16

From out the darkness where we trod,  
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.  
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore 21  
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear  
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;  
The hills swung open to the light; 26

Through their green gates the sunshine  
showed,

A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;  
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied 31  
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

'So,' prayed we, 'when our feet draw near  
The river dark, with mortal fear,

'And the night cometh chill with dew, 35  
'O Father! let Thy light break through!

'So let the hills of doubt divide,  
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

'So let the eyes that fail on earth  
On Thy eternal hills look forth; 40

'And in Thy beckoning angels know  
The dear ones whom we loved below!'

1860.

MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

I. FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North,  
 unveil  
 Your brows, and lay your cloudy man-  
 tles by !  
 And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye  
 fail,  
 Uplift against the blue walls of the sky  
 Your mighty shapes, and let the sun-  
 shine weave 5  
 Its golden net-work in your belting woods,  
 Smile down in rainbows from your falling  
 floods,  
 And on your kingly brows at morn and eve  
 Set crowns of fire ! So shall my soul  
 receive  
 Haply the secret of your calm and  
 strength, 10  
 Your unforgotten beauty interfuse  
 My common life, your glorious shapes  
 and hues  
 And sun-dropped splendors at my bid-  
 ding come,  
 Loom vast through dreams, and stretch  
 in billowy length  
 From the sea-level of my lowland home !  
 They rise before me ! Last night's thun-  
 der-gust 16  
 Roared not in vain : for where its light-  
 nings thrust  
 Their tongues of fire, the great peaks  
 seem so near,  
 Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and  
 clear,  
 I almost pause the wind in the pines to  
 hear, 20  
 The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing  
 deer.  
 The clouds that shattered on yon slide-  
 worn walls  
 And splintered on the rocks their spears  
 of rain  
 Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,

Making the dusk and silence of the woods  
 Glad with the laughter of the chasing  
 floods, 26  
 And luminous with blown spray and silver  
 gleams,  
 While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped  
 streams  
 Sing to the freshened meadow-lands  
 again.  
 So, let me hope, the battle-storm that  
 beats 30  
 The land with hail and fire may pass  
 away  
 With its spent thunders at the break of  
 day,  
 Like last night's clouds, and leave, as it  
 retreats,  
 A greener earth and fairer sky behind,  
 Blown crystal clear by Freedom's  
 Northern wind ! 35

II. MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I would I were a painter, for the sake  
 Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,  
 A fitting guide, with reverential tread,  
 Into that mountain mystery. First a lake  
 Tinted with sunset ; next the wavy lines  
 Of far receding hills ; and yet more  
 far, 41  
 Monadnock lifting from his night of  
 pines  
 His rosy forehead to the evening  
 star.  
 Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid  
 His head against the West, whose warm  
 light made 45  
 His aureole ; and o'er him, sharp and  
 clear,  
 Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching  
 stayed.  
 A single level cloud-line, shone upon  
 By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,  
 Menaced the darkness with its golden  
 spear ! 50  
 So twilight deepened round us. Still and  
 black  
 The great woods climbed the mountain at  
 our back ;



And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day	Before the saintly soul, whose human will
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,	Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung. 55	Making her homely toil and household ways
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred :	An earthly echo of the song of praise
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,	Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim. 85
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,	1862.
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell ;	<b>THE VANISHERS.</b> <sup>33</sup>
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed ; the gate 60	SWEETEST of all childlike dreams
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight	In the simple Indian lore
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,	Still to me the legend seems
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear ;	Of the shapes who flit before.
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,	Flitting, passing, seen and gone, 5
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung. 65	Never reached nor found at rest,
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,	Baffling search, but beckoning on
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,	To the Sunset of the Blest.
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,	From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near :	Through the dark of lowland firs, 10
'Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look ; 70	Flash the eyes and flow the locks
I love it for my good old mother's sake,	Of the mystic Vanishers !
Who lived and died here in the peace of God !'	And the fisher in his skiff,
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,	And the hunter on the moss,
As silently we turned the eastern flank	Hear their call from cape and cliff, 15
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank, 75	See their hands the birch-leaves toss.
Doubling the night along our rugged road :	Wistful, longing, through the green
We felt that man was more than his abode,—	Twilight of the clustered pines,
The inward life than Nature's raiment more ;	In their faces rarely seen
And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,	Beauty more than mortal shines. 20
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim 80	Fringed with gold their mantles flow
	On the slopes of westering knolls ;
	In the wind they whisper low
	: Of the Sunset Land of Souls.
	Doubt who may, O friend of mine ! 25
	Thou and I have seen them too ;
	On before with beck and sign
	Still they glide, and we pursue.
	More than clouds of purple trail
	In the gold of setting day ; 30
	More than gleams of wing or sail
	Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,  
Gleams and glories seen and flown,  
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,  
Airs from viewless Eden blown ; 35

Beauty that eludes our grasp,  
Sweetness that transcends our taste,  
Loving hands we may not clasp,  
Shining feet that mock our haste ; 40

Gentle eyes we closed below,  
Tender voices heard once more,  
Smile and call us, as they go  
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine ! 45  
Let us walk our little way,  
Knowing by each beckoning sign  
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,  
Smiling eye and waving hand,  
Sought and seeker soon shall meet, 50  
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

1864.

# THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,  
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,  
Through the frost-pictured panes  
I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,  
A splendor brooking no delay, 5  
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway  
For virgin snow-paths glimmering  
through  
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ; 9

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,  
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-embossed,  
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,  
I dream the Saga's dream of caves  
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado, 16  
I touch its mimic garden bowers,  
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

The flora of the mystic mine-world  
Around me lifts on crystal stems 20  
The petals of its clustered gems !

What miracle of weird transforming  
In this wild work of frost and light,  
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City 25  
Like that to him of Patmos given,  
The white bride coming down from  
heaven !

How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders,  
Through what sharp-glancing spears  
of reeds  
The brook its muffled water leads ! 30

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,  
Burns unconsumed : a white, cold fire  
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein, 34  
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,  
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock  
Crowned with his glistening circlet  
stands !  
What jewels light his swarthy hands !

Here, where the forest opens southward,  
Between its hospitable pines, 41  
As through a door, the warm sun  
shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,  
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,  
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below. 45

And through the clashing of their cymbals  
I hear the old familiar fall  
Of water down the rocky wall,

Where, from its wintry prison breaking,  
In dark and silence hidden long, 50  
The brook repeats its summer song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine,  
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,  
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping, 55  
 The foolish screaming of the jay,  
 The chopper's axe-stroke far away ;

The clamor of some neighboring barn-  
 yard,  
 The lazy cock's belated crow,  
 Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow. 60

And, as in some enchanted forest  
 The lost knight hears his comrades  
 sing,  
 And, near at hand, their bridles  
 ring,—

So welcome I these sounds and voices,  
 These airs from far-off summer blown,  
 This life that leaves me not alone. 66

For the white glory overawes me ;  
 The crystal terror of the seer  
 Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven ! 70  
 Thou stainless earth, lay not on me,  
 Thy keen reproach of purity,

If, in this august presence-chamber,  
 I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom  
 And warm airs thick with odororous  
 bloom ! 75

Let the strange frost-work sink and  
 crumble,  
 And let the loosened tree-boughs  
 swing,  
 Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noontime,  
 On this chill pageant, melt and move  
 The winter's frozen heart with love. 81

And, soft and low, thou wind south-  
 blowing,  
 Breathe through a veil of tenderest  
 haze  
 Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise, 85  
 And to this dead, cold splendor bring  
 The living jewels of the spring !

1869.

## THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,  
 And, on my northern window-pane,  
 Outlined against the day's brief light,  
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
 The wayside travellers, as they pass, 5  
 Mark the gray disk of clouded glass ;  
 And the dull blankness seems, perchance,  
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
 The perfect grace it hath for me ; 10  
 For there the flower, whose fringes through  
 The frosty breath of autumn blew,  
 Turns from without its face of bloom  
 To the warm tropic of my room,  
 As fair as when beside its brook 15  
 The hue of bending skies it took.

So from the trodden ways of earth,  
 Seem some sweet souls who veil their  
 worth,

And offer to the careless glance  
 The clouding gray of circumstance. 20  
 They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,  
 To loving eyes alone they turn  
 The flowers of inward grace, that hide  
 Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me, 25  
 My half-immortal flower, from thee !  
 Man judges from a partial view,  
 None ever yet his brother knew ;  
 The Eternal Eye that sees the whole  
 May better read the darkened soul, 30  
 And find, to outward sense denied,  
 The flower upon its inmost side !

1872.

## A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees  
 Wound through its meadows green ;  
 A low, blue line of mountains showed  
 The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all 5  
 Clear into sunlight sprang :  
 I saw the river of my dreams,  
 The mountains that I sang !

No clue of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew ; 10  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine ;  
Not otherwise the maple hold 15  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills  
The mountain road should creep ;  
So, green and low, the meadow fold 20  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind ;  
Their place the mountains took ;  
The white torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim 25  
Was pressed by feet of mine,  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide ; 30  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream ?  
Or glimpse through æons old ?  
The secret which the mountains kept 35  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew, 40

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

1873.

## A SEA DREAM.

WE saw the slow tides go and come,  
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,  
The gray rocks touched with tender bloom  
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost 5  
The sombre pomp of showery noons ;  
And signalled spectral sails that crossed  
The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head  
We saw the white spray tossed and  
spurned ; 10  
While over all, in gold and red,  
Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,  
Half curious, half indifferent,  
Like passing sails or floating clouds, 15  
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay  
And watched the mirage-lifted wall  
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,  
And heard afar the curlew call, 20

And nearer voices, wild or tame,  
Of airy flock and childish throng,  
Up from the water's edge there came  
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice 25  
Of old and common airs ; at last  
The tender pathos of his voice  
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,  
And memories old and sadly sweet ; 30  
While, timing to its minor strain,  
The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun ;  
The rocks are fringed with foam ;  
I walk once more a haunted shore, 35  
A stranger, yet at home,  
A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind  
That stirred thy locks of brown ?  
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew 40  
The trail of thy light gown,  
Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,<sup>34</sup>  
The boats that rock below ;  
And, out at sea, the passing sails 45  
We saw so long ago  
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
On every breeze is blown ;  
As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—  
The change is ours alone ;  
The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,  
Is he who bears my name ;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,  
Thy place I cannot see ;  
I only know that where thou art  
The blessed angels be,  
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years  
Have left on me their sign ;  
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,  
The many stains of mine  
In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live.  
If thou wert by my side ;  
The vision of a shining one,  
The white and heavenly bride,  
Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face  
Without the angel's crown,  
The wedded roses of thy lips,  
Thy loose hair rippling down  
In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space and  
time,  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's frescoed wall,  
A shadow, and yet all !

Draw near, more near, forever dear !  
Where'er I rest or roam,  
Or in the city's crowded streets,  
Or by the blown sea foam,  
The thought of thee is home !

At breakfast hour the singer read  
The city news, with comment wise,  
Like one who felt the pulse of trade  
Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told  
The man of action, not of books,  
To whom the corners made in gold  
And stocks were more than seaside  
nooks. 95

Of life beneath the life confessed  
His song had hinted unawares ;  
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,  
Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch  
That face so hard and shrewd and  
strong ;  
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch  
The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought  
To sound him, leaving as she came ;  
Her baited album only caught  
A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,  
That trembled on the singer's tongue ;  
He came and went, and left no sign  
Behind him save the song he sung.  
1874. 110

#### HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

THE summer warmth has left the sky,  
The summer songs have died away ;  
And, withered, in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz gay. 5

The grass is browning on the hills ;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,  
And drearily the dead vines fall,  
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall. 9

Yet through the gray and sombre wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine  
The tawny gold of Afric's mine ! 15

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,  
For spring to own or summer hail ;  
But, in the season's saddest hour,  
To skies that weep and winds that wail  
Its glad surprisals never fail. 20

O days grown cold ! O life grown old !  
 No rose of June may bloom again ;  
 But, like the hazel's twisted gold,  
 Through early frost and latter rain  
 Shall hints of summer-time remain. 25

And as within the hazel's bough  
 A gift of mystic virtue dwells,  
 That points to golden ores below,  
 And in dry desert places tells  
 Where flow unseen the cool, sweet  
 wells, 30

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,  
 Be mine the hazel's grateful part  
 To feel, beneath a thirsty land,  
 The living waters thrill and start,  
 The beating of the rivulet's heart ! 35

Sufficeth me the gift to light  
 With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;  
 To call some hidden spring to sight  
 That, in these dry and dusty ways,  
 Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love ! the hazel-wand may fail, 41  
 But thou canst lend the surer spell,  
 That, passing over Baca's vale,  
 Repeats the old-time miracle,  
 And makes the desert-land a well. 45  
 1874.

# SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem  
 Of hills the river runs,  
 As down its long, green valley falls  
 The last of summer's suns.  
 Along its tawny gravel-bed 5  
 Broad-flowing, swift, and still.  
 As if its meadow levels felt  
 The hurry of the hill,  
 Noiseless between its banks of green  
 From curve to curve it slips ; 10  
 The drowsy maple-shadows rest  
 Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,  
 Unstoried and unknown ;  
 The ursine legend of its name 15  
 Prowls on its banks alone.

Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn  
 As ever Yarrow knew,  
 Or, under rainy Irish skies,  
 By Spenser's Mulla grew ; 20  
 And through the gaps of leaning trees  
 Its mountain cradle shows :  
 The gold against the amethyst,  
 The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name, 25  
 A glory never sung,  
 Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
 Are God's great pictures hung.  
 How changed the summits vast and old !  
 No longer granite-browed, 30  
 They melt in rosy mist ; the rock  
 Is softer than the cloud ;  
 The valley holds its breath ; no leaf  
 Of all its elms is twirled :  
 The silence of eternity 35  
 Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals  
 Of mystery is this ;  
 Yon miracle-play of night and day  
 Makes dumb its witnesses. 40  
 What unseen altar crowns the hills  
 That reach up stair on stair ?  
 What eyes look through, what white  
 wings fan  
 These purple veils of air ?  
 What Presence from the heavenly heights  
 To those of earth stoops down ? 46  
 Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
 On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky,  
 The golden water pales, 50  
 And over all the valley-land  
 A gray-winged vapor sails.  
 A gray-winged vapor sails.  
 I go the common way of all ;  
 The sunset fires will burn,  
 The flowers will blow, the river flow, 55  
 When I no more return.  
 No whisper from the mountain pine  
 Nor lapsing stream shall tell  
 The stranger, treading where I tread,  
 Of him who loved them well. 60

But beauty seen is never lost,  
 God's colors all are fast ;  
 The glory of this sunset heaven  
 Into my soul has passed,

A sense of gladness unconfined 65  
 To mortal date or clime ;  
 As the soul liveth, it shall live  
 Beyond the years of time.  
 Beside the mystic asphodels  
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers, 70  
 And new horizons flush and glow  
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell ! these smiling hills must wear  
 Too soon their wintry frown,  
 And snow-cold winds from off them shake  
 The maple's red leaves down. 76  
 But I shall see a summer sun  
 Still setting broad and low ;  
 The mountain slopes shall blush and  
 bloom,  
 The golden water flow. 80  
 A lover's claim is mine on all  
 I see to have and hold,—  
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,  
 And sunsets never cold !  
 1876.

#### THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

THEY left their home of summer ease  
 Beneath the lowland's sheltering trees,  
 To seek, by ways unknown to all,  
 The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumor to the vale 5  
 Had crept—perchance a hunter's tale—  
 Of its wild mirth of waters lost  
 On the dark woods through which it tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang ; some-  
 where  
 Whirled in mad dance its misty hair ; 10  
 But who had raised its veil, or seen  
 The rainbow skirts of that Undine ?

They sought it where the mountain brook  
 Its swift way to the valley took ;  
 Along the rugged slope they clomb, 15  
 Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won ;  
 The fiery javelins of the sun  
 Smote the bare ledge ; the tangled shade  
 With rock and vine their steps delayed. 20

But, through leaf-openings, now and then  
 They saw the cheerful homes of men,  
 And the great mountains with their wall  
 Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad winds  
 blew 25  
 Shared the wild dance the waters knew ;  
 And where the shadows deepest fell  
 The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn  
 Swung low the waving fronds of fern ; 30  
 From stony cleft and mossy sod  
 Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,  
 Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,  
 And found in rock and root the keys 35  
 Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew  
 Of tossing foam the birch-trees through ;  
 Now seen, now lost, but baffling still  
 The weary seekers' slackening will. 40

Each called to each : ' Lo here ! Lo there !  
 Its white scarf flutters in the air !'  
 They climbed anew ; the vision fled,  
 To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain-slope 45  
 With faint and ever fainter hope ;  
 With faint and fainter voice the brook  
 Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done ;  
 Above the tall peaks saw the sun 50  
 Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set  
 Behind the hills of violet.

' Here ends our quest ! ' the seekers cried,  
 ' The brook and rumor both have lied !  
 The phantom of a waterfall 55  
 Has led us at its beck and call.'

But one, with years grown wiser, said :  
 ' So, always baffled, not misled,  
 We follow where before us runs  
 The vision of the shining ones. 60

' Not where they seem their signals fly,  
 Their voices while we listen die ;  
 We cannot keep, however fleet,  
 The quick time of their winged feet.

'From youth to age unresting stray 65  
These kindly mockers in our way ;  
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,  
To something better than themselves ?

'Here, though unreach'd the goal we  
sought,  
Its own reward our toil has brought : 70  
The winding water's sounding rush,  
The long note of the hermit thrush,

'The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of pond  
And river track, and, vast, beyond  
Broad meadows belted round with pines,  
The grand uplift of mountain lines ! 76

'What matter though we seek with pain  
The garden of the gods in vain,  
If lured thereby we climb to greet  
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet ? 80

'To seek is better than to gain,  
The fond hope dies as we attain ;  
Life's fairest things are those which seem,  
The best is that of which we dream.

'Then let us trust our waterfall 85  
Still flashes down its rocky wall,  
With rainbow crescent curved across  
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

'And we, forgetful of our pain,  
In thought shall seek it oft again ; 90  
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,  
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

'And haply gain, through parting boughs,  
Grand glimpses of great mountain brows  
Cloud-turbaned, and the sharp steel sheen  
Of lakes deep set in valleys green. 96

'So failure wins ; the consequence  
Of loss becomes its recompense ;  
And evermore the end shall tell  
The unreach'd ideal guided well. 100

'Our sweet illusions only die  
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy ;  
And every wish for better things  
An undream'd beauty nearer brings.

'For fate is servitor of love ; 105  
Desire and hope and longing prove  
The secret of immortal youth,  
And Nature cheats us into truth.

'O kind allurers, wisely sent,  
Beguiling with benign intent, 110  
Still move us, through divine unrest,  
To seek the loveliest and the best !

'Go with us when our souls go free,  
And, in the clear, white light to be,  
Add unto Heaven's beatitude 115  
The old delight of seeking good !'

1878.

# THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees  
made  
Against the bitter East their barricade,  
And, guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,  
The trailing spring flower tinted like a  
shell 5  
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss  
the pines  
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming  
vines  
Lifted their glad surprise,  
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leaf-  
less trees 10  
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,  
And snow-drifts lingered under April  
skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,  
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and  
pent,  
Which yet find room, 15  
Through care and cumber, coldness and  
decay,  
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,  
And make the sad earth happier for  
their bloom.  
1879.



## ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

This name in some parts of Europe is given to the season we call Indian Summer, in honor of the good St. Martin. The title of the poem was suggested by the fact that the day it refers to was the exact date of that set apart to the Saint, the 11th of November.

THOUGH flowers have perished at the touch  
Of Frost, the early comer,  
I hail the season loved so much,  
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn, 5  
And thin moon curving o'er it !  
The old year's darling, latest born,  
More loved than all before it !

How flamed the sunrise through the pines !  
How stretched the birchen shadows, 10  
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines  
The westward sloping meadows !

The sweet day, opening as a flower  
Unfolds its petals tender,  
Renews for us at noontide's hour 15  
The summer's tempered splendor.

The birds are hushed ; alone the wind,  
That through the woodland searches,  
The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,  
And yellow plumes of larches. 20

But still the balsam-breathing pine  
Invites no thought of sorrow,  
No hint of loss from air like wine  
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here 25  
Midway a truce are holding,  
A soft, consenting atmosphere  
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,  
Rise solemn in their gladness ; 30  
The quiet that the valley fills  
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange ! The autumn yesterday  
In winter's grasp seemed dying ;  
On whirling winds from skies of gray 35  
The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood  
There steals a soft relenting,  
I will not mar the present good,  
Forecasting or lamenting. 40

My autumn time and Nature's hold  
A dreamy tryst together,  
And, both grown old, about us fold  
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day 45  
To feel its bland caressing ;  
I will not let it pass away  
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old  
The Syrian shepherds knew them ; 50  
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,  
And warm noon lights I view them.

Nor need there is, in times like this  
When heaven to earth draws nearer,  
Of wing or song as witnesses 55  
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow  
Is of the end forewarning,  
Methinks thy sundown afterglow  
Seems less of night than morning ! 60

Old cares grow light ; aside I lay  
The doubts and fears that troubled ;  
The quiet of the happy day  
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine  
Not less a joy I find it ; 66  
Nor less yon warm horizon line  
That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days  
I close my eyes from reading ; 70  
His will be done whose darkest ways  
To light and life are leading !

Less drear the winter night shall be,  
If memory cheer and hearten  
Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee, 75  
Sweet summer of St. Martin !

## STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM.

A CLOUD, like that the old-time Hebrew  
saw  
 On Carmel prophesying rain, began  
 To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,  
 Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw  
 Of chill wind menaced; then a strong  
blast beat 5  
 Down the long valley's murmuring pines,  
 and woke  
 The noon-dream of the sleeping lake,  
 and broke  
 Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains'  
 feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined dark-  
 ness swept  
 Over the rough pine-bearded Asquam  
range; 10  
 A wraith of tempest, wonderful and  
 strange,  
 From peak to peak the cloudy giant  
 stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,  
 Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel  
 Looked from his watch-tower; then the  
 shadow fell, 15  
 And the wild rain-drift blotted out his  
 form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,  
 Weaving its light through slant-blown  
 veils of rain,  
 Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles  
 on pain;  
 And, when the tumult and the strife were  
 done, 20

With one foot on the lake and one on  
 land,  
 Framing within his crescent's tinted  
 streak  
 A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,  
 Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel  
 spanned.

1882.

## A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

To kneel before some saintly shrine,  
 To breathe the health of airs divine,  
 Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,  
 The cowed and turbaned pilgrims go.  
 I too, a palmer, take, as they 5  
 With staff and scallop-shell, my way  
 To feel, from burdening cares and ills,  
 The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,  
 For dreamed-of wonders all athirst, 10  
 I saw on Winnepesaukee fall  
 The shadow of the mountain wall.  
 Ah! where are they who sailed with me  
 The beautiful island-studded sea?  
 And am I he whose keen surprise 15  
 Flashed out from such unclouded eyes?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,  
 My longing for the hills returns;  
 And northward, leaving at my back  
 The warm vale of the Merrimac, 20  
 I go to meet the winds of morn,  
 Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,  
 Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy  
 The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline 25  
 Along a ridged horizon line;  
 Touching the hill-tops, as a nun  
 Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.  
 One lake lies golden, which shall soon  
 Be silver in the rising moon; 30  
 And one, the crimson of the skies  
 And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends  
 The distance-softened voice of friends;  
 The girl's light laugh no discord brings 35  
 To the low song the pine-tree sings;  
 And, not unwelcome, comes the hail  
 Of boyhood from his nearing sail.  
 The human presence breaks no spell,  
 And sunset still is miracle! 40

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel  
 A sense of worship o'er me steal;  
 Not that of satyr-charming Pan,  
 No cult of Nature shaming man,

Not Beauty's self, but that which lives 45  
And shines through all the veils it  
weaves,—

Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,  
Their witness to the Eternal Good!

And if, by fond illusion, here  
The earth to heaven seems drawing near,  
And yon outlying range invites 51  
To other and serener heights,  
Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,  
The shining Mounts Delectable!  
A dream may hint of truth no less 55  
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her vale of incense smoke  
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,  
More than her heathen oracle,  
May not this trance of sunset tell 60  
That Nature's forms of loveliness  
Their heavenly archetypes confess,  
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone  
From patterns in the Mount made known?

A holier beauty overbroods 65  
These fair and faint similitudes;  
Yet not unblest is he who sees  
Shadows of God's realities,  
And knows beyond this masquerade  
Of shape and color, light and shade, 70  
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,  
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set!  
O hills that charmed horizons fret!  
I know how fair your morns can break, 75  
In rosy light on isle and lake;  
How over wooded slopes can run  
The noonday play of cloud and sun,  
And evening droop her oriflamme  
Of gold and red in still Asquam. 80

The summer moons may round again,  
And careless feet these hills profane;  
These sunsets waste on vacant eyes  
The lavish splendor of the skies;  
Fashion and folly, misplaced here, 85  
Sigh for their natural atmosphere,  
And travelled pride the outlook scorn  
Of lesser heights than Matterhorn:

But let me dream that hill and sky  
Of unseen beauty prophesy; 90  
And in these tinted lakes behold  
The trailing of the raiment fold  
Of that which, still eluding gaze,  
Allures to upward-tending ways,  
Whose footprints make, wherever found,  
Our common earth a holy ground. 96  
1883.

### SWEET FERN.

THE subtle power in perfume found  
Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned;  
On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound  
No censor idly burned.

That power the old-time worships knew, 5  
The Corybantes' frenzied dance,  
The Pythian priestess swooning through  
The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and field,  
Her thousand sunlit censers still; 10  
To spells of flower and shrub we yield  
Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and new  
With slow feet, pausing at each turn;  
A sudden waft of west wind blew 15  
The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision swept  
The alien landscape; in its stead,  
Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,  
As light of heart as tread. 20

I saw my boyhood's lakelet shine  
Once more through rifts of woodland  
shade;

I knew my river's winding line  
By morning mist betrayed.

With me June's freshness, lapsing brook,  
Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call 26  
Of birds, and one in voice and look  
In keeping with them all.

A fern beside the way we went  
She plucked, and, smiling, held it up,  
While from her hand the wild, sweet  
scent 31  
I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell !  
The dust-dry leaves to life return,  
And she who plucked them owns the spell  
And lifts her ghostly fern. 36

Or sense or spirit ? Who shall say  
What touch the chord of memory thrills ?  
It passed, and left the August day  
Ablaze on lonely hills. 40  
1884.

### THE WOOD GIANT.

[Written at Sturtevant's Farm, about a mile  
from Centre Harbor, N.H.]

FROM Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,  
From Mad to Saco river,  
For patriarchs of the primal wood  
We sought with vain endeavor.

And then we said : 'The giants old 5  
Are lost beyond retrieval ;  
This pygmy growth the axe has spared  
Is not the wood primeval.

'Look where we will o'er vale and hill,  
How idle are our searches 10  
For broad-girthed maples, wide-limbed  
oaks,  
Centennial pines and birches !

'Their tortured limbs the axe and saw  
Have changed to beams and trestles ;  
They rest in walls, they float on seas, 15  
They rot in sunken vessels.

'This shorn and wasted mountain land  
Of underbrush and boulder,—  
Who thinks to see its full-grown tree  
Must live a century older.' 20

At last to us a woodland path,  
To open sunset leading,  
Revealed the Anakim of pines  
Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before ; 25  
Below, the lake's green islands ;  
Beyond, in misty distance dim,  
The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill  
Of time and change defiant ! 30  
How dwarfed the common woodland  
seemed,  
Before the old-time giant !

What marvel that, in simpler days  
Of the world's early childhood,  
Men crowned with garlands, gifts, and  
praise 35  
Such monarchs of the wild-wood ?

That Tyrian maids with flower and song  
Danced through the hill grove's spaces,  
And hoary-bearded Druids found  
In woods their holy places ? 40

With somewhat of that Pagan awe  
With Christian reverence blending,  
We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms  
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune, 45  
Now rising, and now dying,  
As erst Dodona's priestess heard  
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan  
Of one apart and mateless, 50  
The weariness of unshared power,  
The loneliness of greatness ?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him  
Your beauty and your wonder !  
Blithe sparrow, sing thy summer song 55  
His solemn shadow under !

Play lightly on his slender keys,  
O wind of summer, waking  
For hills like these the sound of seas  
On far-off beaches breaking ! 60

And let the eagle and the crow  
Find shelter in his branches,  
When winds shake down his winter snow  
In silver avalanches.

The brave are braver for their cheer, 65  
The strongest need assurance,  
The sigh of longing makes not less  
The lesson of endurance.

1885.

## A DAY.

TALK not of sad November, when a day  
 Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of  
 noon,  
 And a wind, borrowed from some morn  
 of June,  
 Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless  
 spray.

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines 5  
 Lay their long shafts of shadow: the  
 small rill,  
 Singing a pleasant song of summer still,  
 A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.

Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of  
 bees,  
 In the thin grass the crickets pipe no  
 more; 10  
 But still the squirrel hoards his winter  
 store,  
 And drops his nut-shells from the shag-  
 bark trees.

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper:  
 high

Above, the spires of yellowing larches  
 show,  
 Where the woodpecker and home-loving  
 crow 15  
 And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat  
 defy.

O gracious beauty, ever new and old!  
 O sights and sounds of nature, doubly  
 dear  
 When the low sunshine warns the  
 closing year  
 Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic  
 cold! 20

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing  
 The sweet day yields; and, not dis-  
 console,  
 With the calm patience of the woods  
 I wait  
 For leaf and blossom when God gives us  
 Spring!

29th, 11th mo., 1886.

## Personal Poems

### A LAMENT.

‘The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not  
Its blessing to our tears?’

THE circle is broken, one seat is forsaken,  
One bud from the tree of our friendship  
is shaken;  
One heart from among us no longer shall  
thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our  
ill.

Weep! lonely and lowly are slumbering  
now 5

The light of her glances, the pride of her  
brow;

Weep! sadly and long shall we listen in  
vain

To hear the soft tones of her welcome  
again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity’s  
claim

From its silence and darkness is ever the  
same; 10

The hope of that world whose existence  
is bliss

May not stifle the tears of the mourners  
of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit  
can throw

On the scene of its troubled probation  
below,

Than the pride of the marble, the pomp  
of the dead, 15

To that glance will be dearer the tears  
which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her  
smile,

Over lips moved with music and feeling  
the while,

The eye’s deep enchantment, dark, dream-  
like, and clear,

In the glow of its gladness, the shade of  
its tear. 20

And the charm of her features, while over  
the whole

Played the hues of the heart and the sun-  
shine of soul;

And the tones of her voice, like the music  
which seems

Murmured low in our ears by the Angel  
of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious

than gold, 26

The love and the kindness and pity which  
gave

Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths  
for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity’s claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure

and blame, 30

While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting

and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful  
sleeper!

With smiles for the joyful, with tears for  
the weeper!

Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful  
or gay, 35

With warnings in love to the passing  
astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them	Shall not thy words of warning Be all remembered then?	
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem ;	And thy now unheeded message Burn in the hearts of men ?	
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,	Oppression's hand may scatter	25
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by love.	Its nettles on thy tomb, And even Christian bosoms Deny thy memory room ; For lying lips shall torture Thy mercy into crime,	30
As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,	And the slanderer shall flourish As the bay-tree for a time.	
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,		
As a glad dream of slumber, which awakens in bliss,		
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.	But where the south-wind lingers On Carolina's pines, Or falls the careless sunbeam Down Georgia's golden mines ; Where now beneath his burthen The toiling slave is driven ; Where now a tyrant's mockery Is offered unto Heaven ;	35 40
1834.		
<b>TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,</b>		
Late President of Western Reserve College, who died at his post of duty, overworn by his strenuous labors with tongue and pen in the cause of Human Freedom.	Where Mammon hath its altars Wet o'er with human blood, And pride and lust debases The workmanship of God,— There shall thy praise be spoken, Redeemed from Falsehood's ban, When the fetters shall be broken, And the slave shall be a man !	45
THOU hast fallen in thine armor, Thou martyr of the Lord ! With thy last breath crying 'Onward !' And thy hand upon the sword.		
The haughty heart derideth,	Joy to thy spirit, brother ! A thousand hearts are warm, A thousand kindred bosoms Are baring to the storm. What though red-handed Violence With secret Fraud combine ? The wall of fire is round us, Our Present Help was thine.	5 50 55
And the sinful lip reviles, But the blessing of the perishing Around thy pillow smiles !		
When to our cup of trembling The added drop is given, And the long-suspended thunder Falls terribly from Heaven,— When a new and fearful freedom Is proffered of the Lord To the slow-consuming Famine, The Pestilence and Sword !	Lo, the waking up of nations, From Slavery's fatal sleep ; The murmur of a Universe, Deep calling unto Deep ! Joy to thy spirit, brother ! On every wind of heaven The onward cheer and summons Of Freedom's voice is given !	60
When the refuges of Falsehood Shall be swept away in wrath, And the temple shall be shaken, With its idol, to the earth,		
20		

Glory to God forever !	65	In the locks thy forehead gracing,	25
Beyond the despot's will		Not a silvery streak ;	
The soul of Freedom liveth		Nor a line of sorrow's tracing	
Imperishable still.		On thy fair young cheek ;	
The words which thou hast uttered		Eyes of light and lips of roses,	
Are of that soul a part,	70	Such as Hylas wore,—	30
And the good seed thou hast scattered		Over all that curtain closes,	
Is springing from the heart.		Which shall rise no more !	

In the evil days before us,		Will the vigil Love is keeping	
And the trials yet to come,		Round that grave of thine,	
In the shadow of the prison,	75	Mournfully, like Jazer weeping	35
Or the cruel martyrdom,—		Over Sibmah's vine ; <sup>85</sup>	
We will think of thee, O brother !		Will the pleasant memories, swelling	
And thy sainted name shall be		Gentle hearts, of thee,	
In the blessing of the captive,		In the spirit's distant dwelling	
And the anthem of the free.	80	All unheeded be ?	40

1834.

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY,  
SECRETARY OF THE BOSTON YOUNG  
MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

GONE before us, O our brother,		Peace be with thee, O our brother,	
To the spirit-land !		In the spirit-land !	50
Vainly look we for another		Vainly look we for another	
In thy place to stand.		In thy place to stand.	
Who shall offer youth and beauty	5	Unto Truth and Freedom giving	
On the wasting shrine		All thy early powers,	
Of a stern and lofty duty,		Be thy virtues with the living,	55
With a faith like thine ?		And thy spirit ours !	

1837.

Oh, thy gentle smile of greeting			
Who again shall see ?	10		
Who amidst the solemn meeting			
Gaze again on thee ?			
Who when peril gathers o'er us,			
Wear so calm a brow ?			
Who, with evil men before us,	15		
So serene as thou ?			

### TO —,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

'Get the writings of John Woolman by heart.'  
*Essays of Elia.*

Early hath the spoiler found thee,		MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses	
Brother of our love !		Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,	
Autumn's faded earth around thee,		Floating on thy thoughtful forehead	
And its storms above !	20	Cloud wreaths of its sky.	
Evermore that turf lie lightly,		Youthful years and maiden beauty,	5
And, with future showers,		Joy with them should still abide,—	
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly		Instinct take the place of Duty.	
Blow the summer flowers !		Love, not Reason, guide.	



Ever in the New rejoicing, Kindly beckoning back the Old, Turning, with the gift of Midas, All things into gold.	10	Early hath Life's mighty question Thrilled within thy heart of youth, With a deep and strong beseeching: What and where is Truth?	50
And the passing shades of sadness Wearing even a welcome guise, As, when some bright lake lies open To the sunny skies,	15	Hollow creed and ceremonial, Whence the ancient life hath fled, Idle faith unknown to action, Dull and cold and dead.	55
Every wing of bird above it, Every light cloud floating on, Glitters like that flashing mirror In the self-same sun.	20	Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings Only wake a quiet scorn,— Not from these thy seeking spirit Hath its answer drawn.	60
But upon thy youthful forehead Something like a shadow lies; And a serious soul is looking From thy earnest eyes.		But, like some tired child at even, On thy mother Nature's breast, Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking Truth, and peace, and rest.	
With an early introversion, Through the forms of outward things, Seeking for the subtle essence, And the hidden springs.	25	O'er that mother's rugged features Thou art throwing Fancy's veil, Light and soft as woven moonbeams, Beautiful and frail!	65
Deeper than the gilded surface Hath thy wakeful vision seen, Farther than the narrow present Have thy journeyings been.	30	O'er the rough chart of Existence, Rocks of sin and wastes of woe, Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble, And cool fountains flow.	70
Thou hast midst Life's empty noises Heard the solemn steps of Time, And the low mysterious voices Of another clime.	35	And to thee an answer cometh From the earth and from the sky, And to thee the hills and waters And the stars reply.	75
All the mystery of Being Hath upon thy spirit pressed,— Thoughts which, like the Deluge wan- derer, Find no place of rest:	40	But a soul-sufficing answer Hath no outward origin; More than Nature's many voices May be heard within.	80
That which mystic Plato pondered, That which Zeno heard with awe, And the star-rapt Zoroaster In his night-watch saw.		Even as the great Augustine Questioned earth and sea and sky, <sup>36</sup> And the dusty tomes of learning And old poesy.	
From the doubt and darkness springing Of the dim, uncertain Past, Moving to the dark still shadows O'er the Future cast.	46	But his earnest spirit needed More than outward Nature taught; More than blest the poet's vision Or the sage's thought.	85

Only in the gathered silence  
Of a calm and waiting frame,  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
To the seeker came.

90

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
As our being's end ;

95

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
And performance shown.

100

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
Every form of wrong.

105

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of Woolman's feet !  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet !

110

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

115

All which glows in Pascal's pages,  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught :

120

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

125

When the red right-hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

130

All bright thoughts and pure shall  
gather  
Round that meek and suffering one,—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun !

135

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee ;  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

140

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look !

145

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a childlike faith,—

150

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,  
Who, himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek ;

155

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

160

1840.

# LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

William Leggett, who died in 1839 at the age of thirty-seven, was the intrepid editor of the *New York Evening Post* and afterwards of *The Plain Dealer*. His vigorous assault upon the system of slavery brought down upon him the enmity of political defenders of the system.

'Ye build the tombs of the prophets.'

*Holy Writ.*

Yes, pile the marble o'er him ! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long  
stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life

The ploughshares of your hatred hot from  
 hell,  
 Who clamored down the bold reformer  
 when 5  
 He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
 Who spurned him in the market-place,  
 and sought  
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
 In party chains the free and honest  
 thought,  
 The angel utterance of an upright  
 mind, 10  
 Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
 For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the  
 builders' shame!

1841.

## TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.<sup>37</sup>

How smiled the land of France  
 Under thy blue eye's glance,  
 Light-hearted rover!  
 Old walls of chateaux gray,  
 Towers of an early day, 5  
 Which the Three Colors play  
 Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
 Thronging the banks of Seine:  
 Now midst the splendor 10  
 Of the wild Alpine range,  
 Waking with change on change  
 Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
 Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian, 15  
 Like those in the vision  
 Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
 He saw the long hollow dell,  
 Touched by the prophet's spell,  
 Into an ocean swell 20  
 With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
 Splintering with icy spears  
 Autumn's blue heaven:

Loose rock and frozen slide, 25  
 Hung on the mountain-side,  
 Waiting their hour to glide  
 Downward, storm-driven!

Rhine-stream, by castle old,  
 Baron's and robber's hold, 30  
 Peacefully flowing;  
 Sweeping through vineyards green,  
 Or where the cliffs are seen  
 O'er the broad wave between  
 Grim shadows throwing. 35

Or, where St. Peter's dome  
 Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
 Vast, dim, and solemn;  
 Hymns ever chanting low,  
 Censers swung to and fro, 40  
 Sable stoles sweeping slow  
 Cornice and column!

Oh, as from each and all  
 Will there not voices call  
 Evermore back again? 45  
 In the mind's gallery  
 Wilt thou not always see  
 Dim phantoms beckon thee  
 O'er that old track again?

New forms thy presence haunt, 50  
 New voices softly chant,  
 New faces greet thee!  
 Pilgrims from many a shrine  
 Hallowed by poet's line,  
 At memory's magic sign, 55  
 Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
 Unto thy olden home,  
 Will they not waken  
 Deep thoughts of Him whose hand 60  
 Led thee o'er sea and land  
 Back to the household band  
 Whence thou wast taken?

While, at the sunset time,  
 Swells the cathedral's chime, 65  
 Yet, in thy dreaming,  
 While to thy spirit's eye  
 Yet the vast mountains lie  
 Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
 Icy and gleaming: 70

Prompter of silent prayer,  
Be the wild picture there  
In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day  
Him who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
As to all given,  
Still may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
Gladness in Heaven !

1841.

LUCY HOOPER.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged twenty-four years.<sup>38</sup>

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,  
That all of thee we loved and cherished  
Has with thy summer roses perished ;  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead,  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain,  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart, that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good ;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them—of thee—remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?  
A shadow in the land of thought ?  
No ! Even my weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;  
And, save the absence of all ill  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,

The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimac,  
I saw thy dark eye waader o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow,  
Of all we knew and loved in thee,  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality !  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of old,  
Unbodied, like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold ;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one,  
In blank annihilation blest ;  
Dust-atoms of the infinite,  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.  
No ! I have friends in Spirit Land,  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came ;  
Their change,—the holy morn-light  
breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking,—  
A change from twilight into day.  
They've laid thee midst the household  
graves,  
Where father, brother, sister lie ;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,

And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
 O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
 And kindled up, intense and warm,  
 A life in every rite and form, 80  
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
 A spirit filled the vast machine,  
 A life 'within the wheels' was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we 85  
 Who knew thee well, and loved thee  
 here,

One after one shall follow thee  
 As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
 Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less 90  
 All that is left our hearts meanwhile ;  
 The memory of thy loveliness

Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
 Like moonlight when the sun has set,  
 A sweet and tender radiance yet. 95  
 Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of  
 duty,

Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,  
 The truth, the strength, the graceful  
 beauty

Which blended in thy song.  
 All lovely things, by thee beloved, 100

Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;  
 These green hills, where thy childhood  
 roved,

Yon river winding to the sea,  
 The sunset light of autumn eves

Reflecting on the deep, still floods, 105  
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
 Of rainbow-tinted woods,

These, in our view, shall henceforth  
 take

A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;  
 And all thou lovedst of earth and sky 110  
 Seem sacred to thy memory.

1841.

### FOLLEN.

#### ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE 'FUTURE STATE.'

Charles Follen, one of the noblest contribu-  
 tions of Germany to American citizenship, was  
 at an early age driven from his professorship in  
 the University of Jena, and compelled to seek

shelter from official prosecution in Switzerland,  
 on account of his liberal political opinions. He  
 became Professor of Civil Law in the University  
 of Basle. The governments of Prussia, Austria,  
 and Russia united in demanding his delivery as  
 a political offender ; and, in consequence, he left  
 Switzerland, and came to the United States. At  
 the time of the formation of the American Anti-  
 Slavery Society he was a Professor in Harvard  
 University, honored for his genius, learning, and  
 estimable character. His love of liberty and  
 hatred of oppression led him to seek an inter-  
 view with Garrison and express his sympathy with  
 him. Soon after, he attended a meeting of the  
 New England Anti-Slavery Society. An able  
 speech was made by Rev. A. A. Phelps, and a  
 letter of mine addressed to the Secretary of the  
 Society was read. Whereupon he rose and stated  
 that his views were in unison with those of the  
 Society, and that after hearing the speech and  
 the letter, he was ready to join it, and abide the  
 probable consequences of such an unpopular act.  
 He lost by so doing his professorship. He was  
 an able member of the Executive Committee of  
 the American Anti-Slavery Society. He perished  
 in the ill-fated steamer Lexington, which was  
 burned on its passage from New York, January 13,  
 1840. The few writings left behind him show  
 him to have been a profound thinker of rare  
 spiritual insight.

FRIEND of my soul ! as with moist eye

I look up from this page of thine,

Is it a dream that thou art nigh,

Thy mild face gazing into mine ?

That presence seems before me now, 5

A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,

When, dew-like, on the earth below

Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,

The gentle lips which knew no guile, 10

Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care

With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me ! at times that last dread scene

Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea

Will cast its shade of doubt between 15

The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,

Where through the twilight air of earth,

Alike enthusiast and sage,

Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth, 20

Lifting the Future's solemn veil ;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land ;

In thoughts which answer to my own, 25  
In words which reach my inward ear,  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod, 30  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they  
wrought ?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive 35  
Thy godlike energy of thought ?

Thou livest, Follen ! not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering 40  
worn.

Oh, while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall,  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all !

While day by day our loved ones glide 45  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown ;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain, 50  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain ;

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and  
Faith, 55  
Smile dimly on us through their tears ;

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet ;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set. 60

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh ! at this hour when half the sky 65  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight ;

While through these elm-boughs wet with  
rain  
The sunset's golden walls are seen, 70  
With clover-bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream be-  
tween ;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;  
If earth's familiar loveliness 75  
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the pure and true  
In earth and sky and gliding wave. 80

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never  
fell 85  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine ;  
And simple draughts from childhood's  
well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb, 90  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on, 95  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze erelong shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish yet dread to learn. 100

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee;  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,

We leave thee, with a trust serene, 105  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death  
can move,

While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!  
1842.

### TO J. P.

John Pierpont, the eloquent preacher and poet  
of Boston.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that  
lay of thine,  
Which, like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy  
Boy,

Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine,—  
Not to the poet, but the man I bring 6  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering:  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt  
see,

Yet well I know that thou hast deemed  
with me

Life all too earnest, and its time too short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful  
sport; 11

And girded for thy constant strife with  
wrong,

Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every  
thought! 15

1843.

### CHALKLEY HALL.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., was the residence of Thomas Chalkley, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no

opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city. I have referred to my youthful acquaintance with his writings in *Snow-Bound*.

How bland and sweet the greeting of this  
breeze

To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary  
gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies! 5

Here, while the market murmurs, while  
men throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more. 10

Oh, once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain! 15

Once more let God's green earth and sun-  
set air  
Old feelings waken;  
Through weary years of toil and strife  
and ill,  
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken. 20

And well do time and place befit my  
mood:  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the  
shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms. 25

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless  
years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in  
rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits  
and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil. 30

Here, from his voyages on the stormy  
seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children and to  
bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return. 35

And here his neighbors gathered in to  
greet  
Their friend again,  
Safe from the wave and the destroying  
gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's  
vales,  
And vex the Carib main. 40

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren  
soil,  
Raised up in life and power: 45

How at those gatherings in Barbadian  
vales,  
A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from  
heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
And strength as from above: 50

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
Upon its life-long pain: 55

How the armed warrior sat him down to  
hear  
Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty  
came,  
And fair and bright-eyed youth. 60

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimac's  
green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
With deep and quiet joy. 65

And hence this scene, in sunset glory  
warm,—  
Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and  
shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland  
glade,—  
To me is holy ground. 70

And dearer far than haunts where Genius  
keeps  
His vigils still;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's  
shade,  
Or Virgil's laurelled hill. 75

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance  
and Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn. 80

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream  
have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven! 85  
1843.

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours, 6  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay; 10  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star, 15  
Clear, suddenly, and still.



As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky ;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—  
A sound which could not die. 20

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life 25  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps  
pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ; 30  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move ;  
The breathing of an inward psalm, 35  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light ;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet 'Good-night !' 40

There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers ;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will 45  
One thought hath reconciled ;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be 50  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make 55  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well-beloved of ours. 60  
1845.

### TO RONGE.

This was written after reading the powerful and manly protest of Johannes Ronge against the 'pious fraud' of the Bishop of Treves. The bold movement of the young Catholic priest of Prussian Silesia seemed to me full of promise to the cause of political as well as religious liberty in Europe. That it failed was due partly to the faults of the reformer, but mainly to the disagreement of the Liberals of Germany upon a matter of dogma, which prevented them from unity of action. Ronge was born in Silesia in 1813 and died in October, 1887. His autobiography was translated into English and published in London in 1846.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man ! Down  
to the root  
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
Thy work is to hew down. In God's  
name then  
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men  
Plant, as they may, that better tree whose  
fruit 5  
The wounded bosom of the Church shall  
heal.  
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
On crown or crosier, which shall interpose  
Between thee and the weal of Father-  
land. 10  
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
Shake thou all German dream-land with  
the fall  
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart  
monk.  
Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let  
us hear 15  
The snap of chain-links. Let our glad-  
dened ear  
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the  
light  
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell  
of night.

Be faithful to both worlds; nor think to  
feed  
Earth's starving millions with the husks  
of creed. 20  
Servant of Him whose mission high and  
holy  
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and  
the lowly,  
Thrust not his Eden promise from our  
sphere,  
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's  
span;  
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,  
The New Jerusalem comes down to man!  
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like  
him, 27  
When the roused Teuton dashes from his  
limb  
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
His hands for whom thou claim'st the  
freedom of the mind! 30  
1846.

CHANNING.

The last time I saw Dr Channing was in the  
summer of 1841, when, in company with my  
English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for  
his philanthropic labors and liberal political  
opinions, I visited him in his summer residence  
in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions  
of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say,  
that I have no reference to the peculiar religious  
opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and  
truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is  
now the world's common legacy.

Nor vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle,  
The hero and the saint!  
For even in a faithless day 5  
Can we our sainted ones discern;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.  
And thus the common tongue and pen  
Which, world-wide, echo Channing's  
fame, 10  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar, 15  
All men shall canonize.  
By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
Beneath his green embowering wood,  
To me it seems but yesterday  
Since at his side I stood. 20  
The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
The western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
The white surf of the sea.  
With us was one, who, calm and true, 25  
Life's highest purpose understood,  
And, like his blessed Master, knew  
The joy of doing good.  
Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
Yet on the lips of England's poor 30  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
With blessings evermore.  
Unknown to power or place, yet where  
The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer 35  
And song of jubilee.  
He told of England's sin and wrong,  
The ills her suffering children know,  
The squalor of the city's throng,  
The green field's want and woe. 40  
O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
The sorrow of the soul.  
But when the generous Briton told 45  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,  
I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn  
frame, 50  
And, kindling in those deep, calm eyes,  
A still and earnest flame.  
His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart,—the Faith-sown  
seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love 55  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest. 60

And not in vain: with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill 65  
And vale with Channing's dying word!  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred!

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before, 70  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall, 75  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him. 80

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour 85  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our fatherland.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds, 90  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?  
What dust upon the spirit lies?  
God keeps the sacred life he gave,— 95  
The prophet never dies!

1844.

### TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: 'Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman.'

THINE is a grief, the depth of which  
another  
May never know;  
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken  
brother!  
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding 5  
Thy hand in mine;  
With even the weakness of my soul  
upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear de-  
parted;  
I stood not by 10  
When, in calm trust, the pure and  
tranquil-hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak  
condoling  
Must vainly fall:  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is  
tolling, 15  
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor  
world's common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted  
woman  
With idle praise. 20

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart  
 approveth : 25  
 Our Father's will,  
 Calling to Him the dear one whom He  
 loveth,  
 Is mercy still.  
 Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
 Hath evil wrought : 30  
 Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—  
 The good die not !  
 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not  
 wholly  
 What He hath given ;  
 They live on earth, in thought and deed,  
 as truly 35  
 As in His heaven.  
 And she is with thee ; in thy path of trial  
 She walketh yet ;  
 Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
 Her locks are wet. 40  
 Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields of  
 harvest  
 Lie white in view !  
 She lives and loves thee, and the God  
 thou servest  
 To both is true.  
 Thrust in thy sickle ! England's toilworn  
 peasants 45  
 Thy call abide ;  
 And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy  
 presence,  
 Shall glean beside !  
 1845.

## DANIEL WHEELER.

Daniel Wheeler, a minister of the Society of  
 Friends, who had labored in the cause of his  
 Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the  
 islands of the Pacific, died in New York in  
 the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to  
 this country.

O DEARLY loved !  
 And worthy of our love ! No more  
 Thy aged form shall rise before  
 The hushed and waiting worshipper,

In meek obedience utterance giving 5  
 To words of truth, so fresh and living,  
 That, even to the inward sense,  
 They bore unquestioned evidence  
 Of an anointed Messenger !  
 Or, bowing down thy silver hair 10  
 In reverent awfulness of prayer,  
 The world, its time and sense, shut out,  
 The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
 Gathered upon thy countenance,  
 As if each lingering cloud of doubt, 15  
 The cold, dark shadows resting here  
 In Time's unluminous atmosphere,  
 Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
 And through them on thy spiritual eye  
 Shone down the blessedness on high, 20  
 The glory of the Better Land !

The oak has fallen !

While, meet for no good work, the vine  
 May yet its worthless branches twine,  
 Who knoweth not that with thee fell 25  
 A great man in our Israel ?  
 Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
 Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
 And in thy hand retaining yet  
 The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell ! 30  
 Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,  
 Across the Neva's cold morass  
 The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
 With winter's arrowy keenness pass ;  
 Or where the unwarning tropic gale 35  
 Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
 Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
 Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;  
 The same mysterious Hand which gave  
 Deliverance upon land and wave, 40  
 Tempered for thee the blasts which blew  
 Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
 And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
 Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
 Beneath this sunny heaven of ours, 45  
 Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
 Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,

Who seeth not as man, whose way  
 Is not as ours ! 'Tis well with thee ! 50  
 Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
 Disquieted thy closing day,  
 But, evermore, thy soul could say,

'My Father careth still for me !'  
 Called from thy hearth and home,—from  
     her, 55  
     The last bud on thy household tree,  
 The last dear one to minister  
     In duty and in love to thee,  
 From all which nature holdeth dear,  
     Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
     To seek our distant land again, 61  
 Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
     The things which should befall thee  
     here,  
     Whether for labor or for death,  
 In childlike trust serenely going 65  
     To that last trial of thy faith !  
     Oh, far away,  
 Where never shines our Northern star  
     On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
 From Darien's mountains stretching far,  
 So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that  
     there, 71  
 With forehead to its damp wind bare,  
     He bent his mail'd knee in awe ;  
 In many an isle whose coral feet  
 The surges of that ocean beat, 75  
 In thy palm shadows, Oahu,  
     And Honolulu's silver bay,  
 Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,  
     And taro-plains of Tooboonai,  
 Are gentle hearts, which long shall be 80  
 Sad as our own at thought of thee,  
 Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
 Whose souls in weariness and need  
     Were strengthened and refreshed by  
     thine.  
 For blessed by our Father's hand 85  
     Was thy deep love and tender care,  
     Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—  
 Grateful as Esheol's clustered vine  
 To Israel in a weary land !  
     And they who drew 90  
 By thousands round thee, in the hour  
     Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,  
     That He who bade the islands keep  
 Silence before Him, might renew  
     Their strength with His unslumbering  
     power, 95  
 They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
     That nevermore thy aged lip  
 Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,

Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
 Through thee the Gospel's glorious  
     word,— 100  
     Seals of thy true apostleship.  
 And, if the brightest diadem,  
     Whose gems of glory purely burn  
     Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
 Be evermore reserved for them 105  
     Who here, through toil and sorrow,  
     turn  
     Many to righteousness,  
 May we not think of thee as wearing  
 That star-like crown of light, and bear-  
     ing,  
 Amidst Heaven's white and blissful  
     band, 110  
 Th' unfading palm-branch in thy hand ;  
 And joining with a seraph's tongue  
 In that new song the elders sung,  
 Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
 Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever !  
     Farewell ! 116  
 And though the ways of Zion mourn  
 When her strong ones are called away,  
 Who like thyself have calmly borne  
 The heat and burden of the day, 120  
 Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
 His ancient watch around us keepeth ;  
 Still, sent from His creating hand,  
 New witnesses for Truth shall stand,  
 New instruments to sound abroad 125  
 The Gospel of a risen Lord ;  
     To gather to the fold once more  
 The desolate and gone astray,  
 The scattered of a cloudy day,  
     And Zion's broken walls restore ; 130  
 And, through the travail and the toil  
     Of true obedience, minister  
 Beauty for ashes, and the oil  
     Of joy for mourning, unto her !  
 So shall her holy bound, increase 135  
 With walls of praise and gates of peace:  
 So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
 And blood sustained in other years,  
     With fresher life be clothed upon ;  
 And to the world in beauty show 140  
 Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
     And glorious as Lebanon !

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptus of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

SEERESS of the misty Norland,  
Daughter of the Vikings bold,  
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,  
Which thy fathers sought of old !

Soft as flow of Silja's waters, 5  
When the moon of summer shines,  
Strong as Winter from his mountains  
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened  
To thy saga, rune, and song ; 10  
As a household joy and presence  
We have known and loved thee long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,  
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,  
Thy sweet thoughts and northern fancies  
Meet and mingle with our mirth. 16

And o'er weary spirits keeping  
Sorrow's night-watch, long and chill,  
Shine they like thy sun of summer  
Over midnight vale and hill. 20

We alone to thee are strangers,  
Thou our friend and teacher art ;  
Come, and know us as we know thee ;  
Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our homes and household altars 25  
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,  
As thy loving hand has led us  
O'er the threshold of the Swede.  
1849.

TO AVIS KEENE.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-  
MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls 5

Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual  
showers,

God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep ;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude to  
With fairest forms and hues, and  
thus

Forever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
The flowers, and leaves, and painted  
butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird  
that flings 15  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,  
Forevermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet, 20  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday  
sorrow 25

The promise of a fairer morrow,  
An earnest of the better life to come ;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad, 30  
The eye to see, the hand to cull  
Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food, 35  
All own one Source, and all are good !  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the  
beach,

And toss their gifts of weed and  
shell

From famy curve and combing swell,  
No unbefitting task was thine 41  
To weave these flowers so soft and  
fair

In unison with His design  
Who loveth beauty everywhere ;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air, 46  
'All things beautiful in their time.'

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
 He speaks to man ;  
 The cloudy horror of the thunder-  
 shower 50  
 His rainbows span ;  
 And where the caravan  
 Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
 The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage  
 there,  
 He gives the weary eye 55  
 The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon  
 hours,  
 And on its branches dry  
 Calls out the acacia's flowers ;  
 And where the dark shaft pierces down  
 Beneath the mountain roots, 60  
 Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
 The star-like crystal shoots ;  
 So, where, the winds and waves below,  
 The coral-branched gardens grow,  
 His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
 Like foliage, on each stony bough, 66  
 Of varied hues more strangely gay  
 Than forest leaves in autumn's day ; —  
 Thus evermore,  
 On sky, and wave, and shore, 70  
 An all-pervading beauty seems to say :  
 God's love and power are one ; and  
 they,  
 Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
 Smite to restore,  
 And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
 The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and  
 drift 76  
 Their perfume on the air,  
 Alike may serve Him, each, with their  
 own gift,  
 Making their lives a prayer !  
 1850.

#### THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,  
 We slowly climbed the hill,  
 Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
 Seemed rising, rising still.  
 At last, our short noon-shadows hid 5  
 The top-stone, bare and brown,  
 From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
 The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;  
 Between me and the sun, 10  
 O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
 I saw the cloud-shades run.  
 Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
 Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;  
 Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles 15  
 Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze  
 warm,  
 Far as the eye could roam,  
 Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
 Beflecked with clouds like foam, 20  
 Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
 Their rugged peaks in shine,  
 I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
 The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak ; and  
 west, 25  
 Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
 With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
 And pine-dark gorge between.  
 Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
 The great Notch mountains shone, 30  
 Watched over by the solemn-browed  
 And awful face of stone !

'A good look-off !' the driver spake :  
 'About this time, last year,  
 I drove a party to the Lake, 35  
 And stopped, at evening, here.  
 'T was duskish down below ; but all  
 These hills stood in the sun,  
 Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
 He left them, one by one. 40

'A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
 Had held her place outside,  
 And, as a pleasant woman will,  
 Had cheered the long, dull ride, 45  
 Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
 That—though I hate delays—  
 I could not choose but rest awhile,—  
 (These women have such ways !)

'On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
 Her sketch upon her knees, 50  
 A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
 Unrolling in the breeze ;

Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
 Upraised and glorified,—  
 I never saw a prettier sight  
 In all my mountain ride. 55

'As good as fair; it seemed her joy  
 To comfort and to give;  
 My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,  
 Will bless her while they live!' 60  
 The tremor in the driver's tone  
 His manhood did not shame;  
 'I dare say, sir, you may have known'—  
 He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds, 65  
 The blue lake fled away;  
 For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
 A lighted hearth for day!  
 From lonely years and weary miles  
 The shadows fell apart; 70  
 Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
 Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky  
 Had power to charm no more;  
 Still dreamed my inward-turning eye 75  
 The dream of memory o'er.  
 Ah! human kindness, human love,—  
 To few who seek denied;  
 Too late we learn to prize above  
 The whole round world beside! 80  
 1850.

### ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His *Corn-law Rhymes* contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of *The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain* said of him, 'Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day.'

HANDS off! thou tithe-fat plunderer! play  
 No trick of priestcraft here!  
 Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
 A hand on Elliott's bier?

Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust, 5  
 Beneath his feet he trod:  
 He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
 The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
 Which England's millions feel, 10  
 A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
 As from his forge the steel.  
 Strong-armed as Thor, a shower of fire  
 His smitten anvil flung;  
 God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's  
 ire, 15  
 He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
 Bear up the mighty dead,  
 And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
 Behind as mourners tread. 20  
 Leave cant and craft their baptized  
 bounds,  
 Leave rank its minster floor;  
 Give England's green and daisied grounds  
 The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge 25  
 That brave old heart of oak,  
 With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
 And pall of furnace smoke!  
 Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
 And axe and sledge are swung, 30  
 And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
 His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
 The grinder chant his rhyme;  
 Nor patron's praise nor dainty word 35  
 Befits the man or time.  
 No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
 For him whose words were bread;  
 The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
 The foodless poor were fed! 40

Pile up the tombs of rank and pride,  
 O England, as thou wilt!  
 With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
 Emblazon titled guilt! 45  
 No part or lot in these we claim;  
 But, o'er the sounding wave,  
 A common right to Elliott's name,  
 A freehold in his grave!  
 1850.



### ICHABOD.

This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the 'compromise,' and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest. I saw, as I wrote, with painful clearness its sure results,—the Slave Power arrogant and defiant, strengthened and encouraged to carry out its scheme for the extension of its baleful system, or the dissolution of the Union, the guaranties of personal liberty in the free States broken down, and the whole country made the hunting-ground of slave-catchers. In the horror of such a vision, so soon fearfully fulfilled, if one spoke at all, he could only speak in tones of stern and sorrowful rebuke.

But death softens all resentments, and the consciousness of a common inheritance of frailty and weakness modifies the severity of judgment. Years after, in *The Lost Occasion*, I gave utterance to an almost universal regret that the great statesman did not live to see the flag which he loved trampled under the feet of Slavery, and, in view of this desecration, make his last days glorious in defence of 'Liberty and Union, one and inseparable.'

So fallen ! so lost ! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore !

The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore !

Reville him not, the Tempter hath  
A snare for all ;

And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall !

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn ! would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven,

Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark, 15  
From hope and heaven !

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonored brow. 20

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament, as for the dead,  
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught 25  
Save power remains ;  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled : 30  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame ;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze, 35  
And hide the shame !  
1850.

### THE LOST OCCASION.

SOME die too late and some too soon,  
At early morning, heat of noon,  
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,  
With all the massive strength that fills 6  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited,  
New England's stateliest type of man, 10  
In port and speech Olympian ;  
Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look  
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of Greece  
On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece) ; 15  
Whose words in simplest homespun clad,  
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's had,  
With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent 20  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows.

Crushing as if with Talus' flail  
Through Error's logic-woven mail, 25  
And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side,—  
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved  
Of old friends, by the new deceived,  
Too soon for us, too soon for thee, 30  
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,  
Where long and low the marsh-lands  
spread,  
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow; 35  
The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.  
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's  
wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,  
And armed rebellion pressing on 40  
The broken lines of Washington!  
No stronger voice than thine had then  
Called out the utmost might of men,  
To make the Union's charter free  
And strengthen law by liberty. 45  
How had that stern arbitrament  
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,  
Shaming ambition's paltry prize  
Before thy disillusioned eyes;  
Breaking the spell about thee wound 50  
Like the green withes that Samson bound;  
Redeeming in one effort grand,  
Thyself and thy imperilled land!  
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea, 55  
The gates of opportunity!  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not lack;  
But still, with memory turning back, 60  
In the dark hours we thought of thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,  
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow  
The sea-fog comes, with evermore 65  
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,  
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
As Nature fain would typify  
The sadness of a closing scene,  
The loss of that which should have been.

But, where thy native mountains bare 71  
Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name.  
For thee the cosmic forces did 75  
The rearing of that pyramid,  
The prescient ages shaping with  
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.  
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon  
With hands of light their benison, 80  
The stars of midnight pause to set  
Their jewels in its coronet.  
And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass  
To light, as if to manifest 85  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!  
1880.

## WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS  
MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world aright,  
And in its common forms discern  
A beauty and a harmony  
The many never learn!

Kindred in soul of him who found 5  
In simple flower and leaf and stone  
The impulse of the sweetest lays  
Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life  
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,  
As a long day of blindest June 11  
In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained  
By strife of sect and party noise,  
The brook-like murmur of his song 15  
Of nature's simple joys!

The violet by its mossy stone,  
The primrose by the river's brim,  
And chance-sown daffodil, have found  
Immortal life through him. 20

The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of pride 25  
 And human passion change and fall ;  
 But that which shares the life of God  
 With Him surviveth all.  
 1851.

TO —.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER  
 DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses ! to whom,  
 In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,  
 Her mysteries are told ;  
 Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,  
 The seasons' pictured scrolls can read, 5  
 In lessons manifold !

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay  
 Good-humor, which on Washing Day  
 Our ill-timed visit bore ;  
 Thanks for your graceful oars, which 10  
 broke  
 The morning dreams of Artichoke,  
 Along his wooded shore !

Varied as varying Nature's ways,  
 Sprites of the river, woodland fays,  
 Or mountain nymphs, ye seem ; 15  
 Free-limbed Dianas on the green,  
 Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,  
 Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,  
 The fair benignities of old,  
 Were doubtless such as you ;  
 What more than Artichoke the rill  
 Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill  
 Arcadia's mountain-view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed, 25  
 In wild Hymettus' scented shade,  
 Than those you dwell among ;  
 Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined  
 With roses, over banks inclined  
 With trembling harebells hung ! 30

A charmed life unknown to death,  
 Immortal freshness Nature hath ;  
 Her fabled fount and glen  
 Are now and here : Dodona's shrine  
 Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine,—  
 All is that e'er hath been. 35

The beauty which old Greece or Rome  
 Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at  
 home ;  
 We need but eye and ear  
 In all our daily walks to trace 40  
 The outlines of incarnate grace,  
 The hymns of gods to hear !  
 1851.

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,  
 Whose small waves on a silver-sanded  
 shore  
 Whisper of peace, and with the low winds  
 make  
 Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,  
 And listening all night long for their  
 sweet sake ; 5  
 A green-waved slope of meadow,  
 hovered o'er  
 By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light  
 On viewless stems, with folded wings of  
 white ;  
 A slumberous stretch of mountain-land,  
 far seen  
 Where the low westerling day, with gold  
 and green, 10  
 Purple and amber, softly blended, fills  
 The wooded vales, and melts among the  
 hills ;  
 A vine-fringed river, winding to its  
 rest  
 On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,  
 Bearing alike upon its placid breast, 15  
 With earthly flowers and heavenly stars  
 impressed,  
 The hues of time and of eternity :  
 Such are the pictures which the thought  
 of thee,  
 O friend, awakeneth,—charming the keen  
 pain  
 Of thy departure, and our sense of  
 loss 20  
 Requiring with the fullness of thy gain.  
 Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-borne  
 cross,  
 Dropped only at its side, methinks doth  
 shine,  
 Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !

No sob of grief, no wild lament be  
there, 25  
To break the Sabbath of the holy air;  
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing  
prayer  
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like  
thine.  
O spirit redeemed! Forgive us, if hence-  
forth,  
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,  
We keep thy pleasant memory freshly  
green, 31  
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,  
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is  
seen  
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,  
With pencil dipped alone in colors of  
the heart. 35  
1851.

## BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!  
Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms, 5  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,  
It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!  
Fair Nature's book together read, 10  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,—  
The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,—  
All keep thy memory fresh and green. 15  
Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day;  
O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between 20  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.  
Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word,  
nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast 25  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,— 31  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and  
true,—  
The Paraclete white-shining through 35  
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear, and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

1851.

## KOSSUTH.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there  
are elements in the character and passages in  
the history of the great Hungarian statesman  
and orator, which necessarily command the ad-  
miration of those, even, who believe that no  
political revolution was ever worth the price of  
human blood.

TYPE of two mighty continents!—com-  
bining

The strength of Europe with the  
warmth and glow

Of Asian song and prophecy,—the shining  
Of Orient splendors over Northern  
snow!

Who shall receive him? Who, unblushing,  
speak 5

Welcome to him, who, while he strove to  
break

The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks,  
smote off

At the same blow the fetters of the serf,  
Rearing the altar of his Fatherland

On the firm base of freedom, and  
thereby 10

Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless  
hand,

Mocked not the God of Justice with  
a lie!

Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece?  
 Who shall give  
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugi-  
 tive?  
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts betray-  
 ing, 15  
 Is scourging back to slavery's hell of  
 pain  
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land  
 again!  
 Not he whose utterance now from lips  
 designed  
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,  
 And call her hosts beneath the breaking  
 light, 20  
 The keen reveille of her morn of fight,  
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-  
 hound's baying,  
 The wolf's long howl behind the bond-  
 man's flight!  
 Oh for the tongue of him who lies at  
 rest  
 In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,  
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the  
 best, 26  
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sym-  
 pathies,  
 And hail the coming of the noblest guest  
 The Old World's wrong has given the  
 New World of the West!  
 1851.

### TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER  
 OF HORACE.

These lines were addressed to my worthy  
 friend Joshua Coffin, teacher, historian, and anti-  
 quarian. He was one of the twelve persons who  
 with William Lloyd Garrison formed the first  
 anti-slavery society in New England.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down  
 Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!  
 Never be thy shadow less,  
 Never fail thy cheerfulness;  
 Care, that kills the cat, may plough 5  
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,  
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,  
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,

Plague ambition's dream, and sit  
 Heavy on the hypocrite, 10  
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride  
 In the gilded coach of pride;—  
 Let the fiend pass!—what can he  
 Find to do with such as thee?  
 Seldom comes that evil guest 15  
 Where the conscience lies at rest,  
 And brown health and quiet wit  
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,  
 In that smoked and dingy room, 20  
 Where the district gave thee rule  
 O'er its ragged winter school,  
 Thou didst teach the mysteries  
 Of those weary A B C's,—  
 Where, to fill the every pause 25  
 Of thy wise and learned saws,  
 Through the cracked and crazy wall  
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,  
 And the goodman's voice, at strife,<sup>30</sup>  
 With his shrill and tipsy wife,— 30  
 Luring us by stories old,  
 With a comic uncton told,  
 More than by the eloquence  
 Of terse birchen arguments  
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look 35  
 With complacence on a book!—  
 Where the genial pedagogue  
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,  
 Citing tale or apologue,  
 Wise and merry in its drift 40  
 As was Phædrus' twofold gift,  
 Had the little rebels known it,  
*Risum et prudentiam monet!*  
 I,—the man of middle years,  
 In whose sable locks appears 45  
 Many a warning fleck of gray,—  
 Looking back to that far day,  
 And thy primal lessons, feel  
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,  
 As, remembering thee, I blend 50  
 Olden teacher, present friend,  
 Wise with antiquarian search,  
 In the scrolls of State and Church:  
 Named on history's title-page,  
 Parish-clerk and justice sage; 55  
 For the ferule's wholesome awe  
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,  
Gathering up the scattered leaves  
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast  
Careless from her as she passed,—  
Twofold citizen art thou,  
Freeman of the past and now.  
He who bore thy name of old  
Midway in the heavens did hold  
Over Gibeon moon and sun;  
Thou hast bidden them backward run;  
Of to-day the present ray  
Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride  
What I deem of right thy pride:  
Let the fools their treadmills grind,  
Look not forward nor behind,  
Shuffle in and wriggle out,  
Veer with every breeze about,  
Turning like a windmill sail,  
Or a dog that seeks his tail;  
Let them laugh to see thee fast  
Tabernacled in the Past,  
Working out with eye and lip,  
Riddles of old penmanship,  
Patient as Belzoni there  
Sorting out, with loving care,  
Mummies of dead questions stripped  
From their sevenfold manuscript!

Dabbling, in their noisy way,  
In the puddles of to-day,  
Little know they of that vast  
Solemn ocean of the past,  
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,  
Thou art walking with the dead,  
Questioning the stranded years,  
Waking smiles by turns, and tears,  
As thou callest up again  
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—  
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,  
Cavalier and Puritan;  
In an age whose eager view  
Seeks but present things, and new,  
Mad for party, sect and gold,  
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,  
Coolly bagging fact on fact,  
Naught amiss to thee can float,  
Tale, or song, or anecdote;

Village gossip, centuries old,  
Scandals by our grandams told,  
What the pilgrim's table spread,  
Where he lived, and whom he wed,  
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer  
For his ordination cheer,  
Or the flip that wellnigh made  
Glad his funeral cavalcade;  
Weary prose, and poet's lines,  
Flavored by their age, like wines,  
Eulogistic of some quaint,  
Doubtful, puritanic saint;  
Lays that quickened husking jigs,  
Jests that shook grave periwigs,  
When the parson had his jokes  
And his glass, like other folks;  
Sermons that, for mortal hours,  
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,  
As the long nineteenthlies poured  
Downward from the sounding-board,  
And, for fire of Pentecost,  
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we  
What our fathers are shall be,—  
Shadow-shapes of memory!  
Joined to that vast multitude  
Where the great are but the good,  
And the mind of strength shall prove  
Weaker than the heart of love;  
Pride of graybeard wisdom less  
Than the infant's guilelessness,  
And his song of sorrow more  
Than the crown the Psalmist wore!  
Who shall then, with pious zeal,  
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,  
From a stained and stony page  
Reading to a careless age,  
With a patient eye like thine,  
Prosing tale and limping line,  
Names and words the hoary rime  
Of the Past has made sublime?  
Who shall work for us as well  
The antiquarian's miracle?  
Who to seeming life recall  
Teacher grave and pupil small?  
Who shall give to thee and me  
Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,  
Long and happy days be thine,

Ere thy full and honored age  
 Dates of time its latest page!  
 Squire for master, State for school,  
 Wisely lenient, live and rule;  
 Over grown-up knave and rogue  
 Play the watchful pedagogue;  
 Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,  
 At the call of youth and beauty,  
 Speak for them the spell of law  
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,  
 And the flaming sword remove  
 From the Paradise of Love.  
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore  
 Ancient tome and record o'er;  
 Still thy week-day lyrics croon,  
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,  
 Showing something, in thy part,  
 Of the old Puritanic art,  
 Singer after Sternhold's heart!  
 In thy pew, for many a year,  
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,<sup>40</sup>  
 Who to wit like that of South,  
 And the Syrian's golden mouth,  
 Doth the homely pathos add  
 Which the pilgrim preachers had;  
 Breaking, like a child at play,  
 Gilded idols of the day,  
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool  
 Tossing with his ridicule,  
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,  
 Ever keeping truth abreast.  
 And, when thou art called, at last,  
 To thy townsmen of the past,  
 Not as stranger shalt thou come;  
 Thou shalt find thyself at home  
 With the little and the big,  
 Woollen cap and periwig,  
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,  
 Goody in her home-made stuff,—  
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,  
 Thou hast known them all before!

1851.

## THE CROSS.

\* Richard Dillingham, a young member of the Society of Friends, died in the Nashville penitentiary, where he was confined for the act of aiding the escape of fugitive slaves.

155 'THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be  
 No burden, but support to thee;  
 So, moved of old time for our sake,  
 The holy monk of Kempen spake.<sup>41</sup>  
 160 Thou brave and true one! upon whom  
 Was laid the cross of martyrdom,  
 How didst thou, in thy generous youth,  
 Bear witness to this blessed truth!  
 165 Thy cross of suffering and of shame  
 A staff within thy hands became,  
 In paths where faith alone could see  
 The Master's steps supporting thee.  
 170 Thine was the seed-time; God alone  
 Beholds the end of what is sown;  
 Beyond our vision, weak and dim,  
 The harvest-time is hid with Him.  
 175 Yet, unforgotten where it lies,  
 That seed of generous sacrifice,  
 Though seeming on the desert cast,  
 Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.  
 1852.

## THE HERO.

The hero of the incident related in this poem was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the well-known philanthropist, who when a young man volunteered his aid in the Greek struggle for independence.  
 185 'Oh for a knight like Bayard,  
 Without reproach or fear;  
 190 My light glove on his casque of steel,  
 My love-knot on his spear!  
 'Oh for the white plume floating  
 5 Sad Zutphen's field above,—  
 The lion heart in battle,  
 195 The woman's heart in love!  
 'Oh that man once more were manly,  
 Woman's pride, and not her scorn: 10  
 That once more the pale young mother  
 Dared to boast "a man is born"!

'But now life's slumberous current  
 No sun-bowed cascade wakes;  
 No tall, heroic manhood  
 15 The level dulness breaks.

'Oh for a knight like Bayard,  
Without reproach or fear !  
My light glove on his casque of steel,  
My love-knot on his spear !' 20

Then I said, my own heart throbbing  
To the time her proud pulse beat,  
'Life hath its regal natures yet,  
True, tender, brave, and sweet !

'Smile not, fair unbeliever ! 25  
One man, at least, I know,  
Who might wear the crest of Bayard  
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

'Once, when over purple mountains  
Died away the Grecian sun,  
And the far Cyllenian ranges 30  
Paled and darkened, one by one.—

'Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,  
Cleaving all the quiet sky,  
And against his sharp steel lightnings 35  
Stood the Suliote but to die.

'Woe for the weak and halting !  
The crescent blazed behind  
A curving line of sabres,  
Like fire before the wind ! 40

'Last to fly, and first to rally,  
Rode he of whom I speak,  
When, groaning in his bridle-path,  
Sank down a wounded Greek.

'With the rich Albanian costume 45  
Wet with many a ghastly stain,  
Gazing on earth and sky as one  
Who might not gaze again !

'He looked forward to the mountains,  
Back on foes that never spare, 50  
Then flung him from his saddle,  
And placed the stranger there.

'“Allah ! hu !” Through flashing sabres,  
Through a stormy hail of lead,  
The good Thessalian charger 55  
Up the slopes of olives sped.

'Hot spurred the turbaned riders ;  
He almost felt their breath,  
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly  
down  
Between the hills and death. 60

'One brave and manful struggle,—  
He gained the solid land,  
And the cover of the mountains,  
And the carbines of his band !'

'It was very great and noble,' 65  
Said the moist-eyed listener then,  
'But one brave deed makes no hero ;  
Tell me what he since hath been !'

'Still a brave and generous manhood,  
Still an honor without stain, 70  
In the prison of the Kaiser,  
By the barricades of Seine.

'But dream not helm and harness  
The sign of valor true ;  
Peace hath higher tests of manhood 75  
Than battle ever knew.

'Wouldst know him now ? Behold him,  
The Cadmus of the blind,  
Giving the dumb lip language,  
The idiot-clay a mind. 80

'Walking his round of duty  
Serenely day by day,  
With the strong man's hand of labor  
And childhood's heart of play.

'True as the knights of story, 85  
Sir Lancelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in tilt of spears.

'As waves in stillest waters,  
As stars in noonday skies, 90  
All that wakes to noble action  
In his noon of calmness lies.

'Wherever outraged Nature  
Asks word or action brave,  
Wherever struggles labor, 95  
Wherever groans a slave,—

'Wherever rise the peoples,  
Wherever sinks a throne,  
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds  
An answer in his own. 100

'Knight of a better era,  
Without reproach or fear !  
Said I not well that Bayards  
And Sidneys still are here ?'



## RANTOUL.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: 'He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law.'

ONE day, along the electric wire

His manly word for Freedom sped;  
We came next morn: that tongue of fire  
Said only, 'He who spake is dead!'

Dead! while his voice was living yet, 5  
In echoes round the pillared dome!  
Dead! while his blotted page lay wet  
With themes of state and loves of  
home!

Dead! in that crowning grace of time,  
That triumph of life's zenith hour! 10  
Dead! while we watched his manhood's  
prime  
Break from the slow bud into flower!

Dead! he so great, and strong, and wise,  
While the mean thousands yet drew  
breath;  
How deepened, through that dread sur-  
prise, 15  
The mystery and the awe of death!

From the high place whereon our votes  
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest,  
fell  
His first words, like the prelude notes  
Of some great anthem yet to swell. 20

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,  
Our champion waiting in his place  
For the last battle of the world,  
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the  
word 25  
Which wins the freedom of a land;  
And lift, for human right, the sword  
Which dropped from Hampden's dying  
hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,  
And walked with Pym and Vane  
apart; 30  
And, through the centuries, felt the beat  
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's  
heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,  
Where England's best and wisest trod;  
And, lingering, drank the springs that  
welled 35  
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,  
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway  
The coolness of his northern night,  
The ripe repose of autumn's day. 40

His steps were slow, yet forward still  
He pressed where others paused or  
failed;  
The calm star clomb with constant will,  
The restless meteor flashed and paled!

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew 45  
And owned the higher ends of Law;  
Still rose majestic on his view  
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God; her voice  
The choral harmonies whereby 50  
The stars, through all their spheres,  
rejoice,  
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky!

We saw his great powers misapplied  
To poor ambitions; yet, through all,  
We saw him take the weaker side, 55  
And right the wronged, and free the  
thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North,  
For one like him in word and act,  
To call her old, free spirit forth,  
And give her faith the life of fact,— 60

To break her party bonds of shame,  
And labor with the zeal of him  
To make the Democratic name  
Of Liberty the synonyme,—

We sweep the land from hill to strand, 65  
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,  
And, sad of heart, return to stand  
In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home  
Look out upon his sail-white seas, 70  
The sounds of winds and waters come,  
And shape themselves to words like  
these :

'Why, murmuring, mourn that he, whose  
power  
Was lent to Party over-long,  
Heard the still whisper at the hour 75  
He set his foot on Party wrong ?

'The human life that closed so well  
No lapse of folly now can stain :  
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell  
No meaner thought can now profane. 80

'Mightier than living voice his grave  
That lofty protest utters o'er ;  
Through roaring wind and smiting wave  
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

'Men of the North ! your weak regret 85  
Is wasted here ; arise and pay  
To freedom and to him your debt,  
By following where he led the way !'  
1853.

# WILLIAM FORSTER.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys ; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery ; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty. He was the father of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster. He visited my father's house in Haverhill during his first tour in the United States.

THE years are many since his hand  
Was laid upon my head,  
Too weak and young to understand  
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look 5  
Before me seems to swim,  
As if some inward feeling took  
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,  
Or near temptation's charm, 10  
Through him the low-voiced monitor  
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim ! from that day  
Of meeting, first and last,  
Wherever Duty's pathway lay, 15  
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,  
To proffer life to death,  
Hope to the erring,—to the weak  
The strength of his own faith. 20

To plead the captive's right ; remove  
The sting of hate from Law ;  
And soften in the fire of love  
The hardened steel of War

He walked the dark world, in the mild,  
Still guidance of the Light ; 26  
In tearful tenderness a child,  
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,  
He found, in prayer, release ; 30  
Through what abysmal shadows lay  
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see  
The tranquil strength he gained ;  
The bondage lost in liberty, 35  
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I, -my youthful fancies grown  
The habit of the man,  
Whose field of life by angels sown  
The wilding vines o'erran,— 40

Low bowed in silent gratitude,  
My manhood's heart enjoys  
That reverence for the pure and good  
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives • 45  
 Like star-beams over doubt ;  
 Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives  
 Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain  
 Thy life so calm and true, 50  
 The silver dropping of the rain,  
 The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have prayed  
 Their lives like thine might be !  
 But more shall pray henceforth for aid  
 To lay them down like thee. 56

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,  
 In old age as in youth,  
 Thy Master found thee sowing still  
 The good seed of His truth. 60

As on thy task-field closed the day  
 In golden-skied decline,  
 His angel met thee on the way,  
 And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last 65  
 Of earthly thought a prayer,—  
 Oh, who thy mantle, backward cast,  
 Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks thy bed  
 Might bless our land and save, 70  
 As rose, of old, to life the dead  
 Who touched the prophet's grave !  
 1854.

#### TO CHARLES SUMNER.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure  
 wrong  
 Than praise the right ; if seldom to  
 thine ear  
 My voice hath mingled with the exul-  
 tant cheer  
 Borne upon all our Northern winds along ;  
 If I have failed to join the fickle throng 5  
 In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest  
 strong  
 In victory, surprised in thee to find  
 Brougham's scathing power with Can-  
 ning's grace combined ;

That he, for whom the ninefold Muses  
 sang,  
 From their twined arms a giant athlete  
 sprang, 10  
 Barbing the arrows of his native tongue  
 With the spent shafts Latona's archer  
 flung,  
 To smite the Python of our land and  
 time,  
 Fell as the monster born of Crissa's  
 slime,  
 Like the blind bard who in Castalian  
 springs 15  
 Tempered the steel that clove the crest of  
 kings,  
 And on the shrine of England's freedom  
 laid  
 The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's  
 shade,—  
 Small need hast thou of words of praise  
 from me.  
 Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,  
 and well canst guess 20  
 That, even though silent, I have not  
 the less  
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree  
 With the large future which I shaped for  
 thee,  
 When, years ago, beside the summer 22  
 sea,  
 White in the moon, we saw the long  
 waves fall 25  
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,  
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,  
 Opposed alone its massive quietude,  
 Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor vine  
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still  
 moonshine, 30  
 Crowning it like God's peace. I some-  
 times think  
 That night-scene by the sea prophetic  
 (For Nature speaks in symbols and in  
 signs,  
 And through her pictures human fate  
 divines),  
 That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows  
 sink 35  
 In murmuring rout, uprising clear and  
 tall  
 In the white light of heaven, the type of  
 oñc

Who, momentarily by Error's host assailed,  
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of  
granite mailed ;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening over  
all

The tumult, hear: the angels say, Well  
done!

1854.

### BURNS.

#### ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover ;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather, 6  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns !  
The moorland flower and peasant ! 10  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant !

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold 15  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure. 20

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn, 25  
The locust in the haying ;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow, 30  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read, 35  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read '*The Two Dogs*' story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory. 40

Sweet day, sweet songs ! The golden  
hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman ; 46  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better 50  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing ;  
The tender idyls of the heart 55  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already? 60

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying ;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return, 65  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover ; 70  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean, 75  
The child of God's baptizing !

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

80

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

85

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet Soul of Song ! I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings !

90

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine  
Or wanton ones of beauty ;

96

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

100

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render ;  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor !

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer ?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer ?

105

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

110

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So ' Bonnie Doon ' but tarry ;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary !

115

1854.

## TO GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of flame,  
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with  
blame  
The traffickers in men, and put to shame,  
All earth and heaven before,  
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor. 5

All the dread Scripture lives for thee  
again,  
To smite like lightning on the hands  
profane  
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the  
chain.

Once more the old Hebrew tongue  
Bends with the shafts of God a bow new-  
strung ! 10

Take up the mantle which the prophets  
wore ;

Warn with their warnings, show the  
Christ once more

Bound, scourged, and crucified in His  
blameless poor ;

And shake above our land  
The unquenched bolts that blazed in  
Hosea's hand ! 15

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years  
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers,  
And smite with truth a guilty nation's  
ears.

Mightier was Luther's word  
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutton's  
sword ! 20

1858.

## TO JAMES T. FIELDS.

ON A BLANK LEAF OF 'POEMS PRINTED,  
NOT PUBLISHED.'

WELL thought ! who would not rather  
hear

The songs to Love and Friendship sung  
Than those which move the stranger's  
tongue,

And feed his unselected ear ?

Our social joys are more than fame ; Life withers in the public look. Why mount the pillory of a book, Or barter comfort for a name?	5	I could not reach you, if I would, Nor sit among your cloudy shapes : And (spare the fable of the grapes And fox) I would not if I could.	45
Who in a house of glass would dwell, With curious eyes at every pane? To ring him in and out again, Who wants the public crier's bell?	10	Keep to your lofty pedestals! The safer plain below I choose : Who never wins can rarely lose, Who never climbs as rarely falls.	50
To see the angel in one's way, Who wants to play the ass's part,— Bear on his back the wizard Art, And in his service speak or bray?	15	Let such as love the eagle's scream Divide with him his home of ice : For me shall gentler notes suffice,— The valley-song of bird and stream ;	55
And who his manly locks would shave, And quench the eyes of common sense, To share the noisy recompense That mocked the shorn and blinded slave?		The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees, The flail-beat chiming far away, The cattle-low, at shut of day, The voice of God in leaf and breeze !	60
The heart has needs beyond the head, 21 And, starving in the plenitude Of strange gifts, craves its common food,— Our human nature's daily bread.	21	Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend, And help me to the vales below, (In truth, I have not far to go.) Where sweet with flowers the fields extend.	
		1858.	
We are but men : no gods are we, To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak, Each separate, on his painful peak, Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !	25		
Better his lot whose axe is swung In Warburg's woods, or that poor girl's Who by the flm her spindle whirls And sings the songs that Luther sung,	31		
Than his who, old, and cold, and vain, At Weimar sat, a demigod, And bowed with Jove's imperial nod His votaries in and out again !	36		
Ply, Vanity, thy wing'd feet ! Ambition, hew thy rocky stair ! Who envies him who feeds on air The icy splendor of his seat ?	40		
I see your Alps, above me, cut The dark, cold sky ; and dim and lone I see ye sitting,—stone on stone,— With human senses dulled and shut.			
		THE MEMORY OF BURNS.	
		Read at the Boston celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, 25th, 1st mo., 1859. In my absence these lines were read by Ralph Waldo Emerson.	
		How sweetly come the holy psalms From saints and martyrs down, The waving of triumphal palms Above the thorny crown ! The choral praise, the chanted prayers From harps by angels strung, The hunted Cameron's mountain airs, The hymns that Luther sung !	5
		Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes, The sounds of earth are heard, As through the open minster floats The song of breeze and bird ! Not less the wonder of the sky That daisies bloom below ; The brook sings on, though loud and high The cloudy organs blow !	10 16

And, if the tender ear be jarred  
 That, haply, hears by turns  
 The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
 The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
 No discord mars His perfect plan  
 Who gave them both a tongue;  
 For he who sings the love of man  
 The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven  
 Of him in whom we joy!  
 We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven  
 And leave the earth's alloy.  
 Be ours his music as of spring,  
 His sweetness as of flowers,  
 The songs the bard himself might sing  
 In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum  
 Of household melodies,  
 Come singing, as the robins come  
 To sing in door-yard trees.  
 And, heart to heart, two nations lean,  
 No rival wreaths to twine,  
 But blending in eternal green  
 The holly and the pine!  
 1859.

#### IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's  
 mountains,  
 Across the charm'd bay  
 Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver  
 fountains  
 Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten, 5  
 His gold-bought masses given;  
 And Rome's great altar smokes with gums  
 to sweeten  
 Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with mute  
 thanksgiving,  
 The court of England's queen 10  
 For the dead monster so abhorred while  
 living  
 In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that  
 feigning;  
 By lone Edgbaston's side  
 Stands a great city in the sky's sad  
 raining, 15  
 Bareheaded and wet-eyed!

Silent for once the restless hive of labor,  
 Save the low funeral tread,  
 Or voice of craftsman whispering to his  
 neighbor  
 The good deeds of the dead. 20

For him no minster's chant of the im-  
 mortals  
 Rose from the lips of sin;  
 No mitred priest swung back the heavenly  
 portals  
 To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their tearful  
 faces 25  
 In the low hovel's door,  
 And prayers went up from all the dark  
 by-places  
 And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
 The vagrant of the street, 30  
 The human dice wherewith in games of  
 battle  
 The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no out-  
 ward draping,  
 All swelled the long lament,  
 Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,  
 shaping 35  
 His viewless monument!

For never yet, with ritual pomp and  
 splendor,  
 In the long heretofore,  
 A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and  
 tender,  
 Has England's turf closed o'er. 40

And if there fell from out her grand old  
 steeples  
 No crash of brazen wail,  
 The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues,  
 and peoples  
 Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted meadows, 45	Tender as woman, manliness and meek- ness
And from the tropic calms	In him were so allied
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows	That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Of Occidental palms ;	Saw but a single side. 80
From the locked roadsteads of the Both- nian peasants,	Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
And harbors of the Finn, 50	By failure and by fall ;
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence	Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,	And in God's love for all.
To seek the lost, to build the old waste places,	And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness 85
To link the hostile shores	No more shall seem at strife ;
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies 55	And death has moulded into calm com- pleteness
The moss of Finland's moors.	The statue of his life.
Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,	Where the dews glisten and the songbirds warble,
Who in the vilest saw	His dust to dust is laid, 90
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple	In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
Still vocal with God's law ; 60	To shame his modest shade.
And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing	The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;
As from its prison cell,	Beneath its smoky veil,
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying Of Jonah out of hell.	Hard by, the city of his love is swinging Its clamorous iron flail. 96
Not his the golden pen's or lip's per- suasion, 65	But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
But a fine sense of right,	And the sweet heaven above,—
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion	The fitting symbols of a life of duty Transfigured into love ! 100
Straight as a line of light.	1859.
His faith and works, like streams that interningle,	
- In the same channel ran : 70	
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single	
Shamed all the frauds of man.	
The very gentlest of all human natures	
He joined to courage strong,	
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures 75	
With sturdy hate of wrong.	

## BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on  
his dying day :

'I will not have to shrive my soul a priest  
in Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom  
I have striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair  
put up a prayer for me !'



John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led  
 him out to die; 5  
 And lo! a poor slave-mother with her  
 little child pressed nigh.  
 Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and  
 the old harsh face grew mild,  
 As he stooped between the jeering ranks  
 and kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that mo-  
 ment fell apart;  
 And they who blamed the bloody hand  
 forgave the loving heart. 10  
 That kiss from all its guilty means re-  
 deemed the good intent,  
 And round the grisly fighter's hair the  
 martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks  
 through evil good!  
 Long live the generous purpose unstained  
 with human blood!  
 Not the raid of midnight terror, but the  
 thought which underlies; 15  
 Not the borderer's pride of daring, but  
 the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the  
 Northern rifle hear,  
 Nor see the light of blazing homes flash  
 on the negro's spear.  
 But let the free-winged angel Truth their  
 guarded passes scale,  
 To teach that right is more than might,  
 and justice more than mail! 20

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in  
 array;  
 In vain her trampling squadrons knead  
 the winter snow with clay.  
 She may strike the pouncing eagle, but  
 she dares not harm the dove;  
 And every gate she bars to Hate shall  
 open wide to Love!

1859.

## NAPLES.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON,  
 OF BOSTON.

Helen Waterston died at Naples in her  
 eighteenth year, and lies buried in the Pro-  
 testant cemetery there. The stone over her  
 grave bears the lines,

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,  
 And let her henceforth be  
 A messenger of love between  
 Our human hearts and Thee.

I GIVE thee joy!—I know to thee  
 The dearest spot on earth must be  
 Where sleeps thy loved one by the sum-  
 mer sea;

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,  
 The land of Virgil gave thee room 5  
 To lay thy flower with her perpetual  
 bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down  
 Behind thee on the gleaming town,  
 On Baiae's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking  
 day 10  
 Burned Ischia's mountain lines away,  
 And Capri melted in its sunny bay;

Through thy great farewell sorrow  
 shot  
 The sharp pang of a bitter thought  
 That slaves must tread around that holy  
 spot. 15

Thou knewest not the land was blest  
 In giving thy beloved rest,  
 Holding the fond hope closer to her breast

That every sweet and saintly grave  
 Was freedom's prophecy, and gave 20  
 The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and  
 save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear  
 The unchained city sends its cheer,  
 And, tuned to joy, the muffled bells of  
 fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free  
And happy by the summer sea, 26  
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain  
The languid smile that follows pain,  
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun  
again. 30

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call  
From gray Camaldoli's convent-wall  
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines  
And olives, like the breath of pines 35  
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that  
breath,  
Rejoice as one who witnesseth  
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from  
death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain, 40  
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,  
Writing the grave with flowers : ' Arisen  
again !'

1860.

## A MEMORIAL.

Moses Austin Cartland, a dear friend and  
relation, who led a faithful life as a teacher, and  
died in the summer of 1863.

Oh, thicker, deeper, darker growing,  
The solemn vista to the tomb  
Must know henceforth another shadow.  
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers, 5  
We walked, O friend, from childhood's  
day :  
And, looking back o'er fifty summers,  
Our footprints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing  
To make the world within our reach 10  
Somewhat the better for our living,  
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off voices,  
The old beguiling song of fame,  
But life to thee was warm and present, 15  
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships  
Thy genial nature fondly clung ;  
And so the shadow on the dial  
Ran back and left thee always young. 20

And who could blame the generous weak-  
ness  
Which, only to thyself unjust,  
So overprized the worth of others,  
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence  
Of one who, seeking not his own, 26  
Gave freely for the love of giving,  
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude  
Of generous deeds and kindly words ; 30  
In thy large heart were fair guest-cham-  
bers,  
Open to sunrise and the birds !

The task was thine to mould and fashion  
Life's plastic newness into grace :  
To make the boyish heart heroic, 35  
And light with thought the maiden's  
face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,  
With bended heads of mourning, stand  
The living forms that owe their beauty  
And fitness to thy shaping hand. 40

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,  
The noontide calm of heart and mind,  
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining  
To mourn me, linger still behind :

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding, 45  
A debt of love still due from me, —  
The vain remembrance of occasions,  
Forever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred  
To join the silent funeral prayers, 50  
But all that long sad day of summer  
My tears of mourning dropped with  
theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,  
The birds forgot their merry trills:  
All day I heard the pines lamenting 55  
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines forever,  
And green the meadowy lowlands be,  
And green the old memorial beeches,  
Name-carven in the woods of Lee! 60

Still let them greet thy life companions  
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,  
In every mossy line recalling  
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not  
To know thee henceforth as thou art, 66  
That all is well with thee forever  
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,  
Thine the green pastures, blossom-sown,  
And smiles of saintly recognition, 71  
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow  
To meet us, but to thee we come;  
With thee we never can be strangers, 75  
And where thou art must still be home.  
1863.

#### BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Bryant's seventieth birthday, November 3,  
1864, was celebrated by a festival to which these  
verses were sent.

We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown 5  
With charms to common sight denied,—  
The marvellous gift he shares alone  
With him who walked on Rydal-side;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,  
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;  
We speak his praise who wears to-day 11  
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,  
Let happy lips his songs rehearse;  
His life is now his noblest strain, 15  
His manhood better than his verse!

Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys  
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;  
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like  
these,  
The poet seems beside the man! 20

So be it! let the garlands die,  
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,  
Let our names perish, if thereby  
Our country may be saved and freed!

1864.

#### THOMAS STARR KING.

Published originally as a prelude to the  
posthumous volume of selections edited by  
Richard Frothingham

THE great work laid upon his twoscore  
years

Is done, and well done. If we drop our  
tears,  
Who loved him as few men were ever  
loved,

We mourn no blighted hope nor broken  
plan

With him whose life stands rounded and  
approved 5

In the full growth and stature of a man.  
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,  
With your deep toll a sound of faith and  
hope!

Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way  
down,

From thousand-masted bay and steepled  
town! 10

Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell  
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and  
tell

That the brave sower saw his ripened  
grain.

O East and West! O morn and sunset  
twain

No more forever!—has he lived in vain 15  
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one,  
and told

Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

1864.

LINES ON A FLY-LEAF.

[Suggested by the book *A New Atmosphere*, by Gail Hamilton. The other friends referred to in the lines are Lydia Maria Child, Grace Greenwood, Anna E. Dickinson and Mrs. Stowe.]

I NEED not ask thee, for my sake,  
To read a book which well may make  
Its way by native force of wit  
Without my manual sign to it.  
Its piquant writer needs from me  
No gravely masculine guaranty,  
And well might laugh her merriest laugh  
At broken spears in her behalf;  
Yet, spite of all the critics tell,  
I frankly own I like her well.  
It may be that she wields a pen  
Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned men,  
That her keen arrows search and try  
The armor joints of dignity,  
And, though alone for error meant,  
Sing through the air irreverent.  
I blame her not, the young athlete  
Who plants her woman's tiny feet,  
And dares the chances of debate  
Where bearded men might hesitate,  
Who, deeply earnest, seeing well  
The ludicrous and laughable,  
Mingling in eloquent excess  
Her anger and her tenderness,  
And, chiding with a half-caress,  
Strives, less for her own sex than ours,  
With principalities and powers,  
And points us upward to the clear  
Sunned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults!—I will not  
pause  
To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,  
Or waste my pity when some fool  
Provokes her measureless ridicule.  
Strong-minded is she? Better so  
Than dulness set for sale or show,  
A household folly, capped and belled  
In fashion's dance of puppets held,  
Or poor pretence of womanhood,  
Whose formal, flavorless platitude

Is warranted from all offence 40  
Of robust meaning's violence.  
Give me the wine of thought whose  
head  
Sparkles along the page I read,—  
Electric words in which I find  
The tonic of the northwest wind; 45  
The wisdom which itself allies  
To sweet and pure humanities,  
Where scorn of meanness, hate of wrong,  
Are underlaid by love as strong;  
The genial play of mirth that lights 50  
Grave themes of thought, as when, on  
nights  
Of summer-time, the harmless blaze  
Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,  
And tree and hill-top resting dim  
And doubtful on the sky's vague rim, 55  
Touched by that soft and lambent gleam,  
Start sharply outlined from their dream.  
  
Talk not to me of woman's sphere,  
Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,  
Nor wrong the manliest saint of all 60  
By doubt, if he were here, that Paul  
Would own the heroines who have lent  
Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,  
Foregone the praise to woman sweet,  
And cast their crowns at Duty's feet; 65  
Like her, who by her strong Appeal  
Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,  
Who, earliest summoned to withstand  
The color-madness of the land,  
Counted her life-long losses gain, 70  
And made her own her sisters' pain;  
Or her who, in her greenwood shade,  
Heard the sharp call that Freedom  
made,  
And, answering, struck from Sappho's  
lyre  
Of love the Tyrtæan carmen's fire: 75  
Or that young girl,—Domrémy's maid  
Revived a nobler cause to aid,—  
Shaking from warning finger-tips  
The doom of her apocalypse;  
Or her, who world-wide entrance gave 80  
To the log-cabin of the slave,  
Made all his want and sorrow known,  
And all earth's languages his own.

## GEORGE L. STEARNS.

No man rendered greater service to the cause  
of freedom than Major Stearns in the great  
struggle between invading slave-holders and the  
free settlers of Kansas.

He has done the work of a true man,—  
Crown him, honor him, love him.  
Weep over him, tears of woman,  
Stoop manliest brows above him!

O dusky mothers and daughters, 5  
Vigils of mourning keep for him!  
Up in the mountains, and down by the  
waters,  
Lift up your voices and weep for him!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,  
The freest of hands is still; 10  
And the gap in our picked and chosen  
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,  
No need his will outrun; 15  
Or ever our lips could ask him,  
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,  
Himself to his neighbor lending;  
He found the Lord in his suffering  
brothers,  
And not in the clouds descending. 20

So the bed was sweet to die on,  
Whence he saw the doors wide swung  
Against whose bolted iron  
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened 25  
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,  
And knew while his ear yet hearkened  
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well! The world is discreet;  
There are plenty to pause and wait; 30  
But here was a man who set his feet  
Sometimes in advance of fate;

Plucked off the old bark when the inner  
Was slow to renew it,  
And put to the Lord's work the sinner 35  
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing  
A worthier paladin.  
Shall he not hear the blessing,  
'Good and faithful, enter in!' 40  
1867.

## GARIBALDI.

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet  
saw  
The casting down of thrones. Thou,  
watching lone  
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-  
hilled,  
Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky  
zone  
With foam, the slow waves gather and  
withdraw, 5  
Behold'st the vision of the seer ful-  
filled,  
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened  
with a sound  
Of falling chains, as, one by one, un-  
bound,  
The nations lift their right hands up and  
swear  
Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-  
white wall 10  
Of England, from the black Carpathian  
range,  
Along the Danube and the Theiss,  
through all  
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,  
And from the Seine's thronged banks,  
a murmur strange  
And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer  
seas 15  
On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening  
hair,—  
Thesong of freedom's bloodless victories!  
Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy sword  
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed  
vainly poured  
Where, in Christ's name, the crowned  
infidel 20  
Of France wrought murder with the arms  
of hell  
On that sad mountain slope whose  
ghostly dead,

Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,  
Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,

And draw the curtains of Napoleon's  
bed! 25

God's providence is not blind, but, full of  
eyes,

It searches all the refuges of lies;  
And in His time and way, the accursed  
things

Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage  
Has clashed defiance from hot youth to  
age 30

Shall perish. All men shall be priests  
and kings,

One royal brotherhood, one church  
made free

By love, which is the law of liberty!  
1869.

TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD,

ON READING HER POEM IN 'THE  
'STANDARD.'

Mrs. Child wrote her lines, beginning, 'Again  
the trees are clothed in vernal green,' May 24,  
1860, on the first anniversary of Ellis Gray  
Loring's death, but did not publish them for  
some years afterward, when I first read them, or  
I could not have made the reference which I did  
to the extinction of slavery.

THE sweet spring day is glad with music,  
But through it sounds a sadder strain;  
The worthiest of our narrowing circle  
Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O woman greatly loved! I join thee 5  
In tender memories of our friend;  
With thee across the awful spaces  
The greeting of a soul I send!

What cheer hath he? How is it with  
him?

Where lingers he this weary while? 10  
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven  
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

Does he not know our feet are treading  
The earth hard down on Slavery's grave?  
That, in our crowning exultations, 15  
We miss the charm his presence gave?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper  
From him to tell us all is well?

Why to our flower-time comes no token  
Of lily and of asphodel? 20

I feel the unutterable longing,  
Thy hunger of the heart is mine;  
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,  
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question 25  
The finger of God's silence lies;  
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?  
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,  
This outreach of our hearts, we need; 30  
God will not mock the hope He giveth,  
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,  
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;  
Some day their arms shall close about us,  
And the old voices speak once more. 36

No dreary splendors wait our coming  
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;  
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanks-  
giving,

The harvest-gathering of the heart. 40  
1870.

THE SINGER.

This poem was written on the death of Alice  
Cary. Her sister Phoebe, heart-broken by her  
loss, followed soon after. Noble and richly gifted,  
lovely in person and character, they left behind  
them only friends and admirers.

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door;  
Two song-birds wandering from their  
nest,  
A gray old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one, 5  
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun!  
Her gravest mood could scarce displace  
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less For quick and tremulous tenderness; 10 And, following close her merriest glance, Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romance.	When last I saw her, full of peace, She waited for her great release; 50 And that old friend so sage and bland, Our later Franklin, held her hand.
Timid and still, the elder had Even then a smile too sweetly sad; The crown of pain that all must wear 15 Too early pressed her midnight hair.	For all that patriot bosoms stirs Had moved that woman's heart of hers, And men who toiled in storm and sun 55 Found her their meet companion.
Yet ere the summer eve grew long, Her modest lips were sweet with song; A memory haunted all her words Of clover-fields and singing birds. 20	Our converse, from her suffering bed To healthful themes of life she led: The out-door world of bud and bloom And light and sweetness filled her room.
Her dark, dilating eyes expressed The broad horizons of the west; Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold Of harvest wheat about her rolled.	Yet evermore an underthought 61 Of loss to come within us wrought, And all the while we felt the strain Of the strong will that conquered pain.
Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me: I queried not with destiny: 26 I knew the trial and the need, Yet, all the more, I said, God speed!	God giveth quietness at last! 65 The common way that all have passed She went, with mortal yearnings fond, To fuller life and love beyond.
What could I other than I did? Could I a singing-bird forbid? 30 Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke The music of the forest brook?	Fold the rapt soul in your embrace, My dear ones! Give the singer place! 70 To you, to her,—I know not where,— I lift the silence of a prayer.
She went with morning from my door, But left me richer than before; Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer, 35 The welcome of her partial ear.	For only thus our own we find; The gone before, the left behind, All mortal voices die between; 75 The unheard reaches the unseen.
Years passed: through all the land her name A pleasant household word became: All felt behind the singer stood A sweet and gracious womanhood. 40	Again the blackbirds sing; the streams Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams, And tremble in the April showers The tassels of the maple flowers. 80
Her life was earnest work, not play; Her tired feet climbed a weary way; And even through her lightest strain We heard an undertone of pain.	But not for her has spring renewed The sweet surprises of the wood; And bird and flower are lost to her Who was their best interpreter!
Unseen of her her fair fame grew, 45 The good she did she rarely knew, Ungessed of her in life the love That rained its tears her grave above.	What to shut eyes has God revealed? 85 What hear the ears that death has sealed? What undreamed beauty passing show Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love, 90  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel, 95  
With the old voice we loved so well!  
1871.

### HOW MARY GREW.

These lines were in answer to an invitation to hear a lecture of Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, before the Boston Radical Club. The reference in the last stanza is to an essay on Sappho by T. W. Higginson, read at the club the preceding month.

WITH wisdom far beyond her years,  
And graver than her wondering peers,  
So strong, so mild, combining still  
The tender heart and queenly will,  
To conscience and to duty true, 5  
So, up from childhood, Mary Grew!

Then in her gracious womanhood  
She gave her days to doing good.  
She dared the scornful laugh of men,  
The hounding mob, the slanderer's pen.  
She did the work she found to do,— 11  
A Christian heroine, Mary Grew!

The freed slave thanks her; blessing  
comes

To her from women's weary homes;  
The wronged and erring find in her 15  
Their censor mild and comforter.  
The world were safe if but a few  
Could grow in grace as Mary Grew!

So, New Year's Eve, I sit and say,  
By this low wood-fire, ashen gray; 20  
Just wishing, as the night shuts down,  
That I could hear in Boston town,  
In pleasant Chestnut Avenue,  
From her own lips, how Mary Grew!

And hear her graceful hostess tell 25  
The silver-voic'd oracle  
Who lately through her parlors spoke  
As through Dodona's sacred oak,

A wiser truth than any told  
By Sappho's lips of ruddy gold,— 30  
The way to make the world anew,  
Is just to grow—as Mary Grew!  
1871.

### SUMNER.

'I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied.'—MILTON'S *Defence of the People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE! the winds of March  
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,  
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch  
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf, 5  
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead  
Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,  
A Rachel yet uncomforted!

And once again the organ swells,  
Once more the flag is half-way hung, 10  
And yet again the mournful bells  
In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,  
Have come a simple wreath to lay,  
Superfluous, on a grave that still 15  
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned;  
It may be that my friend might miss,  
In his new sphere of heart and mind,  
Some token from my hand in this. 20

By many a tender memory moved,  
Along the past my thought I send;  
The record of the cause he loved  
Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear, 25  
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,  
But never yet to Hebrew seer  
A clearer voice of duty came.



- God said: 'Break thou these yokes;  
undo  
These heavy burdens. I ordain 30  
A work to last thy whole life through,  
A ministry of strife and pain.
- 'Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,  
Put thou the scholar's promise by, 34  
The rights of man are more than these.'  
He heard, and answered: 'Here am I!'
- He set his face against the blast,  
His feet against the flinty shard,  
Till the hard service grew, at last,  
Its own exceeding great reward. 40
- Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,  
Upon his kingly forehead fell  
The first sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,  
Launched at the truth he urged so well.
- Ah! never yet, at rack or stake, 45  
Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,  
Than his, who suffered for her sake  
The beak-torn Titan's lingering pain!
- The fixed star of his faith, through all  
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same;  
As through a night of storm, some tall, 51  
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.
- Beyond the dust and smoke he saw  
The sheaves of Freedom's large increase,  
The holy fanes of equal law, 55  
The New Jerusalem of peace.
- The weak might fear, the worldling  
mock,  
The faint and blind of heart regret;  
All knew at last th' eternal rock  
On which his forward feet were set. 60
- The subtlest scheme of compromise  
Was folly to his purpose bold;  
The strongest mesh of party lies  
Weak to the simplest truth he told.
- One language held his heart and lip, 65  
Straight onward to his goal he trod,  
And proved the highest statesmanship  
Obedience to the voice of God.
- No wail was in his voice,—none heard,  
When treason's storm-cloud blackest  
grew, 70  
The weakness of a doubtful word;  
His duty, and the end, he knew.
- The first to smite, the first to spare;  
When once the hostile ensigns fell,  
He stretched out hands of generous care  
To lift the foe he fought so well. 76
- For there was nothing base or small  
Or craven in his soul's broad plan;  
Forgiving all things personal,  
He hated only wrong to man. 80
- The old traditions of his State,  
The memories of her great and good,  
Took from his life a fresher date,  
And in himself embodied stood.
- How felt the greed of gold and place, 85  
The venal crew that schemed and  
planned,  
The fine scorn of that haughty face,  
The spurning of that bribeless hand!
- If than Rome's tribunes statelier  
He wore his senatorial robe, 90  
His lofty port was all for her,  
The one dear spot on all the globe.
- If to the master's plea he gave  
The vast contempt his manhood felt,  
He saw a brother in the slave,— 95  
With man as equal man he dealt.
- Proud was he? If his presence kept  
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,  
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped  
The hero and the demigod, 100
- None failed, at least, to reach his ear,  
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain;  
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,  
And blessed him from his ward of  
pain.
- Safely his dearest friends may own 105  
The slight defects he never hid,  
The surface-blemish in the stone  
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought His conscience to the public mart; 110 But lived himself the truth he taught, White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.	The sensuous joy from all things fair His strenuous bent of soul repressed, And left from youth to silvered hair 151 Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.
What if he felt the natural pride Of power in noble use, too true With thin humilities to hide 115 The work he did, the lore he knew?	For all his life was poor without, O Nature, make the last amends! Train all thy flowers his grave about, 155 And make thy singing-birds his friends!
Was he not just? Was any wronged By that assured self-estimate? He took but what to him belonged, Unenvious of another's state. 120	Revive again, thou summer rain, The broken turf upon his bed! Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest strain Of low, sweet music overhead! 160.
Well might he heed the words he spake, And scan with care the written page Through which he still shall warm and wake The hearts of men from age to age.	With calm and beauty symbolize The peace which follows long annoy, And lend our earth-bent, mourning eyes, Some hint of his diviner joy.
Ah! who shall blame him now because He solaced thus his hours of pain! 126 Should not the o'erworn thresher pause, And hold to light his golden grain?	For safe with right and truth he is, 165 As God lives he must live away; There is no end for souls like his, No night for children of the day!
No sense of humor dropped its oil On the hard ways his purpose went; Small play of fancy lightened toil; 131 He spake alone the thing he meant.	Nor cant nor poor solicitudes 169 Made weak his life's great argument; Small leisure his for frames and moods Who followed Duty where she went.
He loved his books, the Art that hints A beauty veiled behind its own, The graver's line, the pencil's tints, 135 The chisel's shape evoked from stone.	The broad, fair fields of God he saw Beyond the bigot's narrow bound; The truths he moulded into law 175 In Christ's beatitudes he found.
He cherished, void of selfish ends, The social courtesies that bless And sweeten life, and loved his friends With most unworldly tenderness. 140	His state-craft was the Golden Rule, His right of vote a sacred trust; Clear, over threat and ridicule, 179 All heard his challenge: 'Is it just?'
But still his tired eyes rarely learned The glad relief by Nature brought; Her mountain ranges never turned His current of persistent thought.	And when the hour supreme had come, Not for himself a thought he gave; In that last pang of martyrdom, His care was for the half-freed slave.
The sea rolled chorus to his speech 145 Three-banked like Latium's tall tri- • reme, With laboring oars; the grove and beach Were Forum and the Academe.	Not vainly dusky hands upbore, 185 In prayer, the passing soul to heaven Whose mercy to His suffering poor Was service to the Master given. 188

Long shall the good State's annals tell,  
Her children's children long be taught,  
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well  
The trust he neither shunned nor  
sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,  
O Mother, from thy son, not long  
He waited calmly in his place 195  
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved  
The one brief lapse, the single blot;  
Forgotten be the stain removed,  
Her righted record shows it not! 200

The lifted sword above her shield  
With jealous care shall guard his fame;  
The pine-tree on her ancient field  
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son 205  
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,  
And from her pictured Pantheon  
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,  
Who now shall doubt thy highest  
claim? 210  
The world that counts thy jewels o'er  
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name!  
1874.

### THIERS.

#### I.

FATE summoned, in gray-bearded age, to  
act  
A history stranger than his written fact,  
Him who portrayed the splendor and  
the gloom  
Of that great hour when throne and altar  
fell  
With long death-groan which still is  
audible. 5  
He, when around the walls of Paris  
rung  
The Prussian bugle like the blast of  
doom,  
And every ill which follows unblest war

Maddened all France from Finistère to  
Var,  
The weight of fourscore from his  
shoulders flung, 10  
And guided Freedom in the path he saw  
Lead out of chaos into light and law,  
Peace, not imperial, but republican,  
And order pledged to all the Rights of  
Man.

#### II.

Death called him from a need as immi-  
nent 15  
As that from which the Silent William  
went  
When powers of evil, like the smiting  
seas  
On Holland's dikes, assailed her liberties.  
Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance  
hung  
The weal and woe of France, the bells  
were rung 20  
For her lost leader. Paralyzed of will,  
Above his bier the hearts of men stood  
still.  
Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn  
Of Roland wound once more to rouse and  
warn,  
The old voice filled the air! His last  
brave word 25  
Not vainly France to all her boundaries  
stirred.  
Strong as in life, he still for Freedom  
wrought,  
As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.  
1877.

### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

#### AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE.

AMONG their graven shapes to whom  
Thy civic wreaths belong,  
O city of his love, make room  
For one whose gift was song.  
Not his the soldier's sword to wield, 5  
Nor his the helm of state,  
Nor glory of the stricken field,  
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,  
He served his race and time  
As well as if his clerkly pen  
Had never danced to rhyme.

10

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,  
The Muses found their son,  
Could any say his tuneful art  
A duty left undone?

15

He toiled and sang; and year by year  
Men found their homes more sweet,  
And through a tenderer atmosphere  
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street  
knew;  
The Red King walked Broadway;  
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew  
From Palisades to Bay.

21

Fair City by the Sea! upraise  
His veil with reverent hands;  
And mingle with thy own the praise  
And pride of other lands.

25

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe  
Above her hero-urns;  
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath  
The flower he culled for Burns.

30

Oh, stately stand thy palace walls,  
Thy tall ships ride the seas;  
To-day thy poet's name recalls  
A prouder thought than these.

35

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,  
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,  
That shaded square and dusty street  
Are classic ground through him.

40

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,  
The echoes of his song;  
Too late the tardy meed we bring,  
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas! Of all who knew  
The living man, to-day  
Before his unveiled face, how few  
Make bare their locks of gray!

45

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,  
Our grateful eyes be dim;  
O brothers of the days to come,  
Take tender charge of him!

50

New hands the wires of song may sweep,  
New voices challenge fame;  
But let no moss of years o'ercreep  
The lines of Halleck's name.

55

1877.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Oh, well may Essex sit forlorn  
Beside her sea-blown shore;  
Her well beloved, her noblest born,  
Is hers in life no more!

No lapse of years can render less  
Her memory's sacred claim;  
No fountain of forgetfulness  
Can wet the lips of Fame.

5

A grief alike to wound and heal,  
A thought to soothe and pain,  
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel  
To her must still remain.

10

Good men and true she has not lacked,  
And brave men yet shall be;  
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,  
Of all her years was he!

15

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,  
What worthier knight was found  
To grace in Arthur's golden age  
The fabled Table Round?

20

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,  
To welcome and restore;  
A hand, that all unwilling smote,  
To heal and build once more!

A soul of fire, a tender heart  
Too warm for hate, he knew  
The generous victor's graceful part  
To sheathe the sword he drew.

25

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,  
Looks back upon her wars,  
And the white light of Christ outstreams  
From the red disk of Mars,

30

His fame who led the stormy van  
Of battle well may cease,  
But never that which crowns the man 35  
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore  
Thy beautiful and brave,  
Whose failing hand the olive bore,  
Whose dying lips forgave! 40

Let age lament the youthful chief,  
And tender eyes be dim;  
The tears are more of joy than grief  
That fall for one like him!  
1878.

### BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### I.

'AND where now, Bayard, will thy foot-  
steps tend?'  
My sister asked our guest one winter's  
day.  
Smiling he answered in the Friends'  
sweet way  
Common to both: 'Wherever thou shalt  
send!  
What wouldst thou have me see for  
thee?' She laughed, 5  
Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-  
fire's glow:  
'Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and the  
low,  
Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-  
craft.'  
'All these and more I soon shall see for  
thee!'  
He answered cheerily: and he kept his  
pledge 10  
On Lapland snows, the North Cape's  
windy wedge,  
And Tromsø freezing in its winter sea.  
He went and came. But no man knows  
the track  
Of his last journey, and he comes not  
back!

#### II.

He brought us wonders of the new and  
old; 15  
We shared all climes with him. The  
Arab's tent  
To him its story-telling secret lent.  
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he  
told.  
His task, beguiled with songs that shall  
endure,  
In manly, honest thoroughness he  
wrought; 20  
From humble home-lays to the heights  
of thought  
Slowly he climbed, but every step was  
sure.  
How, with the generous pride that friend-  
ship hath,  
We, who so loved him, saw at last the  
crown  
Of civic honor on his brows pressed  
down, 25  
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was  
death.  
And now for him, whose praise in  
deafened ears  
Two nations speak, we answer but with  
tears!

#### III.

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,  
Green as thy June turf keep his  
memory. Let 30  
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream  
forget,  
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedar-  
croft;  
Let the home voices greet him in the  
far  
Strange land that holds him; let the  
messages  
Of love pursue him o'er the chartless  
seas 35  
And unmapped vastness of his unknown  
star!

Love's language, heard beyond the loud  
discourse  
Of perishable fame, in every sphere  
Itself interprets; and its utterance here  
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe  
Shall reach our traveller, softening the  
surprise 41  
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!  
1879.

OUR AUTOCRAT.

Read at the breakfast given in honor of  
Dr. Holmes by the publishers of the *Atlantic  
Monthly*, December 3, 1879.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,  
Romance, art, science, rich in all,  
And young of heart, how dare we say  
We keep his seventieth festival?

No sense is here of loss or lack;  
Before his sweetness and his light  
The dial holds its shadow back,  
The charmed hours delay their flight.

His still the keen analysis  
Of men and moods, electric wit, 10  
Free play of mirth, and tenderness  
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all  
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,  
Its hopes and fears, its final call 15  
And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays  
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,  
The wisdom of the latter days,  
And tender memories of the old. 20

What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,  
Before us at his bidding come!  
The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse  
Shay,  
The dumb despair of Elsie's doom!

The tale of Avis and the Maid, 25  
The plea for lips that cannot speak,  
The holy kiss that Iris laid  
On Little Boston's pallid cheek!

Long may he live to sing for us  
His sweetest songs at evening time, 30  
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,  
To holier heights of beauty climb!

Though now unnumbered guests surround  
The table that he rules at will,  
Its Autocrat, however crowned, 35  
Is but our friend and comrade still.

The world may keep his honored name,  
The wealth of all his varied powers;  
A stronger claim has love than fame,  
And he himself is only ours! 40

WITHIN THE GATE.

L. M. C

I have more fully expressed my admiration and  
regard for Lydia Maria Child in the biographical  
introduction which I wrote for the volume of  
*Letters*, published after her death.

We sat together, last May-day, and talked  
Of the dear friends who walked  
Beside us, sharers of the hopes and fears  
Of five and forty years,

Since first we met in Freedom's hope  
forlorn, 5

And heard her battle-horn  
Sound through the valleys of the sleeping  
North,  
Calling her children forth,

And youth pressed forward with hope-  
lighted eyes,  
And age, with forecast wise 10  
Of the long strife before the triumph won,  
Girded his armor on.

Sadly, as name by name we called the  
roll,

We heard the dead-bells toll  
For the unanswering many, and we knew  
The living were the few. 16

And we, who waited our own call before  
The inevitable door,

Listened and looked, as all have done,  
to win  
Some token from within. 20

- No sign we saw, we heard no voices call ;  
The impenetrable wall  
Cast down its shadow, like an awful  
doubt,  
On all who sat without.
- Of many a hint of life beyond the veil, 25  
And many a ghostly tale  
Wherewith the ages spanned the gulf  
between  
The seen and the unseen,
- Seeking from omen, trance, and dream  
to gain  
Solace to doubtful pain, 30  
And touch, with groping hands, the gar-  
ment hem  
Of truth sufficing them,
- We talked ; and, turning from the sore  
unrest  
Of an all-baffling quest,  
We thought of holy lives that from us  
passed 35  
Hopeful unto the last,
- As if they saw beyond the river of death,  
Like Him of Nazareth,  
The many mansions of the Eternal days  
Lift up their gates of praise. 40
- And, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,  
Methought, O friend, I saw  
In thy true life of word, and work, and  
thought  
The proof of all we sought.
- Did we not witness in the life of thee 45  
Immortal prophecy ?  
And feel, when with thee, that thy foot-  
steps trod  
An everlasting road ?
- Not for brief days thy generous sym-  
pathies,  
Thy scorn of selfish ease ; 50  
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal  
Thy strong uplift of soul.
- Than thine was never turned a fonder  
heart  
To nature and to art  
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden prime,  
Thy Philothea's time. 56
- Yet, loving beauty, thou couldst pass it by,  
And for the poor deny  
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet flower  
of fame  
Wither in blight and blame. 60
- Sharing His love who holds in His  
embrace  
The lowliest of our race,  
Sure the Divine economy must be  
Conservative of thee !
- For truth must live with truth, self-  
sacrifice 65  
Seek out its great allies ;  
Good must find good by gravitation sure,  
And love with love endure.
- And so, since thou hast passed within the  
gate  
Whereby awhile I wait, 70  
I give blind grief and blinder sense the lie :  
Thou hast not lived to die !  
1881.

## IN MEMORY.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

- As a guest who may not stay  
Long and sad farewells to say  
Glides with smiling face away,
- Of the sweetness and the zest  
Of thy happy life possessed 5  
Thou hast left us at thy best.
- Warm of heart and clear of brain,  
Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane  
Thou hast spared us all the pain.
- Now that thou hast gone away, 10  
What is left of one to say  
Who was open as the day ?
- What is there to grieve or shun ?  
Save with kindly voices none  
Speak thy name beneath the sun. 15
- Safe thou art on every side,  
Friendship nothing finds to hide,  
Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,  
At thy desk of toil, or hearth, 20  
Played the lambent light of mirth,—

Mirth that lit, but never burned ;  
All thy blame to pity turned ;  
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing 25  
At thy home-fire lost its sting ;  
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,  
Faith in man and womanhood,  
Chance and change and time with-  
stood.

Small respect for cant and whine, 31  
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,  
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim  
Sacred, and thy lips became 35  
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way,  
Go in God's peace ! We who stay  
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er 40  
Thou art waiting, all that here  
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past  
On a ground of wonder cast,  
In the stiller waters glassed ! 45

Keep the human heart of thee ;  
Let the mortal only be  
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell  
Thine upon the asphodel, 50  
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss  
What we fondly dream in this,—  
Love is one with holiness !

# WILSON.

Read at the Massachusetts Club on the seven-  
tieth anniversary of the birthday of Vice-Presi-  
dent Wilson, February 16, 1882.

THE lowliest born of all the land,  
He wrung from Fate's reluctant hand  
The gifts which happier boyhood claims ;  
And, tasting on a thankless soil  
The bitter bread of unpaid toil, 5  
He fed his soul with noble aims.

And Nature, kindly provident,  
To him the future's promise lent ;  
The powers that shape man's destinies,  
Patience and faith and toil, he knew, 10  
The close horizon round him grew  
Broad with great possibilities.

By the low hearth-fire's fitful blaze  
He read of old heroic days,  
The sage's thought, the patriot's speech ;  
Unhelped, alone, himself he taught, 16  
His school the craft at which he wrought,  
His lore the book within his reach.

He felt his country's need ; he knew  
The work her children had to do ; 20  
And when, at last, he heard the call  
In her behalf to serve and dare,  
Beside his senatorial chair  
He stood the unquestioned peer of all.

Beyond the accident of birth 25  
He proved his simple manhood's worth ;  
Ancestral pride and classic grace  
Confessed the large-brained artisan,  
So clear of sight, so wise in plan  
And counsel, equal to his place. 30

With glance intuitive he saw  
Through all disguise of form and law,  
And read men like an open book ;  
Fearless and firm, he never quailed  
Nor turned aside for threats, nor failed  
To do the thing he undertook 36

How wise, how brave, he was, how well  
He bore himself, let history tell  
While waves our flag o'er land and sea,  
No black thread in its warp or weft ; 40  
He found dissevered States, he left  
A grateful Nation, strong and free !



## THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

## LONGFELLOW.

WITH a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday ;

With his books and his pleasant pictures,  
And his household and his kin, 6  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain, 10  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
For he knew that his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him : 16

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime. 20

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender, 25  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young ; 30  
The last of earth and the first of heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel, 35  
Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master :  
'Of such is the kingdom of heaven !' 40

1882.

## A WELCOME TO LOWELL.

TAKE our hands, James Russell Lowell,  
Our hearts are all thy own ;  
To-day we bid thee welcome  
Not for ourselves alone.

In the long years of thy absence 5  
Some of us have grown old,  
And some have passed the portals  
Of the Mystery untold ;

For the hands that cannot clasp thee,  
For the voices that are dumb, 10  
For each and all I bid thee  
A grateful welcome home !

For Cedarcroft's sweet singer  
To the nine-fold Muses dear ;  
For the Seer the winding Concord 15  
Paused by his door to hear ;

For him, our guide and Nestor,  
Who the march of song began,  
The white locks of his ninety years  
Bared to thy winds, Cape Ann ! 20

For him who, to the music  
Her pines and hemlocks played,  
Set the old and tender story  
Of the lorn Acadian maid ;

For him, whose voice for freedom 25  
Swayed friend and foe at will,  
Hushed is the tongue of silver,  
The golden lips are still !

For her whose life of duty  
At scoff and menace smiled, 30  
Brave as the wife of Roland,  
Yet gentle as a Child.

And for him the three-hilled city  
Shall hold in memory long,  
Whose name is the hint and token 35  
Of the pleasant Fields of Song !

For the old friends unforgotten,  
For the young thou hast not known,  
I speak their heart-warm greeting ;  
Come back and take thy own ! 40

From England's royal farewells,  
And honors fitly paid,  
Come back, dear Russell Lowell,  
To Elmwood's waiting shade !

Come home with all the garlands  
That crown of right thy head.

I speak for comrades living,  
I speak for comrades dead !

AMESBURY, 6th mo., 1885.

# AN ARTIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

GEORGE FULLER.

HAUNTED of Beauty, like the marvellous  
youth

Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve ! How passing  
fair

Hershapetook color in thy homestead air !  
How on thy canvas even her dreams were  
truth !

Magician ! who from commonest elements  
Called up divine ideals, clothed upon 6

By mystic lights soft blending into one  
Womanly grace and child-like innocence.

Teacher ! thy lesson was not given in vain.  
Beauty is goodness ; ugliness is sin : 10

Art's place is sacred : nothing foul therein  
May crawl or tread with bestial feet pro-  
fane.

If rightly choosing is the painter's test,  
Thy choice, O master, ever was the best.  
1885.

# MULFORD.

Author of *The Nation and The Republic of God.*

UNNOTED as the setting of a star

He passed ; and sect and party scarcely  
knew

When from their midst a sage and seer  
withdrew

To fitter audience, where the great dead  
are

In God's republic of the heart and mind,  
Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind. 6

1886.

# TO A CAPE ANN SCHOONER.

LUCK to the craft that bears this name of  
mine,

Good fortune follow with her golden  
spoon

The glazed hat and tarry pantaloons ;  
And wheresoe'er her keel shall cut the  
brine,

Cod, hake and haddock quarrel for her  
line. 5

Shipped with her crew, whatever wind  
may blow,

Or tides delay, my wish with hershall go,  
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might  
show

At need her course, in lack of sun and  
star,

Where icebergs threaten, and the sharp  
reefs are ; 10

Lift the blind fog on Anticosti's lee  
And Avalon's rock ; make populous the  
sea

Round Grand Manan with eager finny  
swarms,

Break the long calms, and charm away  
the storms.

OAK KNOLL, 23, 3rd mo., 1886.

# SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

GREYSTONE, AUG. 4, 1886.

ONCE more, O all-adjusting Death !

The nation's Pantheon opens wide ;

Once more a common sorrow saith

A strong, wise man has died.

Faults doubtless had he. Had we not 5

Our own, to question and asperse

The worth we doubted or forgot

Until beside his hearse ?

Ambitious, cautious, yet the man

To strike down fraud with resolute  
hand ; 10

A patriot, if a partisan,

He loved his native land.

So let the mourning bells be rung,

The banner droop its folds half way,

And while the public pen and tongue 15

Their fitting tribute pay,

Shall we not vow above his bier

To set our feet on party lies,

And wound no more a living ear

With words that Death denies ? 20

1886.

## Occasional Poems

### EVA.

Suggested by Mrs. Stowe's tale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and written when the characters in the tale were realities by the fireside of countless American homes.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,  
With the blessed angels leave her;  
Of the form so soft and fair  
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva  
Let the sunny south-land give her  
Flowery pillow of repose,  
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva  
Let the shining ones receive her,  
With the welcome-voiced psalm.  
Harp of gold and waving palm!

All is light and peace with Eva;  
There the darkness cometh never;  
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,  
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,  
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her;  
Care and pain and weariness  
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,  
Child confessor, true believer,  
Listener at the Master's knee,  
'Suffer such to come to Me.'

Oh, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,      25  
Lighting all the solemn river,  
And the blessings of the poor  
Wafting to the heavenly shore!  
1852.

### A LAY OF OLD TIME.

Written for the Essex County Agricultural Fair, and sung at the banquet at Newburyport, October 2, 1856.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,  
Poor Adam and his bride  
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—  
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit      5  
For the chaste garb of old;  
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit  
For Eden's drupes of gold.

10 Behind them, smiling in the morn,  
Their forfeit garden lay,      10  
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,  
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them ranned,  
A light step on the sward,  
15 And lo! they saw before them stand      15  
The angel of the Lord!

'Arise,' he said, 'why look behind,  
When hope is all before,  
And patient hand and willing mind,  
20 Your loss may yet restore?      20

'I leave with you a spell whose power  
Can make the desert glad,  
And call around you fruit and flower  
As fair as Eden had.

'I clothe your hands with power to lift  
The curse from off your soil ; 26  
Your very doom shall seem a gift,  
Your loss a gain through Toil.

'Go, cheerful as ycn humming-bees,  
To labor as to play.' 30  
White glimmering over Eden's trees  
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth  
Obedient to the word,  
And found where'er they tilled the earth  
A garden of the Lord ! 36

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit  
And blushed with plum and pear,  
And seeded grass and trodden root  
Grew sweet beneath their care. 40

We share our primal parents' fate,  
And, in our turn and day,  
Look back on Eden's sworded gate  
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies 45  
The pitying Angel leaves,  
And leads through Toil to Paradise  
New Adams and new Eves !

# A SONG OF HARVEST.

For the Agricultural and Horticultural Exhi-  
bition at Amesbury and Salisbury, September 28,  
1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,  
The wild grape by the river's side,  
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,  
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold, 5  
The blushing tint of peach and pear ;  
The mirror of the Powow told  
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
These vales the idle Indian trod ; 10  
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,  
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !  
We thank Thee for thy wise design  
Whereby these human hands of ours 15  
In Nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need  
The joy of simple faith is born ;  
That he who smites the summer weed,  
May trust Thee for the autumn corn. 20

Give fools their gold, and knaves their  
power ;  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;  
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ; 25  
And God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,  
The time of harvest shall be given ; 30  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall  
grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

## KENOZA LAKE.

This beautiful lake in East Haverhill was the  
'Great Pond' of the writer's boyhood. In 1859  
a movement was made for improving its shores  
as a public park. At the opening of the park,  
August 31, 1859, the poem which gave it the  
name of Kenoza (in the Indian language signifi-  
ying Pickerel) was read.

As Adam did in Paradise,  
To-day the primal right we claim :  
Fair mirror of the woods and skies,  
We give to thee a name.

Lake of .he pickerel !— let no more 5  
The echoes answer back, 'Great Pond,'  
But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore  
And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be  
Who ply unseen their shadowy lines, 10  
Call back the ancient name to thee,  
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,  
The nutted woods we wandered through,  
To friendship, love, and social joys 15  
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,  
And memory's dirges soft and low,  
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,  
And mirth shall overflow, 20

Harmless as summer lightning plays  
From a low, hidden cloud by night,  
A light to set the hills ablaze,  
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West 25  
Are exiled hearts remembering still,  
As bees their hive, as birds their nest,  
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day;  
And, listening, we may hear, ere long,  
From inland lake and ocean bay, 31  
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake  
Shall morning break or noon-cloud  
sail,—

No fairer face than thine shall take 35  
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade  
Shall break with harsh-resounding din  
The quiet of thy banks of shade,  
And hills that fold thee in. 40

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,  
The shy loon sound his trumpet-note,  
Wind-weary from his fields of air,  
The wild-geese on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir, 45  
Thy beauty our deforming strife;  
Thy woods and waters minister  
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care released,  
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky, 50  
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast  
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows dim,  
And light mists walk thy mimic sea,  
Revive in us the thought of Him 55  
Who walked on Galilee!

#### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine  
Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more;  
The woven wreaths of oak and pine  
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still, 5  
And nature holds us still in debt;  
And woman's grace and household skill,  
And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
And fruits, have come to own again 10  
The blessings of the summer hours,  
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more  
Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
Of autumn, filled and running o'er 15  
With fruit, and flower, and golden  
corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told. 20

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new! 25  
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill, 30  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
The power to make it Eden-fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil 35  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?  
 Who spurns his native fruit and bloom?  
 Or sighs for dainties far away,  
 Beside the bounteous board of home? 40

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's  
 arm

Can change a rocky soil to gold,—  
 That brave and generous lives can  
 warm

A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers  
 And piled with fruits, awake again 46  
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
 The early and the latter rain!

1859.

# THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary, Providence, R. I., 6th mo., 1860.

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the  
 sea-cliffs of Maine,  
 Grave men, sober matrons, you gather  
 again;  
 And, with hearts warmer grown as your  
 heads grow more cool,  
 Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims  
 and complaints, 5  
 (You were not saints yourselves, if the  
 children of saints!)  
 All your petty self-seekings and rivalries  
 done,  
 Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts  
 beat as one!

How widely soe'er you have strayed from  
 the fold,  
 Though your 'thee' has grown 'you,'  
 and your drab blue and gold, 10  
 To the old friendly speech and the garb's  
 sober form,  
 Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan,  
 you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance  
 round the hall;

Your hearts call the roll, but they answer  
 not all:

Through the turf green above them the  
 dead cannot hear; 15

Name by name, in the silence, falls sad  
 as a tear!

In love, let us trust, they were summoned  
 so soon

From the morning of life, while we toil  
 through its noon;

They were frail like ourselves, they had  
 needs like our own,

And they rest as we rest in God's mercy  
 alone. 20

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and  
 frame,

Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is  
 the same;

Though we sink in the darkness, His arms  
 break our fall,

And in death as in life, He is Father of  
 all!

We are older: our footsteps, so light in  
 the play 25

Of the far-away school-time, move slower  
 to-day;—

Here a beard touched with frost, there  
 a bald, shining crown,

And beneath the cap's border gray mingles  
 with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust  
 should be glad,

And our follies and sins, not our years,  
 make us sad. 30

Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet  
 grows prim,

And the face grow in length as the hat  
 grows in brim?

Life is brief, duty grave; but, with rain-  
 folded wings,

Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart  
 sings;

And we, of all others, have reason to pay  
 The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our  
 way; 36

For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth ;	The Word which the reason of Plato discerned ;
For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of truth ;	The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra- fire burned ;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge ;	The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
For the household's restraint, and the discipline's hedge ; 40	In the Light Universal the Quaker con- fessed !
For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the least	No honors of war to our worthies belong ;
Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,	Their plain stem of life never flowered into song ; 66
Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the frail,	But the fountains they opened still gush by the way,
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and jail ;	And the world for their healing is better to-day.
For a womanhood higher and holier, by all 45	He who lies where the minster's groined arches curve down
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her fall,—	To the tomb-crowded transept of Eng- land's renown, 70
Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,	The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,
Serene as the moonlight and warm as the day ;	Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned,—
And, yet more, for the faith which em- braces the whole,	Who through the world's pantheon walked in his pride,
Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul, 50	Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,	And in fiction the pencils of history dipped, 75
And man has not severed what God has made one !	To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt,—
For a sense of the Goodness revealed everywhere,	How vainly he labored to sully with blame
As sunshine impartial, and free as the air ;	The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame !
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew, And a hope for all darkness the Light shineth through. 56	Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind: On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed ! 80
Who scoffs at our birthright?—the words of the seers,	For the sake of his true-hearted father before him ;
And the songs of the bards in the twilight of years,	For the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him ;
All the foregleams of wisdom in santon and sage,	For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage. 60	And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him !

There are those who take note that our numbers are small,— 85	No! the old paths we'll keep until better are shown,
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;	Credit good where we find it, abroad or our own; 110
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of His own,	And while 'Lo here' and 'Lo there' the multitude call,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.	Be true to ourselves, and do justice to all.
The last of the sect to his fathers may go, Leaving only his coat for some Barnum to show; 90	The good round about us we need not refuse,
But the truth will outlive him, and broaden with years,	Nor talk of our Zion as if we were Jews; But why shirk the badge which our fathers have worn, 115
Till the false dies away, and the wrong disappears.	Or beg the world's pardon for having been born?
Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,	We need not pray over the Pharisee's prayer,
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,	Nor claim that our wisdom is Benjamin's share;
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run, 95	Truth to us and to others is equal and one: Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard up the sun? 120
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.	
Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease, to forget	Well know we our birthright may serve but to show
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our debt?—	How the meanest of weeds in the richest soil grow;
Hide their words out of sight, like the garb that they wore,	But we need not disparage the good which we hold;
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more? 100	Though the vessels be earthen, the treasure is gold!
Shall we fawn round the priestcraft that glutted the shears,	Enough and too much of the sect and the name. 125
And festooned the stocks with our grand- fathers' ears?	What matters our label, so truth be our aim?
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness? count Penn heterodox?	The creed may be wrong, but the life may be true,
And take Cotton Mather in place of George Fox?	And hearts beat the same under drab coats or blue.
Make our preachers war-chaplains? quote Scripture to take 105	So the man be a man, let him worship, at will,
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus' sake?	In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill. 130
Go to burning church-candles, and chant- ing in choir,	When she makes up her jewels, what cares yon good town
And on the old meeting-house stick up a spire?	For the Baptist of Wayland, the Quaker of Brown?



And this green, favored island, so fresh  
and sea-blown,  
When she counts up the worthies her  
annals have known,  
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of  
sect 135  
To measure her love, and mete out her  
respect.

Threes shades at this moment seem walking  
her strand,  
Each with head halo-crowned, and with  
palms in his hand,—  
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and,  
smiling serene  
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they  
need 141  
Credentials of party, and pass-words of  
creed:  
The new song they sing hath a threefold  
accord,  
And they own one baptism, one faith,  
and one Lord!

But the golden sands run out: occasions  
like these 145  
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on the  
seas:  
While we sport with the mosses and  
pebbles ashore,  
They lessen and fade, and we see them  
no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my vagrant  
thoughts seem  
Like a school-boy's who idles and plays  
with his theme. 150  
Forgive the light measure whose changes  
display  
The sunshine and rain of our brief April  
day.

There are moments in life when the lip  
and the eye  
Try the question of whether to smile or  
to cry;  
And scenes and reunions that prompt  
like our own 155  
The tender in feeling, the playful in tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys and  
the girls  
At the feet of your Slocums, and Cart-  
lands, and Earles,—  
By courtesy only permitted to lay  
On your festival's altar my poor gift,  
to-day,— 160

I would joy in your joy: let me have a  
friend's part  
In the warmth of your welcome of hand  
and of heart,—  
On your play-ground of boyhood unbend  
the brow's care,  
And shift the old burdens our shoulders  
must bear.

Long live the good School! giving out  
year by year 165  
Recruits to true manhood and womanhood  
dear:  
Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty  
sent forth,  
The living epistles and proof of its worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily  
flow  
As in broad Narragansett the tides come  
and go; 170  
And its sons and its daughters in prairie  
and town  
Remember its honor, and guard its re-  
nown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was  
made;  
Not prayerless the stones of its corner  
were laid:  
The blessing of Him whom in secret they  
sought 175  
Has owned the good work which the  
fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever! We  
bear  
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat  
with the tare.  
What we lack in our work may He find  
in our will,  
And winnow in mercy our good from the  
ill! 180

## OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT 'THE  
LAURELS' ON THE MERRIMAC.

Jean Pierre Brissot, the famous leader of the Girondist party in the French Revolution, when a young man travelled extensively in the United States. He visited the valley of the Merrimac, and speaks in terms of admiration of the view from Moulton's hill opposite Amesbury. The 'Laurel Party' so called, was composed of ladies and gentlemen in the lower valley of the Merrimac, and invited friends and guests in other sections of the country. Its thoroughly enjoyable annual festivals were held in the early summer on the pine-shaded, laurel-blossomed slopes of the Newbury side of the river opposite Pleasant Valley in Amesbury. The several poems called out by these gatherings are here printed in sequence.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height

The summer flowers have budded ;

Once more with summer's golden light

The vales of home are flooded ;

And once more, by the grace of Him 5

Of every good the Giver,

We sing upon its wooded rim

The praises of our river :

Its pines above, its waves below,

The west-wind down it blowing, 10

As fair as when the young Brissot

Beheld it seaward flowing, —

And bore its memory o'er the deep,

To soothe the martyr's sadness,

And fresco, in his troubled sleep, 15

His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams

Renowned in song and story,

Whose music murmurs through our dreams

Of human love and glory : 20

We know that Arno's banks are fair,

And Rhine has castled shadows,

And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr

Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung 25

By painter or by poet,

Our river waits the tuneful tongue

And cunning hand to show it, —

We only know the fond skies lean

Above it, warm with blessing, 30

And the sweet soul of our Undine

Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks

That graze its shores in keeping ;

No icy kiss of Dian mocks 35

The youth beside it sleeping :

Our Christian river loveth most

The beautiful and human ;

The heathen streams of Naiads boast, 40

But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears

The ripple we are hearing ;

It whispers soft to homesick ears

Around the settler's clearing :

In Sacramento's vales of corn, 45

Or Santee's bloom of cotton,

Our river by its valley-born

Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud, the bugle fills

The summer air with clangor ; 50

The war-storm shakes the solid hills

Beneath its tread of anger ;

Young eyes that last year smiled in ours

Now point the rifle's barrel,

And hands then stained with fruits and 55

flowers

Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,

And rivers still keep flowing,

The dear God still His rain and sun

On good and ill bestowing. 60

His pine-trees whisper, 'Trust and wait !'

His flowers are prophesying

That all we dread of change or fate

His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born ! — no more

We ask the wise Allotter 66

Than for the firmness of thy shore,

The calmness of thy water,

The cheerful lights that overlay

Thy rugged slopes with beauty, 70

To match our spirits to our day

And make a joy of duty.

1861.

## REVISITED.

Read at 'The Laurels,' on the Merrimac,  
6th month, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing  
Vex the air of our vales no more ;  
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
The share is the sword the soldier wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river, 5  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;  
Softly and sweet, as the hour besee meth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature  
Temper the triumph and chasten mirth,  
Full of the infinite love and pity 11  
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for  
ashes,  
And the oil of joy for mourning long,  
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy  
waters 15  
Break into jubilant waves of song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden  
With sweetbrier odors and breath of  
kine ! 20

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
The green repose of thy Plymouth  
meadows,  
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine, 25  
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
The winding ways of Pemigewasset.  
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall ; 30  
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken  
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains  
Here in thy glory and strength repeat ;  
Give us a taste of thy upland music, 35  
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
Pour the music and weave the flowers :  
With the song of birds and bloom of  
meadows  
Lighten and gladden thy heart and  
'ours. 40

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,  
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea ;  
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of  
mountains,  
The breath of the woodlands, bear with  
thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley, 45  
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce ;  
Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and  
glory,  
Pride and hope of our home and race,  
Freedom lending to rugged labor 51  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,  
Hear our greetings and take our thanks ;  
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims 55  
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet an-  
trodden,  
Though never His word has stilled thy  
waves,  
Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
With Christian altars and saintly  
graves. 60

And well may we own thy hint and  
token  
Of fairer valleys and streams than  
these,  
Where the rivers of God are full of  
water,  
And full of sap are His healing trees !

'THE LAURELS.'

At the twentieth and last anniversary.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day  
O'er leagues of dancing waves, and see  
The far, low coast-line stretch away  
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land 5  
Is burdened with old voices ; through  
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand  
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their  
prime,  
Whose bright example warms and  
cheers, 10  
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,  
And set to music all his years !

I thank you for sweet summer days, 43  
For pleasant memories lingering long,  
For joyful meetings, fond delays, 15  
And ties of friendship woven strong.

As for the last time, side by side,  
You tread the paths familiar grown,  
I reach across the severing tide,  
And blend my farewells with your  
own. 20

Make room, O river of our home !  
For other feet in place of ours,  
And in the summers yet to come,  
Make glad another Feast of Flowers !

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep, 25  
The pleasant pictures thou hast seen ;  
Forget thy lovers not, but keep  
Our memory like thy laurels green.

ISLES OF SHOALS, 7th mo., 1870.

JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC.

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,  
What come ye out to see?  
This common earth, this common sky,  
This water flowing free?

As gayly as these kalmia flowers 5  
Your door-yard blossoms spring ;  
As sweetly as these wild-wood birds  
Your caged minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green,  
The rippling river's rune, 10  
The beauty which is everywhere  
Beneath the skies of June ;

The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn  
plumes  
Of old pine-forest kings,  
Beneath whose century-woven shade 15  
Deer Island's mistress sings.

And here are pictured Artichoke,  
And Curson's bowery mill ;  
And Pleasant Valley smiles between  
The river and the hill. 20

You know full well these banks of bloom,  
The upland's wavy line,  
And how the sunshine tips with fire  
The needles of the pine.

Yet, like some old remembered psalm, 25  
Or sweet, familiar face,  
Not less because of commonness  
You love the day and place.

And not in vain in this soft air  
Shall hard-strung nerves relax, 30  
Not all in vain the o'erworn brain  
Forego its daily tax.

The lust of power, the greed of gain  
Have all the year their own ;  
The haunting demons well may let 35  
Our one bright day alone.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,  
Aside the ledger lay :  
The world will keep its treadmill step  
Though we fall out to-day. 40

The truants of life's weary school,  
Without excuse from thrift  
We change for once the gains of toil  
For God's unpurchased gift.

From ceiled rooms, from silent books, 45  
From crowded car and town,  
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap  
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows ;  
Blue river, through the green 50  
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes  
Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways Are thronged with memories old, Have felt the grasp of friendly hands And heard love's story told.	55	We walk on holy ground ; above A sky more holy smiles ; The chant of the beatitudes Swells down these leafy aisles.	100
A sacred presence overbroods The earth whereon we meet ; These winding forest-paths are trod By more than mortal feet.	60	Thanks to the gracious Providence That brings us here once more ; For memories of the good behind And hopes of good before !	
Old friends called from us by the voice Which they alone could hear, From mystery to mystery, From life to life, draw near.		And if, unknown to us, sweet days Of June like this must come, Unseen of us these laurels clothe The river-banks with bloom ;	105
More closely for the sake of them Each other's hands we press ; Our voices take from them a tone Of deeper tenderness.	65	And these green paths must soon be trod By other feet than ours, Full long may annual pilgrims come To keep the Feast of Flowers ;	110
Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours, Alike below, above, Or here or there, about us fold The arms of one great love !	70	The matron be a girl once more, The bearded man a boy, And we, in heaven's eternal June, Be glad for earthly joy !	115
We ask to-day no countersign, No party names we own ; Unlabelled, individual, We bring ourselves alone.	75	1876.	
What cares the unconventional wood For pass-words of the town ? The sound of fashion's shibboleth The laughing waters drown.	80	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>HYMN</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.</p> <p>The poetic and patriotic preacher, who had won fame in the East, went to California in 1860 and became a power on the Pacific coast. It was not long after the opening of the house of worship built for him that he died.</p> <p>AMIDST these glorious works of Thine, The solemn minarets of the pine, And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—</p> <p>Where swell Thy hymns from wave and gale, And organ-thunders never fail, Behind the cataract's silver veil,—</p> <p>Our puny walls to Thee we raise, Our poor reed-music's sounds Thy praise : Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways !</p> <p>For, kneeling on these altar-stairs, We urge Thee not with selfish prayers, Nor murmur at our daily cares.</p>	
Here cant forgets his dreary tone, And care his face forlorn ; The liberal air and sunshine laugh The bigot's zeal to scorn.			
From manhood's weary shoulder falls His load of selfish cares ; And woman takes her rights as flowers And brooks and birds take theirs.	85		
The license of the happy woods, The brook's release are ours ; The freedom of the unshamed wind Among the glad-eyed flowers.	90		
Yet here no evil thought finds place, Nor foot profane comes in ; Our grove, like that of Samothrace, Is set apart from sin.	95		

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
And dare not ask Thy hand to stay; 15

But, through the war-cloud, pray to Thee  
For union, but a union free,  
With peace that comes of purity!

That Thou wilt bare Thy arm to save  
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,  
Make broad a pathway for the slave! 21

For us, confessing all our need,  
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,  
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good 25  
To each, as to the multitude,  
Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel  
Our weakness is our strong appeal. 30

So, by these Western gates of Even  
We wait to see with Thy forgiven  
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be  
Shall holier altars rise to Thee,— 35  
Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,— 40  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
One hope, one faith, one love, restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore. 45

## HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT  
GEORGETOWN, ERECTED IN MEMORY  
OF A MOTHER.<sup>44</sup>

The giver of the house was the late George  
Peabody, of London.

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all!  
In temples which Thy children raise;  
Our work to Thine is mean and small,  
And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride, 5  
If marred thereby our gift may be,  
For love, at least, has sanctified  
The altar that we rear to Thee.

The heart and not the hand has wrought  
From sunken base to tower above 10  
The image of a tender thought,  
The memory of a deathless love!

And though should never sound of speech  
Or organ echo from its wall,  
Its stones would pious lessons teach, 15  
Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be found,  
And blessings and not curses given;  
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound 19  
The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying breath  
The dear one watching by Thy cross,  
Forgetful of the pains of death  
In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim, 25  
O Mother-born, the offering take,  
And make it worthy of Thy name,  
And bless it for a mother's sake!  
1868.

## A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

Read at the President's Levee, Brown Uni-  
versity, 29th, 6th month, 1870.

TO-DAY the plant by Williams set  
Its summer bloom discloses;  
The wilding sweetbrier of his prayers  
Is crowned with cultured roses.

Once more the Island State repeats 5  
The lesson that he taught her,  
And binds his pearl of charity  
Upon her brown-locked daughter.

Is 't fancy that he watches still  
His Providence plantations? 10  
That still the careful Founder takes  
A part on these occasions?

- Methinks I see that reverend form,  
Which all of us so well know :  
He rises up to speak ; he jogs 15  
The presidential elbow.
- 'Good friends,' he says, 'you reap a field  
I sowed in self-denial,  
For toleration had its griefs  
And charity its trial. 20
- 'Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas More,  
To him must needs be given  
Who heareth heresy and leaves  
The heretic to Heaven !
- 'I hear again the snuffled tones, 25  
I see in dreary vision  
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,  
And prophets with a mission.
- 'Each zealot thrust before my eyes  
His Scripture-garbled label ; 30  
All creeds were shouted in my ears  
As with the tongues of Babel.
- 'Scourged at one cart-tail, each denied  
The hope of every other ;  
Each martyr shook his branded fist 35  
At the conscience of his brother !
- 'How cleft the dreary drone of man  
The shriller pipe of woman,  
As Gorton led his saints elect,  
Who held all things in common ! 40
- 'Their gay robes trailed in ditch and  
swamp,  
And torn by thorn and thicket,  
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount  
Came dragging to my wicket.
- 'Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears ; 45  
Gray witch-wives, hobbling slowly ;  
And Antinomians, free of law,  
Whose very sins were holy.
- 'Hoarse ranters, crazed Fifth Mon-  
archists,  
Of stripes and bondage braggarts, 50  
Pale Churchmen, with singed rubrics  
snatched  
From Puritanic fagots.
- 'And last, not least, the Quakers came,  
With tongues still sore from burning,  
The Bay State's dust from off their feet  
Before my threshold spurning ; 56
- 'A motley host, the Lord's *débris*,  
Faith's odds and ends together ;  
Well might I shrink from guests with  
lungs  
Tough as their breeches leather : 60
- 'If, when the hangman at their heels  
Came, rope in hand to catch them,  
I took the hunted outcasts in,  
I never sent to fetch them.
- 'I fed, but spared them not a whit : 65  
I gave to all who walked in,  
Not clams and succotash alone,  
But stronger meat of doctrine.
- 'I pruned the prophets false, I pricked  
The bubble of perfection, 70  
And clapped upon their inner light  
The snuffers of election.
- 'And looking backward on my times,  
This credit I am taking ;  
I kept each sectary's dish apart, 75  
No spiritual chowder making.
- 'Where now the blending signs of sect  
Would puzzle their assorter,  
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,  
The Baptist held the water. 80
- 'A common coat now serves for both,  
The hat's no more a fixture ;  
And which was wet and which was dry.  
Who knows in such a mixture?
- 'Well ! He who fashioned Peter's dream  
To bless them all is able ; 86  
And bird and beast and creeping thing  
Make clean upon His table !
- 'I walked by my own light ; but when  
The ways of faith divided, 90  
Was I to force unwilling feet  
To tread the path that I did?

'I touched the garment-hem of truth,  
Yet saw not all its splendor;  
I knew enough of doubt to feel  
For every conscience tender. 95

'God left men free of choice, as when  
His Eden-trees were planted;  
Because they chose amiss, should I  
Deny the gift He granted? 100

'So, with a common sense of need,  
Our common weakness feeling,  
I left them with myself to God  
And His all-gracious dealing!

'I kept His plan whose rain and sun 105  
To tare and wheat are given;  
And if the ways to hell were free,  
I left them free to heaven!'

Take heart with us, O man of old,  
Soul-freedom's brave confessor, 110  
So love of God and man wax strong,  
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day  
In ours one hymn are swelling;  
The wandering feet, the severed paths  
All seek our Father's dwelling. 116

And slowly learns the world the truth  
That makes us all thy debtor, —  
That holy life is more than rite,  
And spirit more than letter; 120

That they who differ pole-wide serve  
Perchance the common Master,  
And other sheep He hath than they  
Who graze one narrow pasture!

For truth's worst foe is he who claims  
To act as God's avenger, 125  
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,  
The crystal walls in danger!

Who sets for heresy his traps  
Of verbal quirk and quibble, 130  
And weeds the garden of the Lord  
With Satan's borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys  
One Master's touch are feeling;  
The branches of a common Vine 135  
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,  
We share this restful nooning;  
The Quaker with the Baptist here  
Believes in close communing. 140

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,  
Too light for thy deserving;  
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,  
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men 145  
The words that thou hast spoken;  
No forge of hell can weld again  
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more  
From Roman or Genevan; 150  
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps  
Henceforth the road to Heaven!

## CHICAGO.

The great fire at Chicago was on 8-10 October, 1871.

MEN said at vespers: 'All is well!'  
In one wild night the city fell;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone, 5  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and  
said:

'The City of the West is dead!'

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street, 10  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs  
came; 15  
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and  
North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave, 19  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.



Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city ! from thee throw 25  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness ! 30  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;  
The Christ again has preached through  
thee 35  
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous ! 40  
1871.

#### KINSMAN.

Died at the Island of Panay (Philippine group),  
aged nineteen years.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland  
twines,

As sweetly shall the loved one rest,  
As if beneath the whispering pines  
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home ! for him, 5  
But, haply, mourn ye not alone ;  
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,  
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give  
The story of his blameless youth ; 10  
All hearts shall throb intuitive,  
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name  
Shall many a tender tribute win ;  
The stranger own his sacred claim, 15  
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,  
The dews of holy peace shall fall,  
The same sweet heavens above him smile,  
And God's dear love be over all ! 20  
1874.

#### THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

Longwood, not far from Bayard Taylor's birth-  
place in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, was the  
home of my esteemed friends John and Hannah  
Cox, whose golden wedding was celebrated in  
1874.

WITH fifty years between you and your  
well-kept wedding vow,  
The Golden Age, old friends of mine, is  
not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been  
through all your pleasant past,  
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best  
wine is the last !

Again before me, with your names, fair  
Chester's landscape comes, 5  
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns,  
and quaint, stone-built homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten  
slopes, the bosage green and soft,  
Of which their poet sings so well from  
towered Cedarcroft.

And lo ! from all the country-side come  
neighbors, kith and kin ;  
From city, hamlet, farm-house old, the  
wedding guests come in. 10

And they who, without scrip or purse,  
mob-hunted, travel-worn,  
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as  
victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in  
the long array,  
And hearts are light and eyes are glad,  
though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who  
saw with me the fall, 15  
Midst roaring flames and shouting mob,  
of Pennsylvania Hall ;

And they of Lancaster who turned the  
cheeks of tyrants pale,  
Singing of freedom through the grates of  
Moyamensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old  
comrades, gone before,  
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within  
your open door,— 20

The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave  
Garrett's daring zeal,  
The Christian grace of Pennock, the  
steadfast heart of Neal.

Ah me ! beyond all power to name, the  
worthies tried and true,  
Grave men, fair women, youth and maid,  
pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause fused  
all their hearts in one. 25  
God give them now, whate'er their names,  
the peace of duty done !

How gladly would I tread again the old-  
remembered places,  
Sit down beside your hearth once more  
and look in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your fifty  
years are teaching,  
For honest lives that louder speak than  
half our noisy preaching ; 30

For your steady faith and courage in  
that dark and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason, and  
to feed the hungry crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge when  
the hounds were on his track,  
And saint and sinner, church and state,  
joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon you !—What you did for  
each sad, suffering one, 35  
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto our  
Lord was done !

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales and  
Longwood's bowery ways  
The mellow sunset of your lives, friends  
of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be added  
to your sum,  
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the  
beckoning angel come. 40

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are  
there, alike below, above ;  
Our friends are now in either world, and  
love is sure of love.

1874.

# HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH  
CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee ;  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ; 5  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;  
For human needs and longings grew 10  
This house of prayer, this home of rest,  
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call  
On Thee for whom the heavens are small ;  
Thy glory is Thy children's good, 15  
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,  
Fill with Thy love their emptiness,  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to Thee ! 20

1872.

# LEXINGTON.

1775.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,  
No battle-joy was theirs, who set  
Against the alien bayonet  
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways; 5  
They loved not strife, they dreaded  
pain;

They saw not, what to us is plain,  
That God would make man's wrath His  
praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;  
Its vast results the future hid: 10  
The meaning of the work they did  
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as their summons came they left  
The plough mid-furrow standing still,  
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,  
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft. 16

They went where duty seemed to call,  
They scarcely asked the reason why;  
They only knew they could but die,  
And death was not the worst of all! 20

Of man for man the sacrifice,  
All that was theirs to give, they gave.  
The flowers that blossomed from their  
grave

Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,  
And shattered slavery's chain as well;  
On the sky's dome, as on a bell, 27  
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:  
The nations listening to its sound 30  
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,  
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,  
The gladness of the world's release,  
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace 35  
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood  
Unknown to other rivalries  
Than of the mild humanities,  
And gracious interchange of good, 40

When closer strand shall lean to strand,  
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,  
The eagle of our mountain-crags,  
The lion of our Motherland!

1875.

### THE LIBRARY.

Sung at the opening of the Haverhill Library,  
November 11, 1875.

'LET there be light!' God spake of old,  
And over chaos dark and cold,  
And through the dead and formless  
frame  
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone 5  
On giant fern and mastodon,  
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,  
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'eran  
The earth, uplifting brute and man; 10  
And mind, at length, in symbols dark  
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll;  
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,  
Man wrote his thoughts; the ages passed,  
And lo! the Press was found at last! 16

Then dead souls woke; the thoughts of  
men  
Whose bones were dust revived again;  
The cloister's silence found a tongue,  
Old prophets spake, old poets sung. 20

And here, to-day, the dead look down,  
The kings of mind again we crown;  
We hear the voices lost so long,  
The sage's word, the sibyl's song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves  
Alive along these crowded shelves; 26  
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,  
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke  
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,  
Life thrills along the alcoved hall, 31  
The lords of thought await our call!

**'I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.'**

An Incident in St. Augustine, Florida.

'NEATH skies that winter never knew  
The air was full of light and balm,  
And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew  
Through orange bloom and groves of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North, 5  
Who sought the fount of health in vain,  
Sank homeless on the alien earth,  
And breathed the languid air with pain.

God's angel came! The tender shade  
Of pity made her blue eye dim; 10  
Against her woman's breast she laid  
The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,  
Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,  
And watched beside his bed, for whom 15  
His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed  
Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.  
With holy hymn and prayer she soothed  
The trembling soul that feared so much. 20

Through her the peace that passeth sight  
Came to him, as he lapsed away  
As one whose troubled dreams of night  
Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers 25  
Upon his lonely grave she laid:  
The jasmine dropped its golden showers,  
The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her thought,  
More sweet than mortal voices be: 30  
'The service thou for him hast wrought  
O daughter! hath been done for Me.'

1875.

**CENTENNIAL HYMN.**

Written for the opening of the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. The music for the hymn was written by John K. Palne, and may be found in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1876.

**I.**

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done, 5  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

**II.**

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
The fathers spake that word of Thine  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain, 10  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

**III.**

Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unveiling all the triumphs won 15  
By art or toil beneath the sun;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of hand and brain.

**IV.**

Thou, who hast here in concord furled  
The war flags of a gathered world, 20  
Beneath our Western skies fulfil  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,  
Send back its Argonauts of peace.

**V.**

For art and labor met in truce, 25  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave  
The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought nor sold! 30

## VI.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong ;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law :  
And, cast in some diviner mould, 35  
Let the new cycle shame the old !

## AT SCHOOL-CLOSE.

BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON, 1877.

THE end has come, as come it must  
To all things ; in these sweet June  
days  
The teacher and the scholar trust  
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part : but in the years to be 5  
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,  
As shells bear inland from the sea  
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows 10  
When, plastic to his lightest touch,  
His clay-wrought model slowly grows  
To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes  
The living shapes whereon she wrought,  
Strong, tender, innocently wise, 15  
The child's heart with the woman's  
thought.

And one shall never quite forget  
The voice that called from dream and  
play,  
The firm but kindly hand that set  
Her feet in learning's pleasant way, —

The joy of Undine soul-possessed, 21  
The wakening sense, the strange delight  
That swelled the fabled statue's breast  
And filled its clouded eyes with sight !

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all ! 25  
Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams ;  
In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,  
She breaks her wand of power apart, 30  
While, for your love and trust, she gives  
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Here is the sober summèr noon  
Contrasted with your morn of spring,  
The waning with the waxing moon, 35  
The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years  
She sends her God-speed back to you ;  
She has no thought of doubts or fears :  
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true, 40

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,  
Low voice of conscience ; through the  
ill  
And discord round about you, keep  
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle : unto griefs and needs, 45  
Be pitiful as woman should,  
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless  
The world that needs the hand and 50  
heart  
Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by  
And leave each year a richer good,  
And matron loveliness outvie 55  
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your  
names  
With gracious lives and manners fine,  
The teacher shall assert her claims,  
And proudly whisper, 'These were 60  
mine !'

## HYMN OF THE CHILDREN.

Sung at the anniversary of the Children's  
Mission, Boston, 1878.

THINE are all the gifts, O God !  
Thine the broken bread ;  
Let the naked feet be shod,  
And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
Give as they abound,  
Till the poor have breathing-space,  
And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice;  
Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.

Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake  
Make their sports and plays,  
And from lips of childhood take  
Thy perfected praise!

5 And the fisher's dory met  
By the barge of Lafayette,  
Telling good news in advance  
Of the coming fleet of France! 20  
10 Church to reverend memories dear,  
Quaint in desk and chandelier;  
Bell, whose century-rusted tongue  
Burials tolled and bridal's rung;  
15 Loft, whose tiny organ kept 25  
Keys that Snetzler's hand had swept;  
Altar, o'er whose tablet old  
Sinai's law its thunders rolled!  
Suddenly the sharp cry came:  
20 'Look! St. Michael's is aflame!' 30  
Round the low tower wall the fire  
Snake-like wound its coil of ire.

# THE LANDMARKS.

This poem was read at a meeting of citizens of Boston having for its object the preservation of the Old South Church, famous in Colonial and Revolutionary history.

## I.

THROUGH the streets of Marblehead  
Fast the red-winged terror sped;

Blasting, withering, on it came,  
With its hundred tongues of flame,

Where St. Michael's on its way  
Stood like chained Andromeda,

Waiting on the rock, like her,  
Swift doom or deliverer!

Church that, after sea-moss grew  
Over walls no longer new,

Counted generations five,  
Four entombed and one alive;

Heard the martial thousand tread  
Battleward from Marblehead;

Saw within the rock-walled bay  
Treville's lilled peunons play,

Sacred in its gray respect  
From the jealousies of sect,  
'Save it,' seemed the thought of all, 35  
'Save it, though our roof-trees fall!'  
Up the tower the young men sprung;  
One, the bravest, outward swung  
By the rope, whose kindling strands  
Smoked beneath the holder's hands, 40  
Smiting down with strokes of power  
Burning fragments from the tower.  
5 Then the gazing crowd beneath  
Broke the painful pause of breath;  
Brave men cheered from street to street,  
With home's ashes at their feet; 46  
Houseless women kerchiefs waved:  
10 'Thank th' Lord! St. Michael's saved!'

## II.

In the heart of Boston town  
Stands the church of old renown, 50  
From whose walls the impulse went  
Which set free a continent;

From whose pulpit's oracle  
Prophecies of freedom fell ;

And whose steeple-rocking din      55  
Rang the nation's birth-day in !

Standing at this very hour  
Perilled like St. Michael's tower,  
Held not in the clasp of flame,  
But by mammon's grasping claim.      60

Shall it be of Boston said  
She is shamed by Marblehead ?

City of our pride ! as there,  
Hast thou none to do and dare ?

Life was risked for Michael's shrine ; 65  
Shall not wealth be staked for thine ?

Woe to thee, when men shall search  
Vainly for the Old South Church ;

When from Neck to Boston Stone,  
All thy pride of place is gone ;      70

When from Bay and railroad car,  
Stretched before them wide and far,

Men shall only see a great  
Wilderness of brick and slate,

Every holy spot o'erlaid      75  
By the commonplace of trade !

City of our love ! to thee  
Duty is but destiny.

True to all thy record saith,  
Keep with thy traditions faith ;      80

Ere occasion's overpast,  
Hold its flowing forelock fast ;

Honor still the precedents  
Of a grand munificence ;

In thy old historic way      85  
Give, as thou didst yesterday

At the South-land's call, or on  
Need's demand from fired St. John.

Set thy Church's muffled bell  
Free the generous deed to tell.      90

Let thy loyal hearts rejoice  
In the glad, sonorous voice,

Ringling from the brazen mouth  
Of the bell of the Old South,—

Ringling clearly, with a will,      95  
'What she was is Boston still !'  
1879.

### GARDEN.

A hymn for the American Horticultural Society, 1882. [Originally written to be sung at an agricultural and horticultural fair in Amesbury in 1853. It was translated into Portuguese by Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and read at a harvest festival. It has been translated into Italian also and sung by peasants at the gathering of the vintage.]

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,  
We own Thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
May share the work of Thine !

Apart from Thee we plant in vain      5  
The root and sow the seed ;  
Thy early and Thy later rain,  
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
Our burden is our boon ;      10  
The curse of Earth's gray morning is  
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere  
For Eden's unknown ground ?  
That garden of the primal pair      15  
May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil  
May right the ancient wrong,  
And give to every clime and soil  
The beauty lost so long.      20

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees  
May Eden's orchard shame ;  
We taste the tempting sweets of these  
Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and  
West,      25  
The pride of every zone,  
The fairest, rarest, and the best  
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world  
sought

In hill-groves and in bowers, 30  
The fittest offerings thither brought  
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull  
Thy gifts each year renewed ;  
The good is always beautiful, 35  
The beautiful is good.

### A GREETING.

Read at Harriet Beecher Stowe's seventieth anniversary, June 14, 1882, at a garden party at ex-Governor Claflin's in Newtonville, Mass.

THRICE welcome from the Land of  
Flowers

And golden-fruited orange bowers  
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours !  
To her who, in our evil time,  
Dragged into light the nation's crime 5  
With strength beyond the strength of  
men,

And, mightier than their swords, her  
pen !

To her who world-wide entrance gave  
To the log-cabin of the slave ;  
Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,  
And all earth's languages his own,— 11  
North, South, and East and West, made  
all

The common air electrical,  
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven  
Blazed down, and every chain was riven !

Welcome from each and all to her 16  
Whose Wooing of the Minister  
Revealed the warm heart of the man  
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,  
And taught the kinship of the love 20  
Of man below and God above ;  
To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes  
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks ;  
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,  
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way, 25  
With old New England's flavor rife,  
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,  
Are racy as the legends old  
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ;

To her who keeps, through change of  
place 30

And time, her native strength and grace,  
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,  
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles,  
Whose summer winds have shivered o'er  
The icy drift of Labrador, 35  
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl  
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl !

To her at threescore years and ten  
Be tributes of the tongue and pen ; 39  
Be honor, praise, and heart-thanks given,  
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven !

Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs  
The air to-day, our love is hers !  
She needs no guaranty of fame  
Whose own is linked with Freedom's  
name. 45

Long ages after ours shall keep  
Her memory living while we sleep ;  
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,  
The winds that rock the Southern pines,  
Shall sing of her ; the unending years 50  
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.  
And when, with sins and follies past,  
Are numbered color-hate and caste,  
White, black, and red shall own as one  
The noblest work by woman done. 55

### GODSPEED.

Written on the occasion of a voyage made by my friends Annie Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett.

OUTBOUND, your bark awaits you. Were  
I one

Whose prayer availeth much, my wish  
should be  
Your favoring trade-wind and consent-  
ing sea.

By sail or steed was never love outrun,  
And, here or there, love follows her in  
whom 5

All graces and sweet charities unite,  
The old Greek beauty set in holier  
light ;

And her for whom New England's byways  
bloom,  
Who walks among us welcome as the  
Spring,



Calling up blossoms where her light feet  
 stray. 10  
 God, keep you both, make beautiful  
 your way,  
 Comfort, console, and bless; and safely  
 bring,  
 Ere yet I make upon a vaster sea  
 The unreturning voyage, my friends to  
 me.  
 1882.

### WINTER ROSES.

In reply to a flower gift from Mrs. Putnam's  
 school at Jamaica Plain.

My garden roses long ago  
 Have perished from the leaf-strewn  
 walks;  
 Their pale, fair sisters smile no more  
 Upon the sweet-brier stalks.

Gone with the flower-time of my life, 5  
 Spring's violets, summer's blooming  
 pride,  
 And Nature's winter and my own  
 Stand, flowerless, side by side.

So might I yesterday have sung;  
 To-day, in bleak December's noon, 10  
 Come sweetest fragrance, shapes, and  
 hues,  
 The rosy wealth of June!

Bless the young hands that culled the  
 gift,  
 And bless the hearts that prompted it;  
 If undeserved it comes, at least 15  
 It seems not all unfit.

Of old my Quaker ancestors  
 Had gifts of forty stripes save one;  
 To-day as many roses crown  
 The gray head of their son. 20

And with them, to my fancy's eye,  
 The fresh-faced givers smiling come,  
 And nine and thirty happy girls  
 Make glad a lonely room.

They bring the atmosphere of youth; 25  
 The light and warmth of long ago  
 Are in my heart, and on my cheek  
 The airs of morning blow.

O buds of girlhood, yet unblown,  
 And fairer than the gift ye chose, 30  
 For you may years like leaves unfold  
 The heart of Sharon's rose!  
 1883.

### THE REUNION.

Read September 10, 1885, to the surviving  
 students of Haverhill Academy in 1827-1880.

The gulf of seven and fifty years  
 We stretch our welcoming hands across;  
 The distance but a pebble's toss  
 Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on 5  
 The remnant of a once full list;  
 Conning our lessons, undismissed,  
 With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown way,  
 And some await the call to rest; 10  
 Who knoweth whether it is best  
 For those who went or those who stay?

And yet despite of loss and ill,  
 If faith and love and hope remain,  
 Our length of days is not in vain, 15  
 And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence  
 The thanks of grateful hearts are due,  
 For blessings when our lives were new,  
 For all the good vouchsafed us since. 20

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,  
 The wish denied, the purpose crossed,  
 And pleasure's fond occasions lost,  
 Were mercies to our small desert.

'Tis something that we wander back, 25  
 Gray pilgrims, to our ancient ways,  
 And tender memories of old days  
 Walk with us by the Merrimac;

That even in life's afternoon  
 A sense of youth comes back again, 30  
 As through this cool September rain  
 The still green woodlands dream of June.

The eyes grown dim to present things  
 Have keener sight for bygone years,  
 And sweet and clear, in deafening ears,  
 The bird that sang at morning sings. 36

Dear comrades, scattered wide and far,  
Send from their homes their kindly  
word,

And dearer ones, unseen, unheard,  
Smile on us from some heavenly star. 40

For life and death with God are one,  
Unchanged by seeming change His care  
And love are round us here and there;  
He breaks no thread His hand has spun.

Soul touches soul, the muster roll 45  
Of life eternal has no gaps;  
And after half a century's lapse  
Our school-day ranks are closed and  
whole.

Hail and farewell! We go our way;  
Where shadows end, we trust in light;  
The star that ushers in the night 51  
Is herald also of the day!

## NORUMBEGA HALL.

Norumbega Hall at Wellesley College, named in honor of Eben Norton Horsford, who was one of the most munificent patrons of that noble institution, and who had just published an essay claiming the discovery of the site of the somewhat mythical city of Norumbega, was opened with appropriate ceremonies, in April, 1886. The following sonnet was written for the occasion, and was read by President Alice E. Freeman, to whom it was addressed.

NOT on Penobscot's wooded bank the  
spires

Of the sought City rose, nor yet beside  
The winding Charles, nor where the daily  
tide

Of Naumkeag's haven rises and retires,  
The vision tarried; but somewhere we  
knew 5

The beautiful gates must open to our  
quest,

Somewhere that marvellous City of the  
West

Would lift its towers and palace domes  
in view,

And, lo! at last its mystery is made  
known—

Its only dwellers maidens fair and young,  
Its Princess such as England's Laureate  
sung; 11

And safe from capture, save by love  
alone,

It lends its beauty to the lake's green  
shore,

And Norumbega is a myth no more.

## THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

1886.

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands 5  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe: 10  
In peace beneath thy Colors Three,  
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit 14  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will  
In signs of fire: 'Let man be free!' 20

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning-flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name!

## ONE OF THE SIGNERS.

Written for the unveiling of the statue of Josiah Bartlett at Amesbury, Mass., July 4, 1888. Governor Bartlett, who was a native of the town, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Amesbury or Ambresbury, so called from the 'anointed stones' of the great Druidical temple near it, was the seat of one of the earliest

religious houses in Britain. The tradition that the guilty wife of King Arthur fled thither for protection forms one of the finest passages in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

O STORIED vale of Merrimac,  
Rejoice through all thy shade and  
shine,  
And from his century's sleep call back  
A brave and honored son of thine

Unveil his effigy between 5  
The living and the dead to-day;  
The fathers of the Old Thirteen  
Shall witness bear as spirits may.

Unseen, unheard, his gray compeers,  
The shades of Lee and Jefferson, 10  
Wise Franklin reverend with his years,  
And Carroll, lord of Carrollton!

Be thine henceforth a pride of place  
Beyond thy namesake's over-sea,  
Where scarce a stone is left to trace 15  
The Holy House of Amesbury.

A prouder memory lingers round  
The birthplace of thy true man here  
Than that which haunts the refuge found  
By Arthur's mythic Guinevere. 20

The plain deal table where he sat  
And signed a nation's title-deed  
Is dearer now to fame than that  
Which bore the scroll of Runnymede.

Long as, on Freedom's natal morn, 25  
Shall ring the Independence bells,  
Give to thy dwellers yet unborn  
The lesson which his image tells.

For in that hour of Destiny,  
Which tried the men of bravest stock,  
He knew the end alone must be 31  
A free land or a traitor's block.

Among those picked and chosen men 5  
Than his, who here first drew his breath,  
No firmer fingers held the pen 35  
Which wrote for liberty or death.

Not for their hearths and homes alone,  
But for the world their work was done;  
On all the winds their thought has flown  
Through all the circuit of the sun. 40

We trace its flight by broken chains,  
By songs of grateful Labor still;  
To-day, in all her holy fanes,  
It rings the bells of freed Brazil. 44

O hills that watched his boyhood's home,  
O earth and air that nursed him, give,  
In this memorial semblance, room  
To him who shall its bronze outlive!

And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice  
That in the countless years to come, 50  
Whenever Freedom needs a voice,  
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb!

## The Tent on the Beach

### THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

It can scarcely be necessary to name as the two companions whom I reckoned with myself in this poetical picnic, Fields the lettered magnate, and Taylor the free cosmopolite. The long line of sandy beach which defines almost the whole of the New Hampshire sea-coast is especially marked near its southern extremity, by the salt-meadows of Hampton. The Hampton River winds through these meadows, and the reader may, if he choose, imagine my tent pitched near its mouth, where also was the scene of the *Wreck of Rivermouth*. The green bluff to the northward is Great Boar's Head; southward is the Merrimac, with Newburyport lifting its steeples above brown roofs and green trees on its banks. [Mr. Whittier originally designed following the Decameron method and feigning that each person read his own poem, but abandoned it as too hackneyed.]

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful strain,—

Too light perhaps for serious years,  
though born

Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—

Against the pure ideal which has drawn  
My feet to follow its far-shining gleam. 5  
A simple plot is mine: legends and runes  
Of credulous days, old fancies that have  
lain

Silent from boyhood taking voice again,  
Warmed into life once more, even as the  
tunes

That, frozen in the fabled hunting-horn,  
Thawed into sound:—a winter fireside  
dream 11

Of dawns and sunsets by the summer sea,  
Whose sands are traversed by a silent  
throng

Of voyagers from that vaster mystery  
Of which it is an emblem;—and the dear  
Memory of one who might have tuned my  
song 16

To sweeter music by her delicate ear.

When heats as of a tropic clime

Burned all our inland valleys through,  
Three friends, the guests of summer  
time, 20

Pitched their white tent where sea-  
winds blew.

Behind them, marshes, seamed and  
crossed

With narrow creeks, and flower-em-  
bossed,

Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose  
leafy arms

Screened from the stormy East the  
pleasant inland farms. 25

At full of tide their bolder shore

Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat;

At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor

They touched with light, receding  
feet.

Northward a green bluff broke the  
chain 30

Of sand-hills; southward stretched a  
plain

Of salt grass, with a river winding down,  
Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples  
of the town,

Whence sometimes, when the wind was  
light

And dull the thunder of the beach, 35  
They heard the bells of morn and night  
Swing, miles away, their silver speech.

Above low scarp and turf-grown wall  
 They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;  
 And, the first star to signal twilight's  
 hour, 40  
 The lamp-fire glimmer down from the  
 tall light-house tower.

They rested there, escaped awhile  
 From cares that wear the life away,  
 To eat the lotus of the Nile  
 And drink the poppies of Cathay,—  
 To fling their loads of custom down, 46  
 Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes  
 brown,  
 And in the sea-waves drown the restless  
 pack  
 Of duties, claims, and needs that barked  
 upon their track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered,  
 bore 50  
 A ready credence in his looks,  
 A lettered magnate, lording o'er  
 An ever-widening realm of books.  
 In him brain-currents, near and far,  
 Converged as in a Leyden jar; 55  
 The old, dead authors thronged him round  
 about,  
 And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern  
 graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,  
 Could weigh the gifts of him or her,  
 And well the market value tell 60  
 Of poet and philosopher.  
 But if he lost, the scenes behind,  
 Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,  
 Finding the actors human at the best,  
 No readier lips than his the good he saw  
 confessed. 65

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,  
 He loved himself the singer's art;  
 Tenderly, gently, by his own  
 He knew and judged an author's  
 heart.  
 No Rhadamanthine brow of doom 70  
 Bowed the dazed pedant from his room;  
 And bards, whose name is legion, if  
 denied,  
 Bore off alike intact their verses and their  
 pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about  
 The lettered world as he had done, 75  
 And see the lords of song without  
 Their singing robes and garlands on.  
 With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,  
 Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed  
 beer,  
 And with the ears of Rogers, at fourscore,  
 Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Wal-  
 pole's wit once more. 81

And one there was, a dreamer born,  
 Who, with a mission to fulfil,  
 Had left the Muses' haunts to turn  
 The crank of an opinion-mill, 85  
 Making his rustic reed of song  
 A weapon in the war with wrong,  
 Yoking his fancy to the breaking-plough  
 That beam-deep turned the soil for truth  
 to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride 90  
 The winged Hippogriff Reform;  
 Was his a voice from side to side  
 To pierce the tumult of the storm?  
 A silent, shy, peace-loving man,  
 He seemed no fiery partisan 95  
 To hold his way against the public frown,  
 The ban of Church and State, the fierce  
 mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous  
 will  
 The work his hands had found to do,  
 He heard the fitful music still 100  
 Of winds that out of dream-land blew.  
 The din about him could not drown  
 What the strange voices whispered  
 down;  
 Along his task-field weird processions  
 swept,  
 The visionary pomp of stately phantoms  
 stepped. 105

The common air was thick with  
 dreams,—  
 He told them to the toiling crowd;  
 Such music as the woods and streams  
 Sang in his ear he sang aloud;  
 In still, shut bays, on windy capes, 110  
 He heard the call of beckoning shapes,

And, as the gray old shadows prompted  
him,  
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped  
their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,  
And lightly moralized and laughed,  
As, tracing on the shifting sands 116  
A burlesque of his paper-craft,  
He saw the careless waves o'errun  
His words, as time before had done,  
Each day's tide-water washing clean away,  
Like letters from the sand, the work of  
yesterday. 121

And one, whose Arab face was tanned  
By tropic sun and boreal frost,  
So travelled there was scarce a land  
Or people left him to exhaust, 125  
In idling mood had from him hurled  
The poor squeezed orange of the world,  
And in the tent-shade, as beneath a palm,  
Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in  
Oriental calm.

The very waves that washed the sand  
Below him, he had seen before 131  
Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
From ice-rimmed isles, from summer  
seas  
Palm-fringed, they bore him messages;  
He heard the plaintive Nubian songs  
again, 136  
And mule-bells tinkling down the moun-  
tain-paths of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked earth  
On Puck's long girdle slid at ease;  
And, instant, to the valley's girth 140  
Of mountains, spice isles of the seas,  
Faith flowered in minster stones, Art's  
guess  
At truth and beauty, found access;  
Yet loved the while, that free cosmopolite,  
Old friends, old ways, and kept his boy-  
hood's dreams in sight. 145

Untouched as yet by wealth and pride,  
That virgin innocence of beach:  
No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,  
Stared its gray sand-birds out of  
reach;

Unhoused, save where, at intervals, 150  
The white tents showed their canvas  
walls,  
Where brief sojourners, in the cool, soft  
air,  
Forgot their inland heats, hard toil, and  
year-long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep sand  
A one-horse wagon slowly crawled,  
Deep laden with a youthful bard, 156  
Whose look some homestead old re-  
called;  
Brother perchance, and sisters twain,  
And one whose blue eyes told, more  
plain  
Than the free language of her rosy lip, 160  
Of the still dearer claim of love's relation-  
ship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,  
The light laugh of their native  
rills,  
The perfume of their garden's mint,  
The breezy freedom of the hills, 165  
They bore, in unrestrained delight,  
The motto of the Garter's knight,  
Careless as if from every gazing thing  
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by his  
ring.

The clanging sea-fowl came and went,  
The hunter's gun in the marshes  
rang; 171  
At nightfall from a neighboring tent  
A flute-voiced woman sweetly sang.  
Loose-haired, barefooted, hand-in-hand,  
Young girls went tripping down the  
sand; 175  
And youths and maidens, sitting in the  
moon,  
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from  
which we wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they plied,  
With an old Triton at the oar,  
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried  
As a lean cusk from Labrador. 181  
Strange tales he told of wreck and  
storm,—  
Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,

And heard the ghosts on Haley's Isle  
complain,  
Speak him off shore, and beg a passage to  
old Spain ! 185

And there, on breezy morns, they saw  
The fishing-schooners outward run,  
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw  
Turned white or dark to shade and  
sun.

Sometimes, in calms of closing day, 190  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and  
nigh,

And ships, with upturned keels, sail like  
a sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,  
Stooped low upon the darkening  
main, 195

Piercing the waves along its track  
With the slant javelins of rain.

And when west-wind and sunshine  
warm

Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,  
They saw the prisms hues in thin spray  
showers 200

Where the green buds of waves burst into  
white froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore

The mists crept upward chill and  
damp,

Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor  
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp, 205

They talked of all things old and new,  
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do ;

And in the unquestioned freedom of the  
tent,

Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful  
ease unbent. 209

Once, when the sunset splendors died,

And, trampling up the sloping sand,  
In lines outreaching far and wide,

The white-maned billows swept to  
land,

Dim seen across the gathering shade,  
A vast and ghostly cavalcade, 215

They sat around their lighted kerosene,  
Hearing the deep bass roar their every  
pause between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor

Within his full portfolio dipped,  
Feigning excuse while searching for 220  
(With secret pride) his manuscript.

His pale face flushed from eye to beard,  
With nervous cough his throat he  
cleared,

And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed  
The anxious fondness of an author's heart,  
he read : 225

1867.

## THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

The Goody Cole who figures in this poem and  
*The Changeling* was Eunice Cole, who for a  
quarter of a century or more was feared, perse-  
cuted, and hated as the witch of Hampton. She  
lived alone in a hovel a little distant from the  
spot where the Hampton Academy now stands,  
and there she died, unattended. When her  
death was discovered, she was hastily covered up  
in the earth near by, and a stake driven through  
her body, to exorcise the evil spirit. Rev. Stephen  
Bachiler or Batchelder was one of the ablest of  
the early New England preachers. His marriage  
late in life to a woman regarded by his church as  
disreputable induced him to return to England,  
where he enjoyed the esteem and favor of Oliver  
Cromwell during the Protectorate.

RIVERMOUTH Rocks are fair to see,

By dawn or sunset shone across,  
When the ebb of the sea has left them  
free,

To dry their fringes of gold-green moss :  
For there the river comes winding down,  
From salt sea-meadows and uplands  
brown, 6

And waves on the outer rocks afoam  
Shout to its waters, 'Welcome home !'

And fair are the sunny isles in view

East of the grisly Head of the Boar, 10  
And Agamenticus lifts its blue

Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er ;  
And southerly, when the tide is down,  
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills  
brown,

The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls  
wheel 15

Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,  
Two hundred years ago and more,  
A boat sailed down through the winding  
ways

Of Hampton River to that low shore, 20  
Full of a goodly company  
Sailing out on the summer sea,  
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,  
With the Boar to left and the Rocks to  
right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers  
laid 25  
Their scythes to the swaths of salted  
grass,  
'Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!'  
A young man sighed, who saw 'hem  
pass.

Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand  
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,  
Hearing a voice in a far-off song, 31  
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

45 'Fie on the witch!' cried a merry girl,  
As they rounded the point where Goody  
Cole

Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl, 35  
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.  
'Oho!' she muttered, 'ye're brave to-day!  
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,  
'The broth will be cold that waits at  
home;  
For it's one to go, but another to come!''

'She's cursed,' said the skipper; 'speak  
her fair: 41

I'm scary always to see her shake  
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,  
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a  
snake.'

But merrily still, with laugh and shout, 45  
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,  
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed  
nigh,  
And they lost the scent of the pines of  
Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,  
Drawing up haddock and mottled ood;  
They saw not the Shadow that walked  
beside, 51  
They heard not the feet with silence  
shod.\*

But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,  
Shot by the lightnings through and  
through;

And muffled growls, like the growl of  
a beast, 55  
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darken-  
ing sea

Up to the dimmed and wading sun;  
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,  
'Yet there is time for our homeward  
run.' 60

Veering and tacking, they backward  
wore;

And just as a breath from the woods  
ashore

Blew out to whisper of danger past,  
The wrath of the storm came down at  
last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail: 65  
'God be our help!' he only cried,  
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of  
a flail,

Smote the boat on its starboard side.  
The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone 69  
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,  
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's  
glare,

The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:  
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and  
gone,

Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar 75  
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.  
She clasped her hands with a grip of  
pain,

The tear on her cheek was not of rain:  
'They are lost,' she muttered, 'boat and  
crew!

Lord, forgive me! my words were true!'

Suddenly seaward swept the squall; 81  
The low sun smote through cloudy  
rack;

The Shoals stood clear in the light, and  
all

The trend of the coast lay hard and  
black.



But far and wide as eye could reach, 85  
No life was seen upon wave or beach ;  
The boat that went out at morning never  
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,  
Look from the meadows green and low :  
The wind of the sea is a waft of death, 91  
The waves are singing a song of woe !  
By silent river, by moaning sea,  
Long and vain shall thy watching be :  
Never again shall the sweet voice call, 95  
Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight  
Ye saw in the light of breaking day !  
Dead faces looking up cold and white 99  
From sand and seaweed where they lay.  
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,  
And cursed the tide as it backward crept :  
'Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-  
snake !  
Leave your dead for the hearts that  
break !'

Solemn it was in that old day 105  
In Hampton town and its log-built  
church,  
Where side by side the coffins lay  
And the mourners stood in aisle and  
porch.  
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim.  
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,  
And Father Dalton, grave and stern, 111  
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in  
turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray ;  
Under the weight of his fourscore years  
He stood apart with the iron-gray 115  
Of his strong brows knitted to hide his  
tears ;  
And a fair-faced woman of doubtful fame,  
Linking her own with his honored name,  
Subtle as sin, at his side withstood  
The felt reproach of her neighborhood.

Apart with them, like them forbid, 121  
Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,  
As, two by two, with their faces hid,  
The mourners walked to the burying-  
ground.

She let the staff from her clasped hands  
fall : 125

'Lord, forgive us ! we're sinners all !'  
And the voice of the old man answered  
her :

'Amen !' said Father Bachiler.<sup>46</sup>

So, as I sat upon Appledore 129  
In the calm of a closing summer day,  
And the broken lines of Hampton shore  
In purple mist of cloudland lay,  
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told ;  
And waves aglow with sunset gold,  
Rising and breaking in steady chime, 135  
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once  
more

With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;  
In the east was moon-rise, with boats off-  
shore

And sails in the distance drifting slow.  
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth  
bar, 141

The White Isle kindled its great red star ;  
And life and death in my old-time lay  
Mingled in peace like the night and day !

---

'Well !' said the Man of Books, 'your  
story 145

Is really not ill told in verse.

As the Celt said of purgatory,  
One might go farther and fare worse.'

The Reader smiled ; and once again  
With steadier voice took up his strain,  
While the fair singer from the neighboring  
tent 151

Drew near, and at his side a graceful  
listener bent.

1864.

## THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

At the mouth of the Melvin River, which  
empties into Moultonboro Bay in Lake Winni-  
pesaukee, is a great mound. The Ossipee Indians  
had their home in the neighborhood of the bay,  
which is plentifully stocked with fish, and many  
relics of their occupation have been found.

WHERE the Great Lake's sunny smiles  
Dimple round its hundred isles,  
And the mountain's granite ledge  
Cleaves the water like a wedge,  
Ringed about with smooth, gray stones, 5  
Rest the giant's mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,  
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;  
Melvin water, mountain-born,  
All fair flowers its banks adorn; 10  
All the woodland voices meet,  
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,  
Over waters island-strown,  
Over silver-sanded beach,  
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach, 15  
Melvin stream and burial-heap,  
Watch and ward the mountains keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills?  
Forest-kaiser, lord o' the hills? 20  
Knight who on the birchen tree  
Carved his savage heraldry?  
Priest o' the pine-wood temples dim,  
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim?

Rugged type of primal man,  
Grim utilitarian, 25  
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,  
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,  
As the brown bear blind and dull  
To the grand and beautiful: 30

Not for him the lesson drawn  
From the mountains smit with dawn.  
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,  
Sunset's purple bloom of day,—  
Took his life no hue from thence, 35  
Poor amid such affluence?

Haply unto hill and tree  
All too near akin was he:  
Unto him who stands afar  
Nature's marvels greatest are; 40  
Who the mountain purple seeks  
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows, in winter tramp,  
Or the midnight of the camp,

What revealings faint and far, 45  
Stealing down from moon and star,  
Kindled in that human clod  
Thought of destiny and God?

Stateliest forest patriarch,  
Grand in robes of skin and bark, 50  
What sepulchral mysteries,  
What weird funeral-rites, were his?  
What sharp wail, what drear lament,  
Back scared wolf and eagle sent?

Now, whate'er he may have been, 55  
Low he lies as other men;  
On his mound the partridge drums,  
There the noisy blue-jay comes;  
Rank nor name nor pomp has he 15  
In the grave's democracy. 60

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake!  
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break!  
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree!  
Thou, too, slide-worm Ossipee! 20  
Speak, and tell us how and when  
Lived and died this king of men! 65

Wordless moans the ancient pine;  
Lake and mountain give no sign;  
Vain to trace this ring of stones;  
Vain the search of crumbling bones: 25  
Deepest of all mysteries,  
And the saddest, silence is. 70

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay  
Mingles slowly day by day;  
But somewhere, for good or ill, 30  
That dark soul is living still;  
Somewhere yet that atom's force  
Moves the light-poised universe. 75

Strange that on his burial-sod  
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod, 35  
While the soul's dark horoscope  
Holds no starry sign of hope!  
Is the Unseen with sight at odds?  
Nature's pity more than God's? 80

Thus I mused by Melvin's side, 40  
While the summer eventide  
Made the woods and inland sea  
And the mountains mystery;  
And the hush of earth and air  
Seemed the pause before a prayer,— 90

Prayer for him, for all who rest, Mother Earth, upon thy breast,— Lapped on Christian turf, or hid In rock-cave or pyramid: All who sleep, as all who live, Well may need the prayer, 'Forgive!'	95	Every chain that spirits wear Crumbles in the breath of prayer; And the penitent's desire Opens every gate of fire.	135
Desert-smothered caravan, Knee-deep dust that once was man, Battle-trenches ghastly piled, Ocean-floors with white bones tiled, Crowded tomb and mounded sod, Dumbly crave that prayer to God.	100	'Still Thy love, O Christ arisen, Yearns to reach these souls in prison! Through all depths of sin and loss Drops the plummet of Thy cross! Never yet abyss was found Deeper than that cross could sound!'	140
Oh, the generations old Over whom no church-bells tolled, Christless, lifting up blind eyes To the silence of the skies! For the innumerable dead Is my soul disquieted.	105	Therefore well may Nature keep Equal faith with all who sleep, Set her watch of hills around Christian grave and heathen mound, And to cairn and kirkyard send Summer's flowery dividend.	145 150
Where be now these silent hosts? Where the camping-ground of ghosts? Where the spectral conscripts led To the white tents of the dead? What strange shore or chartless sea Holds the awful mystery?	110	Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream, Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam! On the Indian's grassy tomb Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom! Deep below, as high above, Sweeps the circle of God's love.	155
Then the warm sky stooped to make Double sunset in the lake; While above I saw with it, Range on range, the mountains lit; And the calm and splendor stole Like an answer to my soul.	115 120	1865.  He paused and questioned with his eye The hearers' verdict on his song. A low voice asked: 'Is't well to pry Into the secrets which belong Only to God?—The life to be Is still the unguessed mystery: Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls remain, We beat with dream and wish the sound- less doors in vain.	160 164
Hear'st thou, O of little faith, What to thee the mountain saith, What is whispered by the trees?— 'Cast on God thy care for these; Trust Him, if thy sight be dim: Doubt for them is doubt of Him.	125	'But faith beyond our sight may go.' He said: 'The gracious Fatherhood Can only know above, below, Eternal purposes of good. From our free heritage of will, The bitter springs of pain and ill Flow only in all worlds. The perfect day Of God is shadowless, and love is love always.'	170
'Blind must be their close-shut eyes Where like night the sunshine lies, Fiery-linked the self-forged chain Binding ever sin to pain, Strong their prison-house of will, But without He waiteth still.	130	'I know,' she said, 'the letter kills; That on our arid fields of strife And heat of clashing texts distils The dew of spirit and of life.	175
'Not with hatred's undertow Doth the Love Eternal flow;			

But, searching still the written Word,  
I fain would find, Thus saith the Lord,  
A voucher for the hope I also feel  
That sin can give no wound beyond love's  
power to heal.' 180

'Pray,' said the Man of Books, 'give  
o'er  
A theme too vast for time and place.  
Go on, Sir Poet, ride o'ce more  
Your hobby at his old free pace.  
But let him keep, with step discreet,  
The solid earth beneath his feet. 186  
In the great mystery which around us  
lies,  
The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-  
helped is wise.'

The Traveller said: 'If songs have  
creeds,  
Their choice of them let singers make;  
But Art no other sanction needs 191  
Than beauty for its own fair sake.  
It grinds not in the mill of use,  
Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;  
It makes the flexible laws it deigns to  
own, 195  
And gives its atmosphere its color and its  
tone.

'Confess, old friend, your austere school  
Has left your fancy little chance;  
You square to reason's rigid rule  
The flowing outlines of romance. 200  
With conscience keen from exercise,  
And chronic fear of compromise,  
You check the free play of your rhymes,  
to clap  
A moral underneath, and spring it like  
a trap.'

The sweet voice answered: 'Better so  
Than bolder flights that know no  
check; 206  
Better to use the bit, than throw  
The reins all loose on fancy's neck.  
The liberal range of Art should be  
The breadth of Christian liberty, 210  
Restrained alone by challenge and alarm  
Where its charmed footsteps tread the  
border land of harm.

'Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives  
The eternal epic of the man.  
He wisest is who only gives, 215  
True to himself, the best he can;  
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,  
The inward monitor obeys;  
And, with the boldness that confesses fear,  
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets his  
conscience steer. 220

'Thanks for the fitting word he speaks,  
Nor less for doubtful word unspoken,  
For the false model that he breaks,  
As for the moulded grace unbroken;  
For what is missed and what remains,  
For losses which are truest gains, 226  
For reverence conscious of the Eternal  
eye,  
And truth too fair to need the garnish of  
a lie.'

Laughing, the Critic bowed. 'I yield  
The point without another word; 230  
Who ever yet a case appealed  
Where beauty's judgment had been  
heard?  
And you, my good friend, owe to me  
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,  
As true withal as sweet. For my offence  
Of cavil, let her words be ample recom-  
pense.' 236

Across the sea one lighthouse star,  
With crimson ray that came and went,  
Revolving on its tower afar,  
Looked through the doorway of the  
tent. 240  
While outward, over sand-slopes wet,  
The lamp flashed down its yellow jet  
On the long wash of waves, with red and  
green  
Tangles of weltering weed through the  
white foam-wreaths seen.

"Sing while we may,—another day 245  
May bring enough of sorrow;"—thus  
Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,  
His Crimean camp-song, hints to us, 47  
The lady said. 'So let it be;  
Sing us a song,' exclaimed all three. 250

She smiled: 'I can but marvel at your  
choice  
To hear our poet's words through my poor  
borrowed voice.'

Her window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day 255

In prayer she kneels.  
'Dear Lord!' she saith; 'to many a  
home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels. 260

'Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide;  
They come, they go, but nevermore, 265  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

'O Thou! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away, 270  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech 275  
Of wind and sea.

'O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale. 280  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear,—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail!

'Come, with your dreariest truth shut  
out 285  
The fears that haunt me round about;  
O God! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead 290  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death!'

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas 295  
That rose and fell;  
But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:  
'I wait to meet thee: be of cheer,  
For all is well!' 300

1865.

The sweet voice into silence went,  
A silence which was almost pain  
As through it rolled the long lament,  
The cadence of the mournful main.  
Glancing his written pages o'er, 305  
The Reader tried his part once more;  
Leaving the land of hacknatack and pine  
For Tuscan valleys glad with olive and  
with vine.

### THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

[Suggested by reading C. E. Norton's account.]

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town  
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall  
Where the noon shadows of the gardens  
fall,  
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down  
His last sad burden, and beside his mat 5  
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden  
drifted,  
Soft sunset lights through green Val  
d'Arno sifted;  
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted  
Backward and forth, and wove, in love  
or strife, 10  
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;  
But when at last came upward from the  
street  
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,  
The sick man started, strove to rise, in  
vain, 15  
Sinking back heavily with a moan of  
pain.  
And the monk said, 'Tis but the Brother-  
hood  
Of Mercy going on some errand good:  
Their black masks by the palace-wall,  
I see.'

Piero answered faintly, 'Woe is me! 19  
This day for the first time in forty years  
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,  
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,  
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task  
Of love or pity,—haply from the street  
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or,  
with feet 25

Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish  
brain,

To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,  
Down the long twilight of the corridors,  
Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.  
I loved the work: it was its own reward.  
I never counted on it to offset 31

My sins, which are many, or make less  
my debt

To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;  
But somehow, father, it has come to be  
In these long years so much a part of me,  
I should not know myself, if lacking it, 36  
But with the work the worker too would  
die,

And in my place some other self would sit  
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I?

And now all's over. 'Woe is me!'—'My  
son,' 40

The monk said soothingly, 'thy work is  
done;

And no more as a servant, but the guest  
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.  
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost,  
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt  
sit down 45

Clad in white robes, and wear a golden  
crown

Forever and forever.'—Piero tossed  
On his sick-pillow: 'Miserable me!  
I am too poor for such grand company;  
The crown would be too heavy for this  
gray 50

Old head; and God forgive me if I say  
It would be hard to sit there night and  
day,

Like an image in the Tribune, doing  
naught

With these hard hands, that all my life  
have wrought,

Not for bread only, but for pity's sake. 55  
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep  
awake,

Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy  
head,

Scarce worth the saving, if all else be  
dead.

And if one goes to heaven without a  
heart,

God knows he leaves behind his better  
part. 60

I love my fellow-men: the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change  
me so

That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet 65  
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard beset,  
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate man less  
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?

Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought  
be sin!) 69

The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and  
desires

Of natural pity drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears.'

Thereat the pale monk crossed  
His brow, and muttering, 'Madman!  
thou art lost!'

Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,  
The sick man closed his eyes with a great  
groan 76

That sank into a prayer, 'Thy will be  
done!'

Then was he made aware, by soul or  
ear,

Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er  
him,

And of a voice like that of her who bore  
him, 80

Tender and most compassionate: 'Never  
fear!

For heaven is love, as God Himself is love;  
Thy work below shall be thy work above.'  
And when he looked, lo! in the stern  
monk's place

He saw the shining of an angel's face! 85  
1864.

The Traveller broke the pause. 'I've  
seen

The Brothers down the long street  
steal,

Black, silent, masked, the crowd be-  
tween,  
And felt to doff my hat and kneel  
With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,  
For blessings on their pious care.' 91  
The Reader wiped his glasses: 'Friends  
of mine,  
We'll try our home-brewed next, instead  
of foreign wine.'

### THE CHANGELING.

For the fairest maid in Hampton  
They needed not to search,  
Who saw young Anna Favor  
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows, 5  
At set of harvest-day,  
The frolic of the blackbirds,  
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,  
The saddest two years' bride, 10  
She scowls in the face of her husband,  
And spurns her child aside.

'Rake out the red coals, goodman,—  
For there the child shall lie,  
Till the black witch comes to fetch her 15  
And both up chimney fly.

'It's never my own little daughter,  
It's never my own,' she said;  
'The witches have stolen my Anna,  
And left me an imp instead. 20

'Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,  
Blue eyes, and hair of gold;  
But this is ugly and wrinkled,  
Cross, and cunning, and old.

'I hate the touch of her fingers, 25  
I hate the feel of her skin;  
It's not the milk from my bosom,  
But my blood, that she sucks in.

'My face grows sharp with the torment;  
Look! my arms are skin and bone! 30  
Rake open the red coals, goodman,  
And the witch shall have her own.

'She'll come when she hears it crying,  
In the shape of an owl or bat,  
And she'll bring us our darling Anna 35  
In place of her screeching brat.'

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,  
Laid his hand upon her head:  
'Thy sorrow is great, O woman!  
I sorrow with thee,' he said. 40

'The paths to trouble are many,  
And never but one sure way  
Leads out to the light beyond it:  
My poor wife, let us pray.'

Then he said to the great All-Father, 45  
'Thy daughter is weak and blind;  
Let her sight come back, and clothe her  
Once more in her right mind.

'Lead her out of this evil shadow,  
Out of these fancies wild; 50  
Let the holy love of the mother  
Turn again to her child.

'Make her lips like the lips of Mary  
Kissing her blessed Son;  
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus, 55  
Rest on her little one.

'Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,  
Open her prison-door,  
And Thine shall be all the glory  
And praise forevermore.' 60

Then into the face of its mother  
The baby looked up and smiled;  
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,  
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine 65  
Made the wan face almost fair,  
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,  
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,  
She kissed it on cheek and chin, 70  
And she bared her snow-white bosom  
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning  
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,  
But fairer to Ezra Dalton 75  
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness  
He stooped to her worn young face,  
And the nursing child and the mother  
He folded in one embrace. 80

'Blessed be God!' he murmured.  
'Blessed be God!' she said;  
'For I see, who once was blinded,—  
I live, who once was dead.

'Now mount and ride, my goodman, 85  
As thou lovest thy own soul!  
Woe's me, if my wicked fancies  
Be the death of Goody Cole!'

His horse he saddled and bridled,  
And into the night rode he, 90  
Now through the great black woodland,  
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,  
He came to the ferry wide,  
And thrice he called to the boatman 95  
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,  
He swam to Newbury town,  
And he called up Justice Sewall  
In his nightcap and his gown. 100

And the grave and worshipful justice  
(Upon whose soul be peace!)  
Set his name to the jailer's warrant  
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats 105  
Went sounding like a flail;  
And Goody Cole at cockcrow  
Came forth from Ipswich jail.  
1865.

'Here is a rhyme: I hardly dare  
To venture on its theme worn out; 110  
What seems so sweet by Doon and Ayr  
Sounds simply silly hereabout;  
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown  
Are only tin horns at our own.  
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks with  
us, 115  
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new  
Theocritus.'

# THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

Attitash, an Indian word signifying 'huckle-berry,' is the name of a large and beautiful lake in the northern part of Amesbury. [In a letter to Mr. Fields, Whittier wrote: 'I should like to show thee Attitash, as it is as pretty as St. Mary's Lake which Wordsworth sings, in fact a great deal prettier. The glimpse of the Pawtuckaway range of mountains in Nottingham seen across it is very fine, and it has noble groves of pines and maples and ash trees.']

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,  
And the blue hills of Nottingham  
Through gaps of leafy green  
Across the lake were seen,

When, in the shadow of the ash 5  
That dreams its dream in Attitash,  
In the warm summer weather,  
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood  
The gleam and shade of lake and wood; 10  
The beach the keen light smote,  
The white sail of a boat;

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying.  
In sweetness, not in music, dying;  
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower, 15  
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash  
And breezy wash of Attitash,  
The wood-bird's plaintive cry,  
The locust's sharp reply. 20

And teased the while, with playful hand,  
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,  
Whose uncouth frolic spilled  
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes 25  
Was evermore a great surprise,  
Tossed back her queenly head,  
And, lightly laughing, said:

'No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold  
That is not lined with yellow gold; 30  
I tread no cottage-floor;  
I own no lover poor.



<p>'My love must come on silken wings, With bridal lights of diamond rings, Not foul with kitchen smirch, With tallow-dip for torch.'</p>	35	<p>Through the long gold-hazed afternoon, Alone, but for the diving loon, The partridge in the brake, The black duck on the lake,</p>	80
<p>The other, on whose modest head Was lesser dower of beauty shed, With look for home-hearth's meet, And voice exceeding sweet,</p>	40	<p>Beneath the shadow of the ash Sat man and maid by Attitash ; And earth and air made room For human hearts to bloom.</p>	
<p>Answered, 'We will not rivals be ; Take thou the gold, leave love to me ; Mine be the cottage small, And thine the rich man's hall.</p>		<p>Soft spread the carpets of the sod, And scarlet-oak and golden-rod With blushes and with smiles Lit up the forest aisles.</p>	85
<p>'I know, indeed, that wealth is good ; But lowly roof and simple food, With love that hath no doubt, Are more than gold without.'</p>	45	<p>The mellow light the lake aslant, The pebbled margin's ripple-chant Attempered and low-toned, The tender mystery owned.</p>	90
<p>Hard by a farmer hale and young His cradle in the rye-field swung, Tracking the yellow plain With windrows of ripe grain.</p>	50	<p>And through the dream the lovers dreamed Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed ; The sunshine seemed to bless, The air was a caress.</p>	95
<p>And still, whene'er he paused to whet His scythe, the sidelong glance he met Of large dark eyes, where strove False pride and secret love.</p>	55	<p>Not she who lightly laughed is there, With scornful toss of midnight hair, Her dark, disdainful eyes, And proud lip worldly-wise.</p>	100
<p>Be strong, young mower of the grain ; That love shall overmatch disdain, Its instincts soon or late The heart shall vindicate.</p>	60	<p>Her haughty vow is still unsaid, But all she dreamed and coveted Wears, half to her surprise, The youthful farmer's guise !</p>	
<p>In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod, Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod The margin of the pond, Watching the group beyond.</p>		<p>With more than all her old-time pride She walks the rye-field at his side, Careless of cot or hall, Since love transfigures all.</p>	105
<p>The supreme hours unnoted come ; Unfelt the turning tides of doom ; And so the maids laughed on, Nor dreamed what Fate had done,—</p>	65	<p>Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground Of life is gained ; her hands have found The talisman of old That changes all to gold.</p>	111
<p>Nor knew the step was Destiny's That rustled in the birchen trees, As, with their lives forecast, Fisher and mower passed.</p>	70	<p>While she who could for love dispense With all its glittering accidents, And trust her heart alone, Finds love and gold her own.</p>	115
<p>Erelong by lake and rivulet side The summer roses paled and died, And Autumn's fingers shed The maple's leaves of red.</p>	75		

What wealth can buy, or art can build  
Awaits her; but her cup is filled  
Even now unto the brim;  
Her world is love and him! 120  
1866.

The while he heard, the Book-man drew  
A length of make-believing face,  
With smothered mischief laughing  
through:  
'Why, you shall sit in Ramsay's place,  
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep  
On Yankee hills immortal sheep, 126  
While love-lorn swains and maids the  
seas beyond  
Hold dreamy tryst around your huckle-  
berry-pond.'

The Traveller laughed: 'Sir Galahad  
Singing of love the Trouvere's lay! 130  
How should he know the blindfold lad  
From one of Vulcan's forge-boys?'—  
'Nay,

He better sees who stands outside  
Than they who in procession ride,'  
The Reader answered: 'selectmen and  
squire 135  
Miss, while they make, the show that  
wayside folks admire.

'Here is a wild tale of the North,  
Our travelled friend will own as one  
Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth  
And lips of Christian Andersen. 140  
They tell it in the valleys green  
Of the fair island he has seen,  
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish shore,  
Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched  
by Elsinore.'

## KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

'Tie stille, barn min!  
Imorgen kommer Fin,  
Fa'er din,  
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at lege  
med!'

*Zealand Rhyme.*

'BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea  
A church as stately as church may be,  
And there shalt thou wed my daughter  
fair,'  
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern  
said, 5  
'Though I lose my soul, I will Helva  
wed!'

And off he strode, in his pride of will,  
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

'Build, O Troll, a church for me  
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea; 10  
Build it stately, and build it fair,  
Build it quickly,' said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, 'No work is  
wrought  
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.  
What wilt thou give for thy church so  
fair?' 15  
'Set thy own price,' quoth Esbern Snare.

'When Kallundborg church is builded  
well,  
Thou must the name of its builder tell,  
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my  
boon.' 19  
'Build,' said Esbern, 'and build it soon.'

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;  
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;  
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,  
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,  
He sought and thought, but he dared not  
pray; 26  
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,  
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide  
A rumor ran through the country-side; 30  
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,  
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;  
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;  
And the grim Troll muttered, 'Fool thou  
art! 35  
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!'

By Kallundborg in black despair,  
Through wood and meadow, walked  
Esbern Snare,  
Till, worn and weary, the strong man  
sank  
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank. 40

At his last day's work he heard the Troll  
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;  
Before him the church stood large and  
fair:

'I have builded my tomb,' said Esbern  
Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,  
When he heard a light step at his side:  
'O Esbern Snare!' a sweet voice said,  
'Would I might die now in thy stead!'

With a grasp by love and by fear made  
strong,  
He held her fast, and he held her long; 50  
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,  
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

'O love!' he cried, 'let me look to-day  
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;  
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy  
heart 55

Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

'I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!  
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!'  
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,  
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill. 60

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving  
heart

Was somehow baffling his evil art;  
For more than spell of Elf or Troll  
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the  
sound 65

Of a Troll-wife singing underground:  
'To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:  
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

'Lie still, my darling! next sunrise  
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart  
and eyes!' 70

'Ho! ho!' quoth Esbern, 'is that your  
game?'  
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his  
name!'

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on  
To Kallundborg church with the lacking  
stone.

'Too late, Gaffer Fine!' cried Esbern  
Snare; 75  
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound  
Of a woman sobbing underground,  
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with  
blame

Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the  
rune 81

By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;  
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still  
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch 85  
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg  
church,

Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,  
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!  
1865.

'What,' asked the Traveller, 'would  
our sires,

The old Norse story-tellers, say 90  
Of sun-gilded pictures, ocean wires,  
And smoking steamboats of to-day?

And this, O lady, by your leave,  
Recalls your song of yester eve:

Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn once  
more.' 95

'Hear, hear!' the Book-man cried, 'the  
lady has the floor.

'These noisy waves below perhaps  
To such a strain will lend their ear,

With softer voice and lighter lapse

Come stealing up the sands to hear,

And what they once refused to do 101  
For old King Knut accord to you.

Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners be,  
As once, the legend runs, they heard St.  
Anthony.'

### THE CABLE HYMN.

O LONELY bay of Trinity,

O dreary shores, give ear!

Lean down unto the white-lipped sea

The voice of God to hear!

From world to world His couriers fly, 5

Thought-winged and shod with fire;

The angel of His stormy sky

Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?  
'The world's long strife is done;  
Close wedded by that mystic cord,  
Its continents are one.

10

'And one in heart, as one in blood,  
Shall all her peoples be;  
The hands of human brotherhood  
Are clasped beneath the sea.

15

'Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain  
And Asian mountains borne,  
The vigor of the Northern brain  
Shall nerve the world outworn.

20

'From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Shall thrill the magic thread;  
The new Prometheus steals once more  
The fire that wakes the dead.'

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat  
From answering beach to beach;  
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,  
And melt the chains of each!

26

Wild terror of the sky above,  
Glide tamed and dumb below!  
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,  
Thy errands to and fro.

30

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,  
Beneath the deep so far,  
The bridal robe of earth's accord,  
The funeral shroud of war!

35

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall  
Space mocked and time outrun;  
And round the world the thought of all  
Is as the thought of one!

40

'The poles unite, the zones agree,  
The tongues of striving cease;  
As on the Sea of Galilee  
The Christ is whispering, Peace!  
1858.

'Glad prophecy! to this at last,'  
The Reader said, 'shall all things  
come.

45

Forgotten be the bugle's blast,  
And battle-music of the drum.  
A little while the world may run  
Its old mad way, with needle-gun

50

And ironclad, but truth, at last, shall  
reign:  
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung  
in vain!

Shifting his scattered papers, 'Here,'  
He said, as died the faint applause,  
'Is something that I found last year  
Down on the island known as Orr's.  
I had it from a fair-haired girl  
Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,  
(As if by some, droll freak of circum-  
stance,)  
Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet Stowe's  
romance.'

60

# THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond  
The sundown's golden trail?  
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,  
Or gleam of slanting sail?  
Let young eyes watch from Neck and  
Point,  
And sea-worn elders pray,--  
The ghost of what was once a ship  
Is sailing up the bay!

5

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,  
From peril and from pain,  
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,  
O hundred-harbored Maine!  
But many a keel shall seaward turn,  
And many a sail outstand,  
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship  
looms  
Against the dusk of land.

10

15

She rounds the headland's bristling pines;  
She threads the isle-set bay;  
No spur of breeze can speed her on,  
Nor ebb of tide delay.  
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr  
Who tell her date and name,  
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards  
Who hewed her oaken frame.

20

What weary doom of baffled quest,  
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?  
What makes thee in the haunts of home  
A wonder and a sign?

25

No foot is on thy silent deck,  
 Upon thy helm no hand ; 30  
 No ripple hath the soundless wind  
 That smites thee from the land !

For never comes the ship to port,  
 Howe'er the breeze may be ;  
 Just when she nears the waiting shore 35  
 She drifts again to sea.  
 No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,  
 Nor sheer of veering side ;  
 Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,  
 Against the wind and tide. 40

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star  
 Of evening guides her in ;  
 In vain for her the lamps are lit  
 Within thy tower, Seguin !  
 In vain the harbor-boat shall hail, 45  
 In vain the pilot call ;  
 No hand shall reef her spectral sail,  
 Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,  
 Your gray-head hints of ill ; 50  
 And, over sick-beds whispering low,  
 Your prophecies fulfil.  
 Some home amid yon birchen trees  
 Shall drape its door with woe ;  
 And slowly where the Dead Ship sails, 55  
 The burial boat shall row !

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,  
 From island and from main,  
 From sheltered cove and tided creek,  
 Shall glide the funeral train. 60  
 The dead-boat with the bearers four,  
 The mourners at her stern,—  
 And one shall go the silent way  
 Who shall no more return !

And men shall sigh, and women weep, 65  
 Whose dear ones pale and pine,  
 And sadly over sunset seas  
 Await the ghostly sign.  
 They know not that its sails are filled  
 By pity's tender breath, 70  
 Nor see the Angel at the helm  
 Who steers the Ship of Death !  
 1866.

'Chill as a down-cast breeze should be,'  
 The Book-man said. 'A ghostly  
 touch  
 The legend has. I'm glad to see 75  
 Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch.'  
 'Well, here is something of the sort  
 Which one midsummer day I caught  
 In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish.'  
 'We wait,' the Traveller said ; 'serve hot  
 or cold your dish.' 80

### THE PALATINE.<sup>48</sup>

Block Island in Long Island Sound, called by the Indians Manisecs, the Isle of the little god, was the scene of a tragic incident a hundred years or more ago, when *The Palatine*, an emigrant ship bound for Philadelphia, driven off its course, came upon the coast at this point. A mutiny on board, followed by an inhuman desertion on the part of the crew, had brought the unhappy passengers to the verge of starvation and madness. Tradition says that wreckers on shore, after rescuing all but one of the survivors, set fire to the vessel, which was driven out to sea before a gale which had sprung up. Every twelvemonth, according to the same tradition, the spectacle of a ship on fire is visible to the inhabitants of the island.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,  
 Point Judith watches with eye of hawk ;  
 Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Mont-  
 tauk !

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,  
 With never a tree for Spring to waken, 5  
 For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,  
 Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,  
 Lieth the island of Manisecs,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold 10  
 The coast lights up on its turret old,  
 Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet  
 At its doors and windows howl and beat,  
 And Winter laughs at its fires of peat ! 15

But in summer time, when pool and pond,  
 Held in the laps of valleys fond,  
 Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-  
rose,

And, hid in the warm, soft dells, uncloze  
Flowers the mainland rarely knows; 21

When boats to their morning fishing go,  
And, held to the win<sup>d</sup> and slanting low,  
Whitening and darkening the small sails  
show,—

Then is that lonely island fair; 25  
And the pale health-seeker findeth there  
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,  
On smother beaches no sea-birds light,  
No blue waves shatter to foam more  
white! 30

There, circling ever their narrow range,  
Quaint tradition and legend strange  
Live on unchallenged, and know no  
change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,  
Or rocking weirdly to and fro 35  
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,  
Talk together of dream and sign,  
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before, 40  
Freighted deep with its goodly store,  
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one  
Counted the shots of her signal gun,  
And heard the crash when she drove  
right on! 45

Into the teeth of death she sped:  
(May God forgive the hands that fed  
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were  
there!

White upturned faces, hands stretched in  
prayer! 50

Where waves had pity, could ye not  
spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of  
prey

Tearing the heart of the ship away,  
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and  
shine 55  
Over the rocks and the seething brine,  
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward  
sped,  
'The sea and the rocks are dumb,' they  
said:  
'There'll be no reckoning with the dead.'

But the year went round, and when once  
more 61  
Along their foam-white curves of shore  
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,  
Over the rocks and the seething brine, 65  
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,  
Mending their nets on their patient knees,  
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray; 70  
'It is known to us all,' they quietly say;  
'We too have seen it in our day.'

Is there, then, no death for a word once  
spoken?

Was never a deed but left its token  
Written on tables never broken? 75

Do the elements subtle reflections give?  
Do pictures of all the ages live  
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,  
She shows at times, with shudder or  
laugh, 80  
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,  
From Kingston Head and from Montauk  
light

The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,  
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire, 86  
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though  
 skies be fine,  
 Reef their sails when they see the sign  
 Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine! 90  
 1867.

'A fitter tale to scream than sing,'  
 The Book-man said. 'Well, fancy,  
 then,'

The Reader answered, 'on the wing  
 The sea-birds shriek it, not for men,  
 But in the ear of wave and breeze!' 95  
 The Traveller mused: 'Your Manisees  
 Is fairy-land: off Narragansett shore  
 Who ever saw the isle or heard its name  
 before?

'Tis some strange land of Flyaway,  
 Whose dreamy shore the ship be-  
 guiles, 100

St. Brandan's in its sea-mist gray,  
 Or sunset loom of Fortunate Isles!'

'No ghost, but solid turf and rock  
 Is the good island known as Block.'

The Reader said. 'For beauty and for  
 ease 105  
 I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing  
 Manisees!

'But let it pass; here is a bit  
 Of unrhymed story, with a hint  
 Of the old preaching mood in it,  
 The sort of sidelong moral squint 110  
 Our friend objects to, which has grown,  
 I fear, a habit of my own.

'Twas written when the Asian plague  
 drew near,  
 And the land held its breath and paled  
 with sudden fear.'

#### ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19,  
 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our  
 ancestors, but its occurrence brought something  
 more than philosophical speculation into the  
 minds of those who passed through it. The incident  
 of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy  
 protest is a matter of history.

In the old days (a custom laid aside  
 With breeches and cocked hats) the people  
 sent

Their wisest men to make the public laws.  
 And so, from a brown homestead, where  
 the Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas, 5  
 Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,  
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil  
 deaths,

Stamford sent up to the councils of the  
 State

Wisdom and grace in Abraham Daven-  
 port. 9

'T was on a May-day of the far old year  
 Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
 Over the bloom and sweet life of the  
 Spring,

Over the fresh earth and the heaven of  
 noon,

A horror of great darkness, like the night  
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell, --  
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung  
 sky 16

Was black with ominous clouds, save  
 where its rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that  
 which climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-  
 yard fowls 20

Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
 Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on  
 leathern wings

Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;  
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears  
 grew sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet  
 shatter 25

The black sky, that the dreadful face of  
 Christ

Might look from the rent clouds, not as  
 He looked

A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim  
 as ghosts, 30

Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
 'It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us  
 adjourn,'

Some said; and then, as if with one  
 accord,

All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport. 35

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. 'This well may be The Day of Judgment which the world awaits ;

But be it so or not, I only know My present duty, and my Lord's command 40

To occupy till He come. So at the post Where He hath set me in His providence, I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—

No faithless servant frightened from my task,

But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ; 45

And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,

Let God do His work, we will see to ours.

Bring in the candles.' And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,

Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands, 50

An act to amend an act to regulate The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon

Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,

Straight to the question, with no figures of speech

Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without The shrewd dry humor natural to the man : 56

His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,

Between the pauses of his argument, To hear the thunder of the wrath of God

Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud. 60

And there he stands in memory to this day,

Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen Against the background of unnatural dark,

A witness to the ages as they pass, 64  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.  
1866.

He ceased : just then the ocean seemed To lift a half-faced moon in sight ; And, shore-ward, o'er the waters gleamed, From crest to crest, a line of light, Such as of old, with solemn awe, 70 The fishers by Gennesaret saw, When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son of God,

Tracking the waves with light where'er His sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye Upon that sudden glory turned : 75 Cool from the land the breeze blew by, The tent-ropes flapped, the long beach churned

Its waves to foam ; on either hand Stretched, far as sight, the hills of sand ; With bays of marsh, and capes of bush and tree, 80

The wood's black shore-line loomed beyond the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. 'One song, Or hymn,' they urged, 'before we part.'

And she, with lips to which belong Sweet intuitions of all art, 85 Gave to the winds of night a strain Which they who heard would hear again ;

And to her voice the solemn ocean lent, Touching its harp of sand, a deep accompaniment.

### THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

The harp at Nature's advent strung Has never ceased to play ; The song the stars of morning sung Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given, 5 By all things near and far ; The ocean looketh up to heaven, And mirrors every star.



Its waves are kneeling on the strand, As kneels the human knee, Their white locks bowing to the sand, The priesthood of the sea !	10	So Nature keeps the reverent frame With which her years began, And all her signs and voices shame The prayerless heart of man. 40 1867.
They pour their glittering treasures forth, Their gifts of pearl they bring, And all the listening hills of earth Take up the song they sing.	15	
The green earth sends her incense up From many a mountain shrine ; From folded leaf and dewy cup She pours her sacred wine.	20	The singer ceased. The moon's white rays Fell on the rapt, still face of her. 'Allah il Allah ! He hath praise From all things,' said the Traveller. 'Oft from the desert's silent nights, 45 And mountain hymns of sunset lights, My heart has felt rebuke, as in his tent The Moslem's prayer has shamed my Christian knee unbent.'
The mists above the morning rills Rise white as wings of prayer ; The altar-curtains of the hills Are sunset's purple air.		
The winds with hymns of praise are loud, Or low with sobs of pain,— The thunder-organ of the cloud, The dropping tears of rain.	26	He paused, and lo ! far, faint, and slow The bells in Newbury's steeples tolled The twelve dead hours ; the lamp burned low ; 51 The singer sought her canvas fold. One sadly said, 'At break of day We strike our tent and go our way.'
With drooping head and branches crossed The twilight forest grieves, Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost From all its sunlit leaves.	30	But one made answer cheerily, 'Never fear, 55 We'll pitch this tent of ours in type another year.'
The blue sky is the temple's arch, Its transept earth and air, The music of its starry march The chorus of a prayer.	35	

## Anti-Slavery Poems

### TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

[Read at the Convention which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Philadelphia, December, 1833.]

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand :  
In view of penury, hate, and death,  
I see thee fearless stand.  
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on, for thou hast chosen well ;  
On in the strength of God !  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear,  
The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords !

They tell me thou art rash and vain,  
A searcher after fame ;  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long-enduring name ;

That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand  
And steeled the Afric's heart, 30  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long ?  
And watched the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong ? 36  
And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Aval with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee ? 40

Go on, the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom ;  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
Is glorious martyrdom !  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal ; 45  
And wait thy sure reward  
When man to man no more shall kneel,  
And God alone be Lord !  
1832.

### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation 'de Libertas,' belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education ; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed,

by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801 the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.<sup>19</sup>

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile

With which Heaven dreams of Earth,  
shed down

Its beauty on the Indian isle,—

On broad green field and white-walled town;

And inland waste of rock and wood, 5  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream.

All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met : 10  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom,—

The white cecropia's silver rind  
Relieved by deeper green behind,  
The orange with its fruit of gold, 15

The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,  
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,  
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,

And proudly rising over all, 20  
The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
Crowned with its leafy diadem,  
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
The fiery-winged cucullo played !

How lovely was thine aspect, then, 25  
Fair island of the Western Sea !  
Lavish of beauty, even when

Thy brutes were happier than thy men,  
For they, at least, were free !

Regardless of thy glorious clime, 30  
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,  
The toiling negro sighed, that Time  
No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
He fed the weary-turning mill, 35  
Or bent him in the chill morass,  
To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back  
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack :  
While in his heart one evil thought 40  
In solitary madness wrought,

One baleful fire surviving still  
The quenching of the immortal mind,

One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill, 45  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry ! long, loud, and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang, 50  
Around, beneath, above ;

The wild beast from his cavern sprang,  
The wild bird from her grove !  
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony

Were mingled in that midnight cry ; 55  
But like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path  
Whose barb'd arrow, deeply set,

Is ranking in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong, 60  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;  
It was as if the crimes of years—

The unrequited toil, the tears,  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether hell— 65

Had found in nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gathered horror hung ;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen  
Burst on the startled ears of men

That voice which rises unto God, 70  
Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood !  
It ceased, and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,

The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green, 75  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell,

Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain, 80  
 And flashes rose and fell;  
 And painted on the blood-red sky,  
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;  
 And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
 Trod, fierce and free, the brute he made;  
 And those who crept along the wall, 86  
 And answered to his lightest call  
 With more than spaniel dread,  
 The creatures of his lawless beck,  
 Were trampling on his ver / neck! 90  
 And on the night-air, wild and clear,  
 Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;  
 For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
 And dark cheeks pressed against her own!  
  
 Then, injured Afric! for the shame 95  
 Of thy own daughters, vengeance came  
 Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
 Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
 And to thy hapless children gave  
 One choice,—pollution or the grave! 100  
  
 Where then was he whose fiery zeal  
 Had taught the trampled heart to feel,  
 Until despair itself grew strong,  
 And vengeance fed its torch from wrong?  
 Now, when the thunderbolt is speeding;  
 Now, when oppression's heart is bleeding;  
 Now, when the latent curse of Time 107  
 Is raining down in fire and blood,  
 That curse which, through long years of  
 crime,  
 Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood,—  
 Why strikes he not, the foremost one, 111  
 Where murder's sternest deeds are done?  
  
 He stood the aged palms beneath,  
 That shadowed o'er his humble door,  
 Listening, with half-suspended breath, 115  
 To the wild sounds of fear and death,  
 Toussaint L'Ouverture!  
 What marvel that his heart beat high!  
 The blow for freedom had been given,  
 And blood had answered to the cry 120  
 Which Earth sent up to Heaven!  
 What marvel that a fierce delight  
 Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
 As groan and shout and bursting flame  
 Told where the midnight tempest came,  
 With blood and fire along its van, 126  
 And death behind! he was a Man!

Yes, dark-souled chieftain! if the light  
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
 Unveiled not to thy mental sight 130  
 The lowlier and the purer way,  
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime;  
 That calm reliance upon God  
 For justice in His own good time; 135  
 That gentleness to which belongs  
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
 Even as the primal martyr, kneeling  
 For mercy on the evil-dealing;  
 Let not the favored white man name 140  
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
 Has he not, with the light of heaven  
 Broadly around him, made the same?  
 Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,  
 And gloried in his ghastly shame? 145  
 Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
 To offer mockery unto God,  
 As if the High and Holy One  
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!  
 As if a human sacrifice 150  
 Were purer in His holy eyes,  
 Though offered up by Christian hands,  
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!  
  
 Sternly, amidst his household band,  
 His carbine grasped within his hand, 155  
 The white man stood, prepared and still,  
 Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
 Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
 The horn winds through their caverned  
 hill.  
 And one was weeping in his sight, 160  
 The sweetest flower of all the isle,  
 The bride who seemed but yesternight  
 Love's fair embodied smile.  
 And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
 Looked up the form of infancy, 165  
 With tearful glance in either face  
 The secret of its fear to trace.  
  
 'Ha! stand or die!' The white man's eye  
 His steady musket gleamed along,  
 As a tall Negro hastened nigh, 170  
 With fearless step and strong.  
 'What ho, Toussaint!' A moment more,  
 His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
 'Away!' he shouted; 'fly with me,  
 The white man's bark is on the sea; 175

Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
Our brethren from their graves have  
spoken,

The yoke is spurned, the chain is broken;  
On all the hills our fires are glowing, 180  
Through all the vales red blood is flow-  
ing!

No more the mocking White shall rest  
His foot upon the Negro's breast;  
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
The warm blood from the driver's whip:  
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance  
sworn 186

For all the wrongs his race have borne,  
Though for each drop of Negro blood  
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;  
Not all alone the sense of ill 190  
Around his heart is lingering still,  
Nor deeper can the white man feel  
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
Friends of the Negro! fly with me,  
The path is open to the sea: 195  
Away, for life! He spoke, and pressed  
The young child to his manly breast,  
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
Down swept the dark insurgent train,  
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell 200  
Howled through the dark, like sounds  
from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.  
Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
Along the bright horizon's verge, 205  
O'er which the curse of servile war  
Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge;  
And he, the Negro champion, where  
In the fierce tumult struggled he?  
Go trace him by the fiery glare 210  
Of dwellings in the midnight air,  
The yells of triumph and despair,  
The streams that crimson to the sea!  
Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
Beneath Besançon's alien sky, 215  
Dark Haytien! for the time shall come,  
Yea, even now is nigh,  
When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
Redeemed from color's infamy;  
And men shall learn to speak of thee 220  
As one of earth's great spirits, born  
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,

Casting aside the weary weight  
And fetters of its low estate,  
In that strong majesty of soul 225

Which knows no color, tongue, or  
clime,  
Which still hath spurned the base control  
Of tyrants through all time!

Far other hands than mine may wreath  
The laurel round thy brow of death, 230  
And speak thy praise, as one whose  
word

A thousand fiery spirits stirred,  
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,  
Whose step on human hearts fell firm:  
Be mine the better task to find 235

A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
Some milder virtues all thine own, \*  
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
Like sunshine on a sky of storm, 240  
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
Some nobleness amid its chains,—

That kindness to the wronged is never  
Without its excellent reward,  
Holy to human-kind and ever 245  
Acceptable to God.

1833.

### THE SLAVE-SHIPS.

'That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,'  
MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

'The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of  
twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty  
negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April,  
1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady  
broke out,—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—  
contagious, and altogether beyond the resources  
of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity  
of water among the slaves (only half a wine-  
glass per day being allowed to an individual),  
and by the extreme impurity of the air in which  
they breathed. By the advice of the physician,  
they were brought upon deck occasionally; but  
some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in  
each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope,  
which so universally prevails among them, of  
being swiftly transported to their own homes in  
Africa. To check this, the captain ordered

several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The *Rodeur* reached Guadalupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Bibliothèque Ophthalmologique* for November, 1819.

'ALL ready?' cried the captain;  
'Ay, ay!' the seamen said;  
'Heave up the worthless lubbers,—  
The dying and the dead.'  
Up from the slave-ship's prison  
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:  
'Now let the sharks look to it,—  
Toss up the dead ones first!'

Corpse after corpse came up,—  
Death had been busy there;  
Where every blow is mercy,  
Why should the spoiler spare?  
Corpse after corpse they cast  
Sullenly from the ship,  
Yet bloody with the traces  
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,  
With his arms upon his breast,  
With his cold brow sternly knotted,  
And his iron lip compressed.  
'Are all the dead dogs over?'  
Growled through that matted lip;  
'The blind ones are no better,  
Let's lighten the good ship.'

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom, 25  
The very sounds of hell!  
The ringing clank of iron,  
The maniac's short, sharp yell!  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled;  
The starving infant's moan, 30  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison  
The stricken blind ones came:  
Below, had all been darkness, 35  
Above, was still the same.  
Yet the holy breath of heaven  
Was sweetly breathing there,  
And the heated brow of fever  
Cooled in the soft sea air. 40

'Overboard with them, shipmates!'  
Cutlass and dirk were plied;  
Fettered and blind, one after one,  
Plunged down the vessel's side.  
The sabre smote above, 45  
Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries  
Rang upward unto Thee? 50  
Voices of agony and blood,  
From ship-deck and from sea.  
The last dull plunge was heard,  
The last wave caught its stain.  
And the unsated shark looked up 55  
For human hearts in vain.

Red glowed the western waters,  
The setting sun was there,  
Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
His fiery mesh of hair. 60  
Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye  
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,  
Into that burning sky.

'A storm,' spoke out the gazer, 65  
'Is gathering and at hand;  
Curse on 't, I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land.'

And then he laughed, but only  
His echoed laugh replied, 70  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track 75  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
'A sail!—thank God, a sail!'  
And as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur  
A shout of gladness broke. 80

Down came the stranger vessel,  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.  
'Ho! for the love of mercy, 85  
We're perishing and blind!'  
A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:

'Help us! for we are stricken  
With blindness every one; 90  
Ten days we've floated fearfully,  
Unnoting star or sun.  
Our ship's the slaver Leon,—  
We've but a score on board;  
Our slaves are all gone over,— 95  
Help, for the love of God!'

On livid brows of agony  
The broad red lightning shone;  
But the roar of wind and thunder  
Stifled the answering groan; 100  
Wailed from the broken waters  
A last despairing cry,  
As, kindling in the stormy light,  
The stranger ship went by.

In the sunny Guadalupe 105  
A dark-hulled vessel lay,  
With a crew who noted never  
The nightfall or the day.  
The blossom of the orange  
Was white by every stream, 110  
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
And the moonlight slept as well,  
On the palm-trees by the hillside, 115  
And the streamlet of the dell:  
And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep. 120

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the slaver's darkened eye;  
At the breaking of the morning, 125  
At the star-lit evening time,  
O'er a world of light and beauty  
Fell the blackness of his crime.  
1834.

#### EXPOSTULATION.

[Originally termed *Stanzas*, then *Follen*.]  
Dr. Charles Follen, a German patriot, who  
had come to America for the freedom which was  
denied him in his native land, allied himself  
with the abolitionists, and at a convention of  
delegates from all the anti-slavery organizations  
in New England, held at Boston in May, 1834,  
was chairman of a committee to prepare an  
address to the people of New England. Toward  
the close of the address occurred the passage  
which suggested these lines:—

'The despotism which our fathers could not  
bear in their native country is expiring, and the  
sword of justice in her reformed hands has  
applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall  
the United States—the free United States, which  
could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the  
bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a  
Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall  
we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood,  
be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom  
in its age?'—*Dr. Follen's Address*.

'Genius of America!—Spirit of our free insti-  
tution!—where art thou? How art thou fallen,  
O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou  
fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is  
moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!  
The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha!  
Aha! Art thou become like unto us?'—*Speech*  
*of Samuel J. May*.

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains !  
 Slaves, in a land of light and law !  
 Slaves, crouching on the very plains  
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's  
 war !  
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood, 5  
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,  
 By every shrine of patriot blood,  
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well !

By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
 By mossy wood and marshy glen, 10  
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men !  
 The groan of breaking hearts is there,  
 The falling lash, the fetter's clank !  
 Slaves, slaves are breathing in that air 15  
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What ho ! our countrymen in chains !  
 The whip on woman's shrinking flesh !  
 Our soil yet reddening with the stains  
 Caught from her scourging, warm and  
 fresh ! 20  
 What ! mothers from their children riven !  
 What ! God's own image bought and  
 sold !  
 Americans to market driven,  
 And bartered as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer 25  
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?  
 To us whose fathers scorned to hear  
 The paltry menace of a chain ;  
 To us, whose boast is loud and long  
 Of holy Liberty and Light ; 30  
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of  
 Wrong  
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
 Our sympathies across the wave,  
 Where Manhood, on the field of death, 35  
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave ?  
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be  
 sung  
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
 And millions hail with pen and tongue  
 Our light on all her altars burning ? 40

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
 By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's  
 wall,  
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
 The impulse of our cheering call ?  
 And shall the slave, beneath our eye, 45  
 Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain ?  
 And toss his fettered arms on high,  
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain ?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
 A refuge for the stricken slave ? 50  
 And shall the Russian serf go free  
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave ?  
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
 Relax the iron hand of pride,  
 And bid his bondmen cast the chain 55  
 From fettered soul and limb aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
 Proclaim that all around are free,  
 From farthest Ind to each blue crag  
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea ? 60  
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
 And round our country's altar clings  
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse ?

Go, let us ask of Constantine 65  
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat ;  
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
 To spare the struggling Suliote ;  
 Will not the scorching answer come 69  
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ :  
 'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
 Then turn, and ask the like of us !'

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
 The Christian's scorn, the heathen's  
 mirth,  
 Content to live the lingering jest 75  
 And by-word of a mocking Earth ?  
 Shall our own glorious land retain  
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear ?  
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
 Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part, 81  
 From graybeard eld to fiery youth,  
 And on the nation's naked heart  
 Scatter the living coals of Truth !



Up! while ye slumber, deeper yet 85  
 The shadow of our fame is growing!  
 Up! while ye pause, our sun may set  
 In blood around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,  
 The gathered wrath of God and man, 90  
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
 When hail and fire above it ran.  
 Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
 Up, up! why will ye slumber where 95  
 The sleeper only wakes in death?

Rise now for Freedom! not in strife  
 Like that your sterner fathers saw,  
 The awful waste of human life,  
 The glory and the guilt of war: 100  
 But break the chain, the yoke remove,  
 And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
 With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
 Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink, 105  
 And leave no traces where it stood:  
 Nor longer let its idol drink  
 His daily cup of human blood;  
 But rear another altar there,  
 To Truth and Love and Mercy given, 110  
 And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

1834.

## HYMN.

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery  
 Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, New York,  
 held on the 4th of the seventh month, 1834.  
 [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

O Thou, whose presence went before  
 Our fathers in their weary way,  
 As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
 The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free, 5  
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
 Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
 May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all, though hue and form  
 Are varied in Thine own good will, 10  
 With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
 And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father! hill and plain  
 Around us wave their fruits once more,  
 And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,  
 Are bending round each cottage door. 16

And peace is here; and hope and love  
 Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
 And unto Thee, supreme above,  
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone. 20

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
 As unto us, no joyful thrill;  
 For those who, under Freedom's wing,  
 Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy written word 25  
 Of light and love is never given;  
 For those whose ears have never heard  
 The promise and the hope of heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
 Whereon no human mercies fall; 30  
 Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined.  
 Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
 When every land and tongue and clime 35  
 The message of Thy love shall hear:

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
 The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
 And to his fettered soul be given  
 The glorious freedom of the just! 40

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel at that low cottage-  
 door,  
 Which the long evening shadow is stretch-  
 ing before,  
 With a music as sweet as the music which  
 seems  
 Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our  
 dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of  
 her eye, 5  
 Like a star glancing out from the blue of  
 the sky!

And lightly and freely her dark tresses  
 play  
 O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low  
cottage-door,  
The haughty and rich to the humble and  
poor? 10  
'Tis the great Southern planter, the master  
who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of  
slaves.

'Nay, Ellen, for shame! Let those Yankee  
fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a  
change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or  
the wheel, 15  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to  
feel!

'But thou art too lovely and precious again  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied  
by them;  
For shame, Ellen, shame, cast thy bondage  
aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing  
and pride. 20

'Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps  
can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the  
year long,  
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over  
my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in  
their bloom!

'Oh, come to my home, where my servants  
shall all 25  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy  
call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with  
trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt  
as a law.'

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of  
our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of  
her curls, 30  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer  
could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes  
on steel!

'Go back, haughty Southron! thy trea-  
sures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou  
hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it  
I hear 35  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps  
of fear!

'And the sky of thy South may be brighter  
than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer  
thy flowers;  
But dearer the blast round our mountains  
which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which  
breathes over slaves! 40

'Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may  
kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and  
heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner  
would be  
In fetters with them, than in freedom with  
thee!'

1835.

### THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

These lines were written when the orators of  
the American Colonization Society were de-  
manding that the free blacks should be sent to  
Africa, and opposing Emancipation unless expa-  
triation followed. See the report of the pro-  
ceedings of the society at its annual meeting in  
1834.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er moun-  
tain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest, — the  
hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have  
gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of  
the horn;  
Hark! the cheer and the hallo! the crack  
of the whip, 5  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens  
his grip!

All blithe are our hunters, and noble their  
match,  
Though hundreds are caught, there are  
millions to catch.  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain  
and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest, — the  
hunting of men ! 10

Gay luck to our hunters ! how nobly they  
ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength  
of their pride !  
The priest with his cassock flung back on  
the wind,  
Just screening the politic statesman  
behind ;  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing  
and prayer, 15  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily  
there.  
And woman, kind woman, wife, widow,  
and maid,  
For the good of the hunted, is lending  
her aid :  
Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on the  
rein,  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of  
men ! 20

Oh, goodly and grand is our hunting to  
see,  
In this 'land of the brave and this home  
of the free.'  
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from  
Georgia to Maine,  
All mounting the saddle, all grasping  
the rein ;  
Right merrily hunting the black man,  
whose sin 25  
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his  
skin !  
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him  
at bay !  
Will our hunters be turned from their  
purpose and prey ?  
Will their hearts fail within them ? their  
nerves tremble, when  
All roughly they ride to the hunting of  
men ? 30

Ho ! alms for our hunters ! all weary and  
faint,  
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of  
the saint.  
The horn is wound faintly, the echoes are  
still,  
Over cane-brake and river, and forest and  
hill.  
Haste, alms for our hunters ! the hunted  
once more 35  
Have turned from their flight with their  
backs to the shore :  
What right have they here in the home of  
the white,  
Shadowed o'er by our banner of Freedom  
and Right ?  
Ho ! alms for the hunters ! or never again  
Will they ride in their pomp to the  
hunting of men ! 40  
Alms, alms for our hunters ! why will ye  
delay,  
When their pride and their glory are  
melting away ?  
The parson has turned ; for, on charge of  
his own,  
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone ?  
The politic statesman looks back with  
a sigh, 45  
There is doubt in his heart, there is fear  
in his eye.  
Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear  
shall prevail,  
And the head of his steed take the place  
of the tail.  
Oh, haste, ere he leave us ! for who will  
ride then,  
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of  
men ? 50  
1835.

#### STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

The 'Times' referred to were those evil times  
of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall,  
August 21, 1835, in which a demand was made  
for the suppression of free speech, lest it should  
endanger the foundation of commercial society.

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
The freedom which they toiled to  
win ?

Is this the soil whereon they moved?  
Are these the graves they slumber in?  
Are we the sons by whom are borne 5  
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
With craven soul and fettered lip?  
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
And tremble at the driver's whip? 10  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?  
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel. 15  
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's  
blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth, our Country, and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
Round which the priests of Mexico 20  
Before their loathsome idol prayed:  
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?  
And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongue be mute, when deeds are  
wrought 25  
Which well might shame extremest  
hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?  
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?  
Shall Honor bleed? - shall Truth succumb?  
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb? 30

No; by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's  
fall;

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound;  
By Griswold's stained and shattered  
wall;

By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade;  
By all the memories of our dead! 36

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
The bands and fetters round them set;  
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet, 40  
By all above, around, below,  
Be ours the indignant answer,—No!

No; guided by our country's laws,  
For truth, and right, and suffering  
man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause, 45  
As Christians may, as freemen can!  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,  
While woman shrieks beneath his rod,  
And while he tramples down at will 51  
The image of a common God?  
Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him 55  
The danger and the growing shame?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have filled the world  
with flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn? 60

Is't not enough that this is borne?  
And asks our haughty neighbor more?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?  
Must he be told, beside his plough, 65  
What he must speak, and when, and  
how?

Must he be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong;  
On breaking hearts and fettered hands,  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong? 70  
That all his fathers taught is vain,—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn!  
False, foul, profane! Go, teach as well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born! 75  
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!  
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!  
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, brethren of the South,  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less; 80  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee's press!  
From our Green Mountains to the sea,  
One voice shall thunder, We are free!

## CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the ninth month, 1835, published in the *Courier* of that city, it is stated: 'The clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!'

JUST God! and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach, and kidnap men? 5  
Give thanks, and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save 10  
The homeless and the outcast, fettering down  
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends 15  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which search and burn  
In warning and rebuke; 20

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long 25  
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,

And in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite? 30  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father down!  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind 35  
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood;  
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,  
The searching truths of God! 40

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish; and their very names shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on 45  
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love  
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be known  
As in their home above.

1836.

## A SUMMONS.

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's 'Bill for excluding Papers written or printed, touching the subject of Slavery, from the U. S. Post-office,' in the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Pinckney's resolutions were in brief that Congress had no authority to interfere in any way with slavery in the States; that it ought not

to interfere with it in the District of Columbia, and that all resolutions to that end should be laid on the table without printing. Mr. Calhoun's bill made it a penal offence for postmasters in any State, District, or Territory 'knowingly to deliver, to any person whatever, any pamphlet, newspaper, handbill, or other printed paper or pictorial representation, touching the subject of slavery, where, by the laws of the said State, District, or Territory, their circulation was prohibited.' [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

MEN of the North-land ! where 's the  
manly spirit

Of the true-hearted and the unshackled  
gone ?

Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their names alone ?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within  
us,

Stoops the strong manhood of our souls  
so low,

That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can  
win us

To silence now ?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is  
verging,

In God's name, let us speak while there  
is time !

Now, when the padlocks for our lips are  
forging,

Silence is crime !

What ! shall we henceforth humbly ask as  
favours

Rights all our own ? In madness shall  
we barter,

For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature  
gave us,

God and our charter ?

Here shall the statesman forge his human  
fetters,

Here the false jurist human rights deny,  
And in the church, their proud and skilled  
abettors

Make truth a lie ?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,  
To sanction crime, and robbery, and  
blood ?

And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
Both man and God ?

Shall our New England stand erect no  
longer,

But stoop in chains upon her downward  
way,

Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
Day after day ?

Oh no ; methinks from all her wild, green  
mountains ;

From valleys where her slumbering  
fathers lie :

From her blue rivers and her welling  
fountains,

And clear, cold sky ;

From her rough coast, and isles, which  
hungry Ocean

Gnaws with his surges ; from the fisher's  
skiff,

With white sail swaying to the billow's  
motion

Round rock and cliff ;

From the free fireside of her unbought  
farmer ;

From her free laborer at his loom and  
wheel ;

From the brown smith-shop, where, be-  
neath the hammer,

Rings the red steel ;

From each and all, if God hath not for-  
saken

Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall  
waken

A People's voice.

Startling and stern ! the Northern winds  
shall bear it

Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave ;

And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth ! The bondman  
sighing

By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom  
dying,

Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are  
gazing

Sadly upon us from afar shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving  
raising. 55

Bless us the while.

Oh for your ancient freedom, pure and  
holy,

For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wronged captive, bleeding,  
crushed, and lowly,

Let it go forth! 60

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye perilled and at  
stake?

Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come  
together, 65

Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly  
Father,

Maintain the right!

1836.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

Thomas Shipley of Philadelphia was a lifelong  
Christian philanthropist, and advocate of eman-  
cipation. At his funeral thousands of colored  
people came to take their last look at their  
friend and protector. He died September 17,  
1886.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!

The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,  
And on thine ear the murmurs blest

Of Siloa's waters softly flowing!  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives 5  
To all the earth its healing leaves

In the white robe of angels clad,  
And wandering by that sacred river,

Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God forever! 10

Gentlest of spirits! not for thee

Our tears are shed, our sighs are given;  
Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of heaven?

Finished thy work, and kept thy faith 15  
In Christian firmness unto death;

And beautiful as sky and earth,

When autumn's sun is downward going,

The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still 21

With feebler strength and hearts less  
lowly,

And minds less steadfast to the will

Of Him whose every work is holy.

For not like thine, is crucified 25

The spirit of our human pride:

And at the bondman's tale of woe,

And for the outcast and forsaken,

Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,

Our weaker sympathies awaken. 30

Darkly upon our struggling way

The storm of human hate is sweeping;

Hunted and branded, and a prey,

Our watch amidst the darkness keeping,

Oh, for that hidden strength which can

Nerve unto death the inner man! 36

Oh, for thy spirit, tried and true,

And constant in the hour of trial,

Prepared to suffer, or to do,

In meekness and in self-denial. 40

Oh, for that spirit, meek and mild,

Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining;

By man deserted and reviled,

Yet faithful to its trust remaining.

Still prompt and resolute to save 45

From scourge and chain the hunted  
slave;

Unwavering in the Truth's defence,

Even where the fires of Hate were burn-  
ing,

The unquailing eye of innocence

Alone upon the oppressor turning! 50

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,

Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore  
thee.

The poor man and the rescued slave

Wept as the broken earth closed o'er  
thee;

And grateful tears, like summer rain, 55

Quickened its dying grass again!

And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
 Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
 Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
 Recalling memories sweet and holy ! 60

Oh, for the death the righteous die !  
 An end, like autumn's day declining,  
 On human hearts, as on the sky,  
 With holier, tenderer beauty shining ;  
 As to the parting soul were given 65  
 The radiance of an opening heaven !  
 As if that pure and blessed light,  
 From off the Eternal altar flowing,  
 Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
 The spirit to its worship going ! 70  
 1830.

### THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
 An iron race around her stood,  
 Baptized her infant brow in blood ;  
 And, through the storm which round her  
 swept, 5  
 Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
 The roar of baleful battle rose,  
 And brethren of a common tongue  
 To mortal ; trife as tigers sprung, 10  
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
 Was man for beast, and blood for wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;  
 Their strife is past, their triumph won ;  
 But sterner trials wait the race 15  
 Which rises in their honored place ;  
 A moral warfare with the crime  
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
 We gird us for the coming fight, 20  
 And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
 In conflict with unholy powers,  
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of  
 Heaven.  
 1836.

### RITNER.

Written on reading the Message of Governor  
 Ritner, of Pennsylvania, 1836. The fact redounds  
 to the credit and serves to perpetuate the  
 memory of the independent farmer and high-  
 souled statesman, that he alone of all the  
 Governors of the Union in 1836 met the insulting  
 demands and menaces of the South in a manner  
 becoming a freeman and hater of Slavery, in  
 his message to the Legislature of Pennsylvania.  
 [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

THANK God for the token ! one lip is still  
 free,  
 One spirit untrammelled, unbending one  
 knee !  
 Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted  
 and firm,  
 Erect, when the multitude bends to the  
 storm ;  
 When traitors to Freedom, and Honor,  
 and God, 5  
 Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood ;  
 When the recreant North has forgotten  
 her trust,  
 And the lip of her honor is low in the  
 dust,—  
 Thank God, that one arm from the shackle  
 has broken !  
 Thank God, that one man as a freeman  
 has spoken ! 10  
 O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been  
 blown !  
 Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur  
 has gone !  
 To the land of the South, of the charter  
 and chain,  
 Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's  
 pain ;  
 Where the cant of Democracy dwells on  
 the lips 15  
 Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of  
 whips !  
 Where 'chivalric' honor means really no  
 more  
 Than scourging of women, and robbing  
 the poor !  
 Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on  
 high,  
 And the words which he utters, are—  
 Worship, or die ! 20



Right onward, oh, speed it! Wherever  
the blood  
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying  
to God;  
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;  
Wherever the lash of the driver is twin-  
ing;  
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely  
apart, 25  
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken  
of heart;  
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
In silence and darkness, the God-given  
mind;  
There, God speed it onward! its truth  
will be felt,  
The bonds shall be loosened, the iron shall  
melt! 30  
And oh, will the land where the free soul  
of Penn  
Still lingers and breathes over mountain  
and glen;  
Will the land where a Benezet's spirit  
went forth  
To the peeled and the meted, and outcast  
of Earth;  
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty  
first 35  
From the soul of the sage and the patriot  
burst;  
Where first for the wronged and the weak  
of their kind,  
The Christian and statesman their efforts  
combined;  
Will that land of the free and the good  
wear a chain?  
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be  
vain? 40  
No, Ritner! her 'Friends' at thy warn-  
ing shall stand  
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral  
band;  
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past  
time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence  
a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to  
unite 45  
Once again for the poor in defence of the  
Right;

Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide  
of Wrong,  
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges  
along;  
Unappalled by the danger, the shame,  
and the pain,  
And counting each trial for Truth as their  
gain! 50  
And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest  
and true,  
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its  
due;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert  
with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of  
the Rhine,—  
The German-born pilgrims, who first  
dared to brave 55  
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the  
slave;  
Will the sons of such men yield the lords  
of the South  
One brow for the brand, for the padlock  
one mouth?  
They cater to tyrants? They rivet the  
chain,  
Which their fathers smote off, on the  
negro again? 60  
No, never! one voice, like the sound in  
the cloud,  
When the roar of the storm waxes loud  
and more loud,  
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath  
pressed  
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake  
of the West,  
On the South-going breezes shall deepen  
and grow 65  
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble  
below!  
The voice of a people, uprisen, awake,  
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom  
at stake,  
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down  
from each height,  
'Our Country and Liberty! God for the  
Right!' 70  
1837.

THE PASTORAL LETTER.

The General Association of Congregational ministers in Massachusetts met at Brookfield, June 27, 1837, and issued a Pastoral Letter to the churches under its care. The immediate occasion of it was the profound sensation produced by the recent public lecture in Massachusetts by Angelina and Sarah Grimké, two noble women from South Carolina, who bore their testimony against slavery. The Letter demanded that 'the perplexed and agitating subjects which are now common amongst us . . . should not be forced upon any church as matters for debate, at the hazard of alienation and division,' and called attention to the dangers now seeming 'to threaten the female character with widespread and permanent injury.'

So, this is all,—the utmost reach

Of priestly power the mind to fetter !  
When laymen think, when women preach,  
A war of words, a 'Pastoral Letter !'  
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes ! 5  
Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes  
Their loving-kindness to transgressors ?

A 'Pastoral Letter,' grave and dull ;  
Alas ! in hoof and horns and features, 10  
How different is your Brookfield bull  
From him who bellows from St. Peter's !  
Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
Think ye, can words alone preserve them ?  
Your wiser fathers taught the arm 15  
And sword of temporal power to serve them.

Oh, glorious days, when Church and State  
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers !  
And on submissive shoulders sat  
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.  
No vile 'itinerant' then could mar 21  
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
But at his peril of the scar  
Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church  
Of heretic and mischief-maker, 26  
And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker !  
The stocks were at each church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,— 31  
The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman !

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
With 'non-professing' frantic teachers ;  
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And flayed the backs of 'female preachers.' 36  
Old Hampton, had her fields a tongue,  
And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
Of fainting woman dragged along,  
Gashed by the whip accursed and gory !

And will ye ask me, why this taunt 41  
Of memories sacred from the scorner ?  
And why with reckless hand I plant  
A nettle on the graves ye honor ?  
Not to reproach New England's dead 45  
This record from the past I summon,  
Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
And suffering and heroic woman.

No, for yourselves alone, I turn  
The pages of intolerance over, 50  
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
Ye haply may your own discover !  
For, if ye claim the 'pastoral right'  
To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
And from your precincts shut the light 55  
Of Freedom's day around ye dawning ;

If when an earthquake voice of power  
And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
That forth, in its appointed hour,  
The Spirit of the Lord is going ! 60  
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
In glory and in strength are waking !

When for the sighing of the poor, 65  
 And for the needy, God hath risen,  
 And chains are breaking, and a door  
 Is opening for the souls in prison!  
 If then ye would, with puny hands,  
 Arrest the very work of Heaven, 70  
 And bind anew the evil hands  
 Which God's right arm of power hath  
 riven;

What marvel that, in many a mind,  
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
 Are closely with your own combined, 75  
 Yet 'less in anger than in sadness'?  
 What marvel, if the people learn  
 To claim the right of free opinion?  
 What marvel, if at times they spurn  
 The ancient yoke of your dominion? 80

A glorious remnant linger yet,  
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's foun-  
 tains,  
 The coming of whose welcome feet  
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring 85  
 Of Liberty and Love forever,  
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters, 90  
 Which echoes here the mournful wail  
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
 Close while ye may the public ear,  
 With malice vex, with slander wound  
 them,  
 The pure and good shall throng to  
 hear, 95  
 And tried and manly hearts surround  
 them.

Oh, ever may the power which led  
 Their way to such a fiery trial,  
 And strengthened womanhood to tread  
 The wine-press of such self-denial, 100  
 Be round them in an evil land,  
 With wisdom and with strength from  
 Heaven,  
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
 And Deborah's song, for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God 105  
 Against the ark of His salvation,  
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
 With blessings for a dying nation?  
 What, but the stubble and the hay  
 To perish, even as flax consuming, 110  
 With all that bars His glorious way,  
 Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long  
 Hast waited for the glorious token,  
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
 To liberty and light has broken,— 115  
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
 And over Earth's full jubilee  
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven! 120  
 1837.

## HYMN.

Written for the celebration of the third anni-  
 versary of British emancipation, at the Broadway  
 Tabernacle, New York, first of August, 1837.  
 [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

O HOLY FATHER! just and true  
 Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
 And unto Thee alone are due  
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
 As children of Thy gracious care, 5  
 We veil the eye, we bend the knee,  
 With broken words of praise and prayer.  
 Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
 The sighing of the island slave; 10  
 And stretched for him the arm of might,  
 Not shortened that it could not save.  
 The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
 The shackled soul and hand are free,  
 Thanksgiving! for the work is Thine! 15  
 Praise! for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,  
 Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
 Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear;  
 Thine ear hath heard the bondman's  
 prayer. 20

Praise ! for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are naught,  
The fountains of repentance flow ;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought ?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts ! 25  
And when the bondman's chain is  
    riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before, 30  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

## THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER  
DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO SOUTHERN  
BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews, 5  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air ;  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone, 10  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
There no mother's eye is near them, 15  
There no mother's ear can hear them ;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them. 20  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone, 25  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,

Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again, 30  
There no brother's voice shall greet  
    them ;

There no father's welcome meet them.  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ; 35  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play ; 40  
From the cool spring where they drank ;  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank ;  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there ;

Gone, gone,—sold and gone, 45  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone ; 50  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er, 55  
And the fetter galls no more !  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters ! 60

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth ;  
By the bruised reed He spareth ;  
Oh, may He, to whom alone 65  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.  
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone, 70  
From Virginia's hills and waters ;  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

## PENNSYLVANIA HALL.

Read at the dedication of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia, May 15, 1838. The building was erected by an association of gentlemen, irrespective of sect or party, 'that the citizens of Philadelphia should possess a room wherein the principles of Liberty, and Equality of Civil Rights, could be freely discussed, and the evils of slavery fearlessly portrayed.' On the evening of the 17th it was burned by a mob, destroying the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which I was editor, and with it my books and papers.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and barbaric gold ;  
No weapons wrested from the fields of  
blood,

Where dark and stern the unyielding  
Roman stood,

And the proud eagles of his cohorts saw 5  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his  
law ;

Nor blazoned car, nor banners floating  
gay,

Like those which swept along the Appian  
Way,

When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet peal, and shoutings wild  
and high, 11

Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky ;  
But calm and grateful, prayerful and  
sincere,

As Christian freemen only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall, 15  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine, as Liberty's abode,  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's  
God !

Far statelier Halls, 'neath brighter skies  
than these,

Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine, and life-like statues  
seen, 21

Graceful and pure, the marble shafts  
between ;

Where glorious Athens from her rocky  
hill

Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will ;

And the chaste temple, and the classic  
grove, 25

The hall of sages, and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores,  
and gave

Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave ;  
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding  
side,

The Pantheon's dome, the Coliseum's  
pride, 30

The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman  
tongue,

Whence stern decrees, like words of fate,  
went forth

To the awed nations of a conquered earth,  
Where the proud Caesars in their glory  
came, 35

And Brutus lightened from his lips of  
flame !

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadow of her stately walls,  
Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears  
of woe

Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow ;  
And fetters clanked beneath the silver  
dome 41

Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
Oh, not for him, the chained and stricken  
slave,

By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,  
In the thronged forum, or the sages' seat,  
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart  
beat ; 46

No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
No tear of pity rusted on his chain !

But this fair Hall to Truth and Freedom  
given,

Pledged to the Right before all Earth  
and Heaven, 50

A free arena for the strife of mind,  
To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
Shall thrill with echoes such as ne'er of old  
From Roman hall or Grecian temple  
rolled ;

Thoughts shall find utterance such as  
never yet 55

The Propylea or the Forum met.  
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
Shall win applauses with the waste of life ;

<p>No lordly lictor urge the barbarous game,          No wanton Lais glory in her shame. 60          But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,          As the ear listens to the tale of woe ;          Here in stern judgment of the oppressor's          wrong          Shall strong rebuking gts thrill on Freedom's          tongue, 64          No partial justice hold th' unequal scale,          No pride of caste a brother's rights assail,          No tyrant's mandates edo from this wall,          Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All !          But a fair field, where mind may close          with mind,          Free as the sunshine and the chainless          wind ; 70          Where the high trust is fixed on Truth          alone,          And bonds and fetters from the soul are          thrown ;          Where wealth, and rank, and worldly          pomp, and might,          Yield to the presence of the True and          Right.</p> <p>And fitting is it that this Hall should          stand 75          Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his          band,          From thy blue waters, Delaware !—to          press          The virgin verdur of the wilderness.          Here, where all Europe with amazement          saw          The soul's high freedom trammelled by          no law ; 80          Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-          men          Gathered, in peace, around the home of          Penn,          Awed by the weapons Love alone had          given          Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven ;          Where Nature's voice against the bond-          man's wrong 85          First found an earnest and indignant          tongue ;          Where Lay's bold message to the proud          was borne ;          And Keith's rebuke, and Franklin's          manly scorn !</p>	<p>Fitting it is that here, where Freedom          first          From her fair feet shook off the Old          World's dust, 90          Spread her white pinions to our Western          blast,          And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,          One Hall should rise redeemed from          Slavery's ban,          One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man !</p> <p>Oh ! if the spirits of the parted come, 95          Visiting angels, to their olden home ;          If the dead fathers of the land look forth          From their fair dwellings, to the things of          earth,          Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,          They gaze now on us from the bowers          above ? 100          Lay's ardent soul, and Benezet the mild,          Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child,          Meek-hearted Woolman, and that brother-          land,          The sorrowing exiles from their ' Father-          land,'          Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers          of vine, 105          And the blue beauty of their glorious          Rhine,          To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood          Freedom from man, and holy peace with          God ;          Who first of all their testimonial gave          Against the oppressor, for the outcast          slave, 110          Is it a dream that such as these look down,          And with their blessing our rejoicings          crown ?          Let us rejoice, that while the pulpit's door          Is barred against the pleaders for the poor ;          While the Church, wrangling upon points          of faith, 115          Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death ;          While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain          Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,          One door is open, and one Temple free,          As a resting-place for hunted Liberty ! 120          Where men may speak, unshackled and          unawed,          High words of Truth, for Freedom and          for God.</p>
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And when that truth its perfect work  
hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath  
gone;  
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall  
pine, <sup>125</sup>  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine:  
When unto angel lips at last is given  
The silver trump of Jubilee in Heaven;  
And from Virginia's plains, Kentucky's  
shades,  
And through the dim Floridian ever-  
glades, <sup>130</sup>  
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
The voice of millions from their chains  
unbound;  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in  
decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the com-  
mon clay,  
Yet round the ruins of its strength shall  
stand <sup>135</sup>  
The best and noblest of a ransomed  
land—  
Pilgrims, like these who throng around  
the shrine  
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!  
A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Par-  
thenon. <sup>140</sup>  
Here shall the child of after years be  
taught  
The works of Freedom which his fathers  
wrought;  
Told of the trials of the present hour,  
Our weary strife with prejudice and  
power;  
How the high errand quickened woman's  
soul, <sup>145</sup>  
And touched her lip as with a living  
coal;  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty  
faith  
True and unwavering, unto bonds and  
death;  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined  
Hall,  
The Muses' garland crown its aged  
wall, <sup>150</sup>  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto Freedom's God!

## THE NEW YEAR.

Addressed to the Patrons of the *Pennsylvania  
Freeman*.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,  
The echo fading from the chime;  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time!

O seer-seen Angel! waiting now <sup>5</sup>  
With weary feet on sea and shore,  
Impatient for the last dread vow  
That time shall be no more!

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
The semblance of a smile has passed: 10  
The year departing leaves more nigh  
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been  
The sum of all since time began;  
The birth and death, the joy and pain, 15  
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,  
And streams released from Winter's  
chain,  
And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly growing grain; <sup>20</sup>

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,  
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm;  
God speaking from His cloud!

And Autumn's fruits and clustering  
sheaves, <sup>25</sup>  
And soft, warm days of golden light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above <sup>31</sup>  
And of her earth below:

And man, in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds abode,  
The highest of the links which bind <sup>35</sup>  
Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light, His childhood's merriest laughter rung, And active sports to manlier might The nerves of boyhood strung ! 40	And this, too, sanctioned by the men Vested with power to shield the right, And throw each vile and robber den Wide open to the light. 80
And quiet love, and passion's fires, Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast, And lofty aims and low desires By turns disturbed his rest.	Yet, shame upon them ! there they sit, Men of the North, subdued and still ; Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit To work a master's will.
The wailing of the newly-born 45 Has mingled with the funeral knell ; And o'er the dying's ear has gone The merry marriage-bell.	Sold, bargained off for Southern votes, 85 A passive herd of Northern mules, Just braying through their purchased throats Whate'er their owner rules.
And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth, While Want, in many a humbled, 50 Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth, The live-long night for bread.	And he, <sup>50</sup> the basest of the base, The vilest of the vile, whose name, 90 Embalmed in infinite disgrace, Is deathless in its shame !
And worse than all, the human slave, The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn ! Plucked off the crown his Maker gave, 55 His regal manhood gone !	A tool, to bolt the people's door Against the people clamoring there, An ass, to trample on their floor 95 A people's right of prayer !
Oh, still, my country ! o'er thy plains, Blackened with slavery's blight and ban, That human chattel drags his chains, An uncreated man ! 60	Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast, Self-pilloried to the public view, A mark for every passing blast Of scorn to whistle through ; 100
And still, where'er to sun and breeze, My country, is thy flag unrolled, With scorn, the gazing stranger sees A stain on every fold.	There let him hang, and hear the boast Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool,— A new Stylites on his post, 'Sacred to ridicule !'
Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down ! 65 It gathers scorn from every eye, And despots smile and good men frown Whene'er it passes by.	Look we at home ! our noble hall, 105 To Freedom's holy purpose given, Now rears its black and ruined wall, Beneath the wintry heaven,
Shame ! shame ! its starry splendors glow Above the slaver's loathsome jail ; 70 Its folds are ruffling even now His crimson flag of sale.	Telling the story of its doom, The fiendish mob, the prostrate law, 110 The fiery jet through midnight's gloom, Our gazing thousands saw.
Still round our country's proudest hall The trade in human flesh is driven, And at each careless hammer-fall 75 A human heart is riven.	Look to our State ! the poor man's right Torn from him : and the sons of those Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight Sprinkled the Jersey snows, 116



Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,  
And those whom God created men  
Toil on as brutes in peace. 120

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm  
A bow of promise bends on high,  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,  
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,  
Of freemen rising for the right : 126  
Each valley hath its rallying word,  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray  
The strengthening light of freedom  
shines, 130  
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,  
And Vermont's snow-hung pines !

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and  
glades, 135  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
And through the blackness of that Hell,  
Let Heaven's own light break in. 140

So shall the Southern conscience quake  
Before that light poured full and strong,  
So shall the Southern heart awake  
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land 145  
The song of grateful millions rise,  
Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath  
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,  
From Slavery's night of moral death 151  
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone  
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,  
And unto both alike shall dawn 155  
A New and Happy Year.  
1839.

### THE RELIC.

Written on receiving a cane wrought from  
a fragment of the wood-work of Pennsylvania  
Hall which the fire had spared.

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth ;  
With honest pride the gift I take, 5  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere ;  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear ; 10  
Earth's noblest aim, man's holiest  
thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought !

Pure thoughts and sweet like flowers  
unfold,  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old 15  
In beauty blossoming :  
And buds of feeling, pure and good,  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine ! a brand  
Plucked from its burning ! let it be 20  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me !  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft !

Oh, if the young enthusiast bears, 25  
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
Or round the Parthenon ;  
Or olive-bough from some wild tree  
Hung over old Thermopylae : 30

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary ;  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story ;  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the gray rock by Druids blessed ; 36

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart  
kern,  
Or Scotia's 'rough bur thistle' blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn ; 40  
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows !

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories 45  
To this memorial cling ?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned ;  
Of courts where Peace with Freedom  
trode, 50  
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
Thanksgiving unto God ;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding !

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet  
And curses on the night-air flung, 56  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
From woman's earnest tongue ;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance ! 60

That temple now in ruin lies !  
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a nation's sight, 65  
A gravestone over buried Right !

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are  
crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying ! 70  
A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still !

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
O holy Freedom ! hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign 75  
To testify of thee ;  
And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod, 79  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way,  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.  
1839.

## THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION,  
HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

Joseph Sturge, the founder of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, proposed the calling of a world's anti-slavery convention, and the proposal was promptly seconded by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The call was addressed to 'friends of the slave of every nation and of every clime.'

YES, let them gather ! Summon forth  
The pledged philanthropy of Earth.  
From every land, whose hills have heard  
The bugle blast of Freedom waking ;  
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird 5  
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking :  
Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
Or truth one altar built to her ;  
Where'er a human eye is weeping  
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children  
know ; 10  
Where'er a single heart is keeping  
Its prayerful watch with human woe :  
Thence let them come, and greet each  
other,  
And know in each a friend and brother !

Yes, let them come ! from each green vale  
Where England's old baronial halls 16  
Still bear upon their storied walls  
The grin, crusader's rusted mail,  
Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand ! 20  
And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
Within the soil of Palestine,  
By Jordan and Gennesaret ;  
Or, borne with England's battle line,  
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping, 25

- Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,  
 With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,  
 A holier summons now is given  
 Than that gray hermit's voice of old,  
 Which unto all the winds of heaven 30  
 The banners of the Cross unrolled !  
 Not for the long-deserted shrine ;  
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
 Which tells not by one lingering sign  
 That there the hope of Israel trod ; 35  
 But for that truth, for which alone  
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
 The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
 Whereon His holy sandals pressed, 39  
 The fountain which His lip hath blessed,—  
 Whate'er hath touched His garment's  
 hem  
 At Bethany or Bethlehem,  
 Or Jordan's river-side.  
 For Freedom in the name of Him  
 Who came to raise Earth's drooping  
 poor, 45  
 To break the chain from every limb,  
 The bolt from every prison door !  
 For these, o'er all the earth hath passed  
 An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
 As if an angel's breath had lent 50  
 Its vigor to the instrument.
- And Wales, from Snowdon's mountain  
 wall,  
 Shall startle at that thrilling call,  
 As if she heard her bards again ;  
 And Erin's 'harp on Tara's wall' 55  
 Give out its ancient strain,  
 Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—  
 The melody which Erin loves,  
 When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of glad-  
 ness  
 And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,  
 The hand of her O'Connell moves ! 61  
 Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
 And mountain hold, and heathery hill,  
 Shall catch and echo back the note,  
 As if she heard upon the air 65  
 Once more her Cameronian's prayer  
 And song of Freedom float.  
 And cheering echoes shall reply  
 From each remote dependency,  
 Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
 In tropic sea or frozen zone ; 71
- Where'er her sunset flag is furling,  
 Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;  
 From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
 And rosy fields and gales of balm, 75  
 Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
 Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;  
 And from the lakes and ancient woods  
 And dim Canadian solitudes, 79  
 Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
 Queen of the North, Quebec looks down ;  
 And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
 Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
 And the dark laborer still retains  
 The scar of slavery's broken chains ! 85
- From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
 The gateways of the land of Tell,  
 Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
 On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
 And from the olive bowers of France 90  
 And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—  
 'Friends of the Blacks,' as true and tried  
 As those who stood by Oge's side,  
 And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,  
 Shall gather at that summons strong ; 95  
 Broglie, Passy, and he whose song  
 Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
 And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
 And murmured midst the hills which hem  
 Crownless and sad Jerusalem, 100  
 Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone  
 Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.
- Still let them come ; from Quito's walls,  
 And from the Orinoco's tide,  
 From Lima's Inca-haunted halls, 105  
 From Santa Fé and Yucatan,—  
 Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
 Proclaimed the deathless rights of man,  
 Broke every bond and fetter off,  
 And hailed in every sable serf 110  
 A free and brother Mexican !  
 Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
 Have followed Freedom's flowing pen-  
 non,  
 And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
 Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain 115  
 The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon !  
 And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
 Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
 Defiance from her blazing strand,

The war-gage from her Petion's hand, 120  
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!

Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
All tyrants of a Christian name, 125

When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,  
Or, where, from Abyssinian hills

El Gereh's upper fountain fills,  
Or where from Mountains of the Moon

El Abiad bears his watery boon, 130  
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim

Within their ancient hallowed waters;  
Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,

Or song of Nubia's sable daughters;  
The curse of slavery and the crime, 135

Thy bequest from remotest time,  
At thy dark Mehemet's decree

Forevermore shall pass from thee;  
And chains forsake each captive's limb

Of all those tribes, whose hills around 140  
Have echoed back the cymbal sound

And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
To earth's remotest bound and clime,

in mingled tones of awe and scorn, 145  
The echoes of a world have borne,

My country! glorious at thy birth,  
A day-star flashing brightly forth,

The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!  
Oh, who could dream that saw thee then,

And watched thy rising from afar, 151  
That vapors from oppression's fen

Would cloud the upward tending star?  
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which

heard,  
Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy

dawning, 155  
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and

king,  
To mock thee with their welcoming,

Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!

'Aha! and art thou fallen thus? 160  
Art thou become as one of us?'

Land of my fathers! there will stand,  
Amidst that world-assembled band,

Those owning thy maternal claim  
Unweakened by thy crime and shame;

The sad reprovers of thy wrong; 166  
The children thou hast spurned so long.

Still with affection's fondest yearning  
To their unnatural mother turning.

No traitors they! but tried and leal, 170  
Whose own is but thy general zeal,

Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
The Christian's love for human kind,

To caste and climate unconfin'd.

A holy gathering! peaceful all: 175  
No threat of war, no savage call

For vengeance on an erring brother!  
But in their stead the godlike plan

To teach the brotherhood of man  
To love and reverence one another, 180

As sharers of a common blood,  
The children of a common God!

Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred:

Spain, watching from her Moro's keep 185  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,

And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain-side,

Her snowy battlements and towers,  
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers, 190

With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;

And where my country's flag is flowing,  
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing,

Above the Nation's council halls, 195  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and

long,  
While close beneath the outward walls

The driver plies his reeking thong;  
The hammer of the man-thief falls,

O'er hypocritic cheek and brow 200  
The crimson flush of shame shall glow:

And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and hand,

Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
Who for her tarnished honor feel, 205

Through cottage door and council-hall  
Shall thunder an awakening call.

The pen along its page shall burn  
With all intolerable scorn;

An eloquent rebuke shall go 210  
On all the winds that Southward blow;

From priestly lips, now sealed and  
dumb,

Warning and dread appeal shall come,

Like those which Israel heard from him,  
 The Prophet of the Cherubim ; 215  
 Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
 Against a sin-accursed world !  
 Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling  
 Unceasing from its iron wing,  
 With characters inscribed thereon, 220  
 As fearful in the despot's hall  
 As to the pomp of Babylon  
 The fire-sign on the palace wall !

And, from her dark iniquities,  
 Methinks I see my country rise : 225  
 Not challenging the nations round  
 To note her tardy justice done ;  
 Her captives from their chains unbound,  
 Her prisons opening to the sun :  
 But tearfully her arms extending 230  
 Over the poor and unoffending ;

Her regal emblem now no longer  
 A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
 Above the dying captive shrieking,  
 But, spreading out her ample wing, 235  
 A broad, impartial covering,

The weaker sheltered by the stronger !  
 Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes  
 The promised token shall be given ;  
 And on a nation's sacrifice, 240  
 Atoning for the sin of years,  
 And wet with penitential tears,  
 The fire shall fall from Heaven !

1839.

### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to George Latimer, the alleged fugitive slave, who was seized in Boston without warrant at the request of James B. Grey, of Norfolk, claiming to be his master. The case caused great excitement North and South, and led to the presentation of a petition to Congress, signed by more than fifty thousand citizens of Massachusetts, calling for such laws and proposed amendments to the Constitution as should relieve the Commonwealth from all further participation in the crime of oppression. George Latimer himself was finally given free papers for the sum of four hundred dollars.

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills,  
 upon its Southern way,  
 Bears greeting to Virginia from Massa-  
 chusetts Bay :

No word of haughty challenging, nor  
 battle bugle's peal,  
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor  
 clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along  
 our highways go ; 5  
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies  
 the snow ;

And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon  
 their errands far,  
 A thousand sails of commerce swell, but  
 none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy  
 words and high,

Swell harshly on the Southern winds  
 which melt along our sky ; 10

Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes  
 its honest labor here,

No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends  
 his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs  
 along St. George's bank ;

Cold on the shores of Labrador the fog lies  
 white and dank ;

Through storm, and wave, and blinding  
 mist, stout are the hearts which  
 man 15

The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the  
 sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare  
 on their icy forms,

Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or  
 wrestling with the storms ;

Free as the winds they drive before, rough  
 as the waves they roam,

They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat  
 against their rocky home. 20

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath  
 she forgot the day

When o'er her conquered valleys swept  
 the Briton's steel array ?

How side by side, with sons of hers, the  
 Massachusetts men

Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and  
 stout Cornwallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call 25	Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?	By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold ; 50
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath	Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds of 'Liberty or Death !'	The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den !
What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved	Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginia name ;
False to their fathers' memory, false to the faith they loved ; 30	Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with ranket weeds of shame ;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,	Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe ; 55
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn ?	We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.
We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell ;	A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell ;	Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men ;
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves, 35	The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves !	In all our sunny valleys, on every wind- swept hill. 60
Thank God ! not yet so vilely can Massa- chusetts bow ;	And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
The spirit of her early time is with her even now ;	Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,	How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke ;
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool ! 40	How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke !
All that a sister State should do, all that a free State may,	A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high, 65
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day ;	A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;
But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,	Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown !	And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang !
Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air 45	The voice of free, broad Middlesex, of thousands as of one,
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair ;	The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington ; 70
Cling closer to the 'cleaving curse' that writes upon your plains	From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.	To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round ;

From rich and rural Worcester, where  
 through the calm repose  
 Of cultured vales and fringing woods the  
 gentle Nashua flows,  
 To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the  
 mountain larches stir, 75  
 Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of  
 'God save Latimer!'

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with  
 the salt sea spray;  
 And Bristol sent her answering shout  
 down Narragansett Bay!

Along the broad Connecticut old Hamp-  
 den felt the thrill,

And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen  
 swept down from Holyoke Hill. 80

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free  
 sons and daughters,

Deep calling unto deep aloud, the sound  
 of many waters!

Against the burden of that voice what  
 tyrant power shall stand?

No fetters in the Bay State! No slave  
 upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness  
 we have borne, 85

In answer to our faith and trust, your  
 insult and your scorn;

You've spurned our kindest counsels;  
 you've hunted for our lives;

And shaken round our hearths and homes  
 your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war, we lift no arm, we fling  
 no torch within

The fire-damps of the quaking mine  
 beneath your soil of sin; 90

We leave ye with your bondmen, to  
 wrestle, while ye can,

With the strong upward tendencies and  
 godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow  
 which we have given

For freedom and humanity is registered  
 in heaven;

No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate  
 on our strand! 95

No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave  
 upon our land!

1843.

### THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

In a publication of L. F. Tasistro—*Random Shots and Southern Breezes*—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as 'A GOOD CHRISTIAN!' It was not uncommon to see advertisements of slaves for sale, in which they were described as pious or as members of the church. In one advertisement a slave was noted as 'a Baptist preacher.'

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!  
 Who bids for God's own image? for His  
 grace,  
 Which that poor victim of the market-  
 place  
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be? 5  
 Hast Thou not said that whatsoever is  
 done  
 Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest  
 one  
 Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,  
 Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee  
 stand; 10  
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking  
 band,  
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!  
 Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask  
 her frame,  
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong  
 and shame, 15  
 Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal  
 Back on your heads the gathered wrong  
 of years:  
 But her low, broken prayer and nightly  
 tears,  
 Ye neither heed nor feel. 20

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
 Thou prudent teacher, tell the toiling  
 slave  
 No dangerous tale of Him who came to  
 save  
 The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray 25  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple  
heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command, Obey !  
So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh <sup>60</sup> ; and  
while 30  
On thee, their pampered guest, the  
planters smile,  
Thy church shall praise.  
Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work  
was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom first and  
best, 35  
Thy poor disciples sell.  
Oh, shame ! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet  
kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall. 40  
Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis ! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath  
borne  
Their inmates into day :  
But our poor slave in vain 45  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching  
eyes ;  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.  
God of all right ! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar  
stand, 50  
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong ?  
Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the  
trader's cell ;  
From the black slave-ship's foul and  
loathsome hell, 55  
And coffle's weary chain ;  
Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
How long, O God, how long ? 60  
1843.

THE SENTENCE OF JOHN L. BROWN.

John L. Brown, a young white man of South Carolina, was in 1844 sentenced to death for aiding a young slave woman, whom he loved and had married, to escape from slavery. In pronouncing the sentence Judge O'Neale addressed to the prisoner words of appalling blasphemy [of which the following passages give some notion] :—

'You are to die! To die an ignominious death—the death on the gallows! This announcement is, to you, I know, most appalling. Little did you dream of it when you stepped into the bar with an air as if you thought it was a fine frolic. But the consequences of crime are just such as you are realizing. Punishment often comes when it is least expected. Let me entreat you to take the present opportunity to commence the work of reformation. Time will be furnished you to prepare for the great change just before you. Of your past life I know nothing, except what your trial furnished. That told me that the crime for which you are to suffer was the consequence of a want of attention on your part to the duties of life. The strange woman snared you. She flattered you with her words, and you became her victim. The consequence was, that, led on by a desire to serve her, you committed the offence of aiding a slave to run away and depart from her master's service ; and now, for it you are to die !

'You are a young man, and I fear you have been dissolute ; and if so, these kindred vices have contributed a full measure to your ruin. Reflect on your past life, and make the only useful devotion of the remnant of your days in preparing for death.

'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth is the language of inspired wisdom. This comes home appropriately to you in this trying moment.

'You are young ; quite too young to be where you are. If you had remembered your Creator in your past days, you would not now be in a felon's place, to receive a felon's judgment. Still, it is not too late to remember your Creator. He calls early, and He calls late. He stretches out the arms of a Father's love to you—to the vilest sinner—and says : "Come unto Me and be saved." You can perhaps read. If so, read the Scriptures ; read them without note, and without comment ; and pray to God for His assistance ; and you will be able to say when you pass from prison to execution, as a poor slave said under



similar circumstances: "I am glad my Friday has come." If you cannot read the Scriptures, the ministers of our holy religion will be ready to aid you. They will read and explain to you until you will be able to understand; and understanding, to call upon the only One who can help you and save you—Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. To Him I commend you. And through Him may you have that opening of the Day-spring of mercy from on high, which shall bless you here, and crown you as a saint in an everlasting world, forever and ever.

'The sentence of the law is that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came last; thence to the jail of Fairfield District; and that there you be closely and securely confined until Friday, the 26th day of April next; on which day, between the hours of ten in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, you will be taken to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck till your body be dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!'

No event in the history of the anti-slavery struggle so stirred the two hemispheres as did this dreadful sentence. A cry of horror was heard from Europe. In the British House of Lords Brougham and Denman spoke of it with mingled pathos and indignation. Thirteen hundred clergymen and church officers in Great Britain addressed a memorial to the churches of South Carolina against the atrocity. Indeed, so strong was the pressure of the sentiment of abhorrence and disgust that South Carolina yielded to it, and the sentence was commuted to scourging and banishment.

Ho! thou who seekest late and long

A License from the Holy Book

For brutal lust and fiendish wrong,

Man of the Pulpit, look!

Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,

This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;

And tell us how to heaven will rise

The incense of this sacrifice—

This blossom of the gallows tree!

Search out for slavery's hour of need

Some fitting text of sacred writ;

Give Heaven the credit of a deed

Which shames the nether pit.

Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him

Whose truth is on thy lips a lie;

Ask that His bright winged cherubim

May bend around that scaffold grim

To guard and bless and sanctify.

O champion of the people's cause!

Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke

Of foreign wrong and Old World's laws,

Man of the Senate, look!

Was this the promise of the free,

The great hope of our early time,

That slavery's poison vine should be

Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree

O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?

Send out the summons East and West,

And South and North, let all be

there

Where he who pitied the oppressed

Swings out in sun and air.

Let rot a Democratic hand

The grisly hangman's task refuse;

There let each loyal patriot stand,

Awaiting slavery's command,

To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony--unmeet

Its cold rebuke for deeds which start

In fiery and indignant beat

The pulses of the heart.

Leave studied wit and guarded phrase

For those who think but do not feel;

Let men speak out in words which

raise

Where'er they fall, an answering blaze

Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply

Their garbled text and gloss of sin,

And make the lettered scroll deny

Its living soul within:

Still let the place-fed, titled knave

Plead robbery's right with purchased lips,

And tell us that our fathers gave

For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,

The frieze and moulding, chains and whips!

But ye who own that Higher Law

Whose tablets in the heart are set,

Speak out in words of power and awe

That God is living yet!

Breathe forth once more those tones sublime

Which thrilled the burdened prophet's lyre,

60

And in a dark and evil time  
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime  
And gift of blood, a rain of fire !

Oh, not for us the graceful lay  
To whose soft measures lightly move 65  
The footsteps of the faun and fay,  
O'er-locked by mirth and love !  
But such a stern and startling strain  
As Britain's hunted bards flung down  
From Snowden to the conquered plain, 70  
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain,  
On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,  
By man's lost hope and failing trust,  
By words and deeds which bow with shame 75  
Our foreheads to the dust,  
By the exulting strangers' sneer,  
Borne to us from the Old World's  
thrones,  
And by their victims' grief who hear,  
In sunless mines and dungeons drear, 80  
How Freedom's land her faith disowns !

Speak out in acts. The time for words  
Has passed, and deeds suffice alone ;  
In vain against the clang of swords  
The wailing pipe is blown ! 85  
Act, act in God's name, while ye may !  
Smite from the church her leprous limb !  
Throw open to the light of day  
The bondman's cell, and break away  
The chains the state has bound on him ! 90

Ho ! every true and living soul,  
To Freedom's perilled altar bear  
The Freeman's and the Christian's whole  
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer !  
One last, great battle for the right— 95  
One short, sharp struggle to be free !  
To do is to succeed—our fight  
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight ;  
The smile of God is Victory.

1844.

## TEXAS.

## VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The five poems immediately following indicate the intense feeling of the friends of freedom in view of the annexation of Texas, with its vast territory sufficient, as was boasted, for six new slave States. [The first poem seems to have been written at the earnest entreaty of Lowell, who called on Whittier 'to cry aloud and spare not against the accursed Texas plot.']

Up the hillside, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen ;  
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low,  
Like a night-storm rising slow, 5  
Like the tread of unseen foe ;

It is coming, it is nigh !  
Stand your homes and altars by ;  
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ; 10  
On the gray hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak. 15

Oh, for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow, 20  
Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race,  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party, perish clan ; 25  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
Heard above a world of crime,  
Crying of the end of time ; 30

With one heart and with one mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both :

'What though Issachar be strong !  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and over long :

'Patience with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.

'Make our Union-bond a chain,  
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain  
Link by link shall snap in twain.

'Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope  
Bind the starry cluster up,  
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

'Give us bright though broken rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

'Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

'Take your slavery-blackened vales ;  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails.

'Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;  
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

'Work the ruin, if ye will ;  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen still.

'With your bondman's right arm bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

'Onward with your fell design ;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line :  
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

'Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

'By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

'And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

'Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

'And when vengeance clouds your skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise !

'We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom's true and brother band,  
Freedom's strong and honest hand ;

'Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
Blessèd of our fathers' God !'

1844.

#### TO FANEUIL HALL.

Written in 1844, on reading a call by 'a Massachusetts Freeman' for a meeting in Faneuil Hall of the citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the annexation of Texas and the aggressions of South Carolina, and in favor of decisive action against slavery.

MEN ! if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still ;  
Let the sounds of traffic die :  
Shut the mill-gate, leave the stall,  
Fling the axe and hammer by ;  
Thru' to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way ;  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land,  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold ;

Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall;  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet 25  
Every cord by party spun:  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.

Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall: 30  
Freedom asks your common aid,—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern plains.  
Sharply as the blow which breaks 35  
Prison-bolts and chains!

Speak as well becomes the free:  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be, 40  
Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor prayers;  
Have they chained our free-born men?  
Let us unchain theirs!

Up, your banner leads the van, 45  
Blazoned, 'Liberty for all!'  
Finish what your sires began!  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

# TO MASSACHUSETTS.

What though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give Heaven the light of thine!  
What though unthrilled, unmoving, 5  
The statesman stand apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own! 10  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Stand fast with that alone!  
Shrink not from strife unequal!  
With the best is always hope;  
And ever in the sequel 15  
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud; 20

When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter, 25  
With its allies just in view?  
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
My fatherland, be true!  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!  
Speed them onward far and fast! 30  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand;  
With the rugged North is waking 35  
The level sunset land!  
On they come, the free battalions!  
East and West and North they come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom's drum. 40

'To the tyrant's plot no favor!  
No heed to place-fed knaves!  
Bar and bolt the door forever  
Against the land of slaves!' 45  
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
The heavens above us spread!  
The land is roused,—its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead!  
1844.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GOD bless New Hampshire! from her  
granite peaks  
Once more the voice of Stark and Lang-  
don speaks.  
The long-bound vassal of the exulting  
South 10  
For very shame her self-forged chain  
has broken;  
Torn the black seal of slavery from her  
mouth, 15  
And in the clear tones of her old time  
spoken!

Oh, all undreamed-of, all unhopèd-for  
changes!

The tyrant's ally proves his sternest  
foe;

To all his biddings, from her mountain  
ranges,

New Hampshire thunders an indignant  
No! 10

Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of  
heart,

Look upward to those Northern moun-  
tains cold,

Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag un-  
rolled,

And gather strength to bear a manlier  
part!

All is not lost. The angel of God's  
blessing 15

Encamps with Freedom on the field of  
fight;

Still to her banner, day by day, are press-  
ing,

Unlooked-for allies, striking for the  
right!

Courage, then, Northern hearts! Be firm,  
be true:

What one brave State hath done, can ye  
not also do? 20

1845.

#### THE PINE-TREE.<sup>51</sup>

Written on hearing that the Anti-Slavery  
Resolves of Stephen C. Phillips had been re-  
jected by the Whig Convention in Faneuil Hall,  
in 1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the  
Bay State's rusted shield,

Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on  
our banner's tattered field.

Sons of men who sat in council with their  
Bibles round the board,

Answering England's royal missive with  
a firm, 'Thus saith the Lord!'

Rise again for home and freedom! set the  
battle in array! 5

What the fathers did of old time we their  
sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs, cease  
your paltry pedler cries;

Shall the good State sink her honor that  
your gambling stocks may rise?

Would ye barter man for cotton? That  
your gains may sum up higher,

Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our  
children through the fire? 10

Is the dollar only real? God and truth  
and right a dream?

Weighed against your lying ledgers must  
our manhood kick the beam?

O my God! for that free spirit, which of  
old in Boston town

Smote the Province House with terror,  
struck the crest of Andros down!

For another strong-voiced Adams in the  
city's streets to cry, 15

'Up for God and Massachusetts! Set  
your feet on Mammon's lie!

Perish banks and perish traffic, spin your  
cotton's latest pound,

But in Heaven's name keep your honor,  
keep the heart o' the Bay State  
sound!'

Where's the man for Massachusetts?  
Where's the voice to speak her free?

Where's the hand to light up bonfires  
from her mountains to the sea? 20

Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer? Sits  
she dumb in her despair?

Has she none to break the silence? Has  
she none to do and dare?

O my God! for one right worthy to lift  
up her rusted shield,

And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her  
banner's tattered field!

1846.

#### TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

John C. Calhoun, who had strongly urged the  
extension of slave territory by the annexation of  
Texas, even if it should involve a war with  
England, was unwilling to promote the acqui-  
sition of Oregon, which would enlarge the Northern  
domain of freedom, and pleaded as an ex-  
cuse the peril of foreign complications which  
he had defied when the interests of slavery were  
involved.

Is this thy voice whose treble notes of fear  
Wail in the wind? And dost thou shake  
to hear,

Aotæon-like, the bay of thine own hounds,  
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er their  
bounds?

Sore-baffled statesman! when thy eager  
hand,

With game afoot, unslipped the hungry  
pack,

To hunt down Freedom in her chosen land,  
Hadst thou no fear, that, ere long, doubling  
back,

These dogs of thine might snuff on  
Slavery's track?

Where's now the boast, which even thy  
guarded tongue,

Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o' the  
Senate flung,

O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,  
Like Satan's triumph at the fall of man?

How stood'st thou then, thy feet on  
Freedom planting,

And pointing to the lurid heaven afar, 15  
Whence all could see, through the south  
windows slanting,

Crimson as blood, the beams of that Lone  
Star!

The Fates are just; they give us but our  
own;

Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.  
There is an Eastern story, not unknown,  
Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic  
skill

Called demons up his water-jars to fill;  
Deftly and silently, they did his will.  
But, when the task was done, kept pouring  
still.

In vain with spell and charm the wizard  
wrought,

Faster and faster were the buckets brought,  
Higher and higher rose the flood around,  
Till the fiends clapped their hands above  
their master drowned!

So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,  
For God still overrules man's schemes,  
and takes

Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes  
The wrath of man to praise Him. It may  
be,

That the roused spirits of Democracy

May leave to freer States the same wide  
door

Through which thy slave-cursed Texas  
entered in,

From out the blood and fire, the wrong  
and sin,

Of the stormed city and the ghastly  
plain,

Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody  
rain,

The myriad-handed pioneer may pour,  
And the wild West with the roused North  
combine

And heave the engineer of evil with his  
mine.

r846.

### AT WASHINGTON.

Suggested by a visit to the city of Washington.  
in the 12th month of 1845. [Originally entitled  
*Lines.*]

With a cold and wintry noon-light

On its roofs and steeples shed,

Shadows weaving with the sunlight

From the gray sky overhead,

Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the  
half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,

Ebbs and flows a human tide,

Wave on wave a living river;

Wealth and fashion side by side;

Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the  
same quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping

Springs above them, vast and tall,

Grave men in the dust are groping

For the largess, base and small,

Which the hand of Power is scattering,  
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter

Honor's wealth for party's place;

Step by step on Freedom's charter

Leaving footprints of disgrace;

For to-day's poor pittance turning from  
the great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
 Glory round the dancer's hair,  
 Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing  
 Backward on the sunset air;  
 And the low quick pulse of music beats  
 its measure sweet and rare: 25

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
 Star-like, welcome give to them;  
 Fawning fools with shy advances  
 Seek to touch their garments' hem,  
 With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds  
 which God and Truth condemn. 30

From this glittering lie my vision  
 Takes a broader, sadder range,  
 Full before me have arisen  
 Other pictures dark and strange;  
 From the parlor to the prison must the  
 scene and witness change. 35

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging  
 On its hinges, harsh and slow;  
 One pale prison lamp is flinging  
 On a fearful group below  
 Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er  
 it does not show. 40

Pitying God! Is that a woman  
 On whose wrist the shackles clash?  
 Is that shriek she utters human,  
 Underneath the stinging lash?  
 Are they men whose eyes of madness from  
 that sad procession flash? 45

Still the dance goes gayly onward!  
 What is it to Wealth and Pride  
 That without the stars are looking  
 On a scene which earth should hide?  
 That the slave-ship lies in waiting, rocking  
 on Potomac's tide! 50

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
 Which, upon a rival's fall,  
 Winds above its old condition,  
 With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
 Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall  
 the slave in anguish call. 55

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
 Giving to ideal woe  
 Graceful luxury of compassion,  
 Shall the stricken mourner go;  
 Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful  
 the hollow show! 60

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:  
 In this crowded human mart,  
 Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;  
 Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
 In the coming strife for Freedom, yet  
 shall bear their generous part. 65

And from yonder sunny valleys,  
 Southward in the distance lost,  
 Freedom yet shall summon allies  
 Worthier than the North can boast,  
 With the Evil by their hearth-stones  
 grappling at severer cost. 70

Now, the soul alone is willing:  
 Faint the heart and weak the knee;  
 And as yet no lip is thrilling  
 With the mighty words, 'Be Free!'  
 Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but  
 his advent is to be! 75

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
 To the prison-cell my sight,  
 For intenser hate of evil,  
 For a keener sense of right,  
 Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City  
 of the Slaves, to-night! 80

'To thy duty now and ever!  
 Dream no more of rest or stay:  
 Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
 All thou art and hast to-day.'  
 Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a  
 Voice, or seems to say. 85

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
 To discern and love the right,  
 Whose worn faces have been lifted  
 To the slowly-growing light,  
 Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted  
 slowly back the murk of night! 90

Ye who through long years of trial  
 Still have held your purpose fast,  
 While a lengthening shade the dial  
 From the westerling sunshine cast,  
 And of hope each hour's denial seemed  
 an echo of the last! 95

O my brothers! O my sisters!  
 Would to God that ye were near,  
 Gazing with me down the vistas  
 Of a sorrow strange and drear;  
 Would to God that ye were listeners to  
 the Voice I seem to hear! 100

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined below,  
Who shall marvel if thus striving  
We have counted friend as foe ;  
Unto one another giving in the darkness  
blow for blow. 105

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more hard,  
And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling overtaken  
and rudely jarred. 110

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave ;  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave ;  
Better is the storm above it than the  
quiet of the grave. 115

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust ;  
Always he who most forgiveth in his  
brother is most just. 120

From the eternal shadow rounding  
All our sun and starlight here,  
Voices of our lost ones sounding  
Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
Through the silence, down the spaces,  
falling on the inward ear. 125

Know we not our dead are looking  
Downward with a sad surprise,  
All our strife of words rebuking  
With their mild and loving eyes ?  
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall  
we cloud their blessed skies ? 130

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
Which have fallen in our way ;  
Let us do the work before us,  
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and  
with us it is not day ! 135

# THE BRANDED HAND.

Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to carry them in his vessel to the British West Indies. Although well aware of the great hazard of the enterprise he attempted to comply with the request, but was seized at sea by an American vessel, consigned to the authorities at Key West, and thence sent back to Pensacola, where, after a long and rigorous confinement in prison, he was tried and sentenced to be branded on his right hand with the letters 'S S' (slave-stealer) and amerced in a heavy fine.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman !  
with thy thoughtful brow and gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier,  
better day ;  
With that front of calm endurance, on  
whose steady nerve in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the  
fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did  
the brutal cravens aim 5  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His  
holiest work thy shame ?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the tor-  
ture the iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled  
fools to scorn !

They change to wrong the duty which  
God hath written out  
On the great heart of humanity, too legible  
for doubt ! 10  
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched  
from footsole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto  
honor and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honor ! than  
its traces never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a  
prouder blazon set ;  
And thy unborn generations, as they  
tread our rocky strand, 15  
Shall tell with pride the story of their  
father's branded hand !



As the Templar home was welcome, bearing  
back from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim  
scimitars,  
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's  
crimson span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest  
friend of God and man. 20

He suffered for the ransom of the dear  
Redeemer's grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the bound  
and bleeding slave;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of  
angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present  
home of God!

For, while the jurist, sitting with the  
slave-whip o'er him swung, 25  
From the tortured truths of freedom the  
lie of slavery wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each  
God-deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread,  
poured the bondman's blood for  
wine;

While the multitude in blindness to a  
far-off Saviour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where  
a present Saviour dwelt; 30  
Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in  
the prison shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was  
mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky  
above and wave below,  
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than  
the babbling schoolmen know;  
God's stars and silence taught thee, as  
His angels only can, 35  
That the one sole sacred thing beneath  
the cope of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the  
scrolls of law and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may  
find mercy in his need;  
But woe to him who crushes the soul with  
chain and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful  
form of God! 40

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold  
ploughman of the wave!  
Its branded palm shall prophesy, 'Salva-  
tion to the Slave!'  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that  
whoso reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him, his  
sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against  
our Northern air; 45  
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love  
of God, look there!  
Take it henceforth for your standard, like  
the Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let  
that hand be seen before!

And the masters of the slave-land shall  
tremble at that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward along  
the Puritan line: 50  
Can the craft of State avail them? Can  
a Christless church withstand,  
In the van of Freedom's onset, the coming  
of that hand?

1846.

### THE FREED ISLANDS.

Written for the anniversary celebration of  
the first of August, at Milton, 1846. [Originally  
entitled *Lines*.]

A FEW brief years have passed away  
Since Britain drove her million slaves  
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:  
God willed their freedom; and to-day  
Life blooms above those island graves! 5

He spoke! across the Carib Sea,  
We heard the clash of breaking chains,  
And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
The first, strong pulse of liberty  
Which thrilled along the bondman's  
veins. 10

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,  
The Briton's triumph shall be ours:  
Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
Than that which twelve short years ago  
Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill 16  
 With Mother-land, we fully share  
 The Saxon strength, the nerve of steel,  
 The tireless energy of will,  
 The power to do, the pride to dare. 20  
 What she has done can we not do?  
 Our hour and men are both at hand;  
 The blast which Freedom's angel blew  
 O'er her green islands, echoes through  
 Each valley of our forest land. 25  
 Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn  
 The death of slavery. When it falls,  
 Look to your vassals in their turn,  
 Your poor dumb millions, crushed and  
 worn,  
 Your prisons and your palace walls! 30  
 O kingly mockers! scoffing show  
 What deeds in Freedom's name we do;  
 Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
 Across the waters, goads our slow  
 Progression towards the right and true.  
 Not always shall your outraged poor, 36  
 Appalled by democratic crime,  
 Grind as their fathers ground before;  
 The hour which sees our prison door  
 Swing wide shall be their triumph time.  
 On then, my brothers! every blow 41  
 Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;  
 Whatever here uplifts the low  
 Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
 Blesses the Old World through the  
 New. 45  
 Take heart! The promised hour draws  
 near;  
 I hear the downward beat of wings,  
 And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear:  
 'Joy to the people! woe and fear 49  
 To new-world tyrants, old-world kings!'

A LETTER

Supposed to be written by the chairman of the  
 'Central Clique' at Concord, N. H., to the Hon.  
 M. N., Jr., at Washington, giving the result of the  
 election.

The following verses were published in the  
*Boston Chronotype* in 1846. They refer to the  
 contest in New Hampshire, which resulted in

the defeat of the pro-slavery Democracy, and  
 in the election of John P. Hale to the United  
 States Senate. Although their authorship was  
 not acknowledged, it was strongly suspected.  
 They furnish a specimen of the way, on the whole  
 rather good-natured, in which the liberty-lovers  
 of half a century ago answered the social and  
 political outlawry and mob violence to which  
 they were subjected.

'T is over, Moses! All is lost!  
 I hear the bells a-ringing;  
 Of Pharaoh and his Red Sea host  
 I hear the Free-Wills singing.<sup>32</sup>  
 We're routed, Moses, horse and foot, 5  
 If there be truth in figures,  
 With Federal Whigs in hot pursuit,  
 And Hale, and all the 'niggers.'

Alack! alas! this month or more  
 We've felt a sad foreboding; 10  
 Our very dreams the burden bore  
 Of central cliques exploding;  
 Before our eyes a furnace shone,  
 Where heads of dough were roasting,  
 And one we took to be your own 15  
 The traitor Hale was toasting!

Our Belknap brother heard with awe<sup>33</sup>  
 The Congo minstrels playing;  
 At Pittsfield Reuben Leavitt saw<sup>34</sup>  
 The ghost of Storrs a-praying; 20  
 And Carroll's woods were sad to see,  
 With black-winged crows a-darting;  
 And Black Snout looked on Ossipee,  
 New-glossed with Day and Martin.

We thought the 'Old Man of the Notch'  
 His face seemed changing wholly— 26  
 His lips seemed thick; his nose seemed  
 flat;  
 His misty hair looked woolly;  
 And Coös teamsters, shrieking, fled  
 From the metamorphosed figure. 30  
 'Look there!' they said, 'the Old Stone  
 Head  
 Himself is turning nigger!'

The schoolhouse, out of Canaan hauled<sup>35</sup>  
 Seemed turning on its track again,  
 And like a great swamp-turtle crawled 35  
 To Canaan village back again,

Shook off the mud and settled flat  
Upon its underpinning;  
A nigger on its ridge-pole sat,  
From ear to ear a-grinning. 40

Gray H——d heard o' nights the  
sound

Of rail-cars onward faring;  
Right over Democratic ground  
The iron horse came tearing.  
A flag waved o'er that spectral train, 45  
As high as Pittsfield steeple;  
Its emblem was a broken chain,  
Its motto: 'To the people!'

I dreamed that Charley took his bed,  
With Hale for his physician; 50  
His daily dose an old 'unread  
And unreferr'd' petition.  
There Hayes and Tuck as nurses sat,  
As near as near could be, man;  
They leech'd him with the 'Democrat';  
They blister'd with the 'Freeman.' 56

Ah! grisly portents! What avail  
Your terrors of forewarning?  
We wake to find the nightmare Hale  
Astride our breasts at morning! 60  
From Portsmouth lights to Indian stream  
Our foes their throats are trying;  
The very factory-spindles seem  
To mock us while they're flying.

The hills have bonfires; in our streets 65  
Flags flout us in our faces;  
The newsboys, peddling off their sheets,  
Are hoarse with our disgraces.  
In vain we turn, for gibing wit  
And shoutings follow after, 70  
As if old Kearsarge had split  
His granite sides with laughter!

What boots it that we pelted out  
56 The anti-slavery women,  
And bravely strew'd their hall about 75  
With tattered lace and trimming?  
Was it for such a sad reverse  
Our mobs became peacemakers,  
And kept their tar and wooden horse  
For Englishmen and Quakers? 80

For this did shifty Atherton  
Make gag rules for the Great House? 87  
Wiped we for this our feet upon  
Petitions in our State House?  
Plied we for this our axe of doom, 85  
No stubborn traitor sparing,  
Who scoffed at our opinion loom,  
And took to homespun wearing?

Ah, Moses! hard it is to scan  
These crooked providences, 90  
Deducing from the wisest plan  
The saddest consequences!  
Strange that, in trampling as was meet  
The nigger-men's petition,  
We sprung a mine beneath our feet 95  
Which opened up perdition.

How goodly, Moses, was the game  
In which we've long been actors,  
Supplying freedom with the name  
And slavery with the practice! 100  
Our smooth words fed the people's mouth,  
Their ears our party rattle;  
We kept them headed to the South,  
As drovers do their cattle.

But now our game of politics 105  
The world at large is learning;  
And men grown gray in all our tricks  
State's evidence are turning.  
Votes and preambles subtly spun  
They cram with meanings louder, 110  
And load the Democratic gun  
With abolition powder.

The ides of June! Woe worth the day  
When, turning all things over,  
The traitor Hale shall make his hay 115  
From Democratic clover!  
Who then shall take him in the law,  
Who punish crime so flagrant?  
Whose hand shall serve, whose pen shall  
draw,  
A writ against that 'vagrant'? 120

Alas! no hope is left us here,  
And one can only pine for  
The envied place of overseer  
Of slaves in Carolina!

Pray, Moses, give Calhoun the wink, 125  
 And see what pay he's giving !  
 We've practised long enough, we think,  
 To know the art of driving.

And for the faithful rank and file,  
 Who know their proper stations, 130  
 Perhaps it may be worth their while  
 To try the rice plantations.  
 Let Hale exult, let Wilson scoff,  
 To see us southward scamper ;  
 The slaves, we know, are 'better off' 135  
 Than laborers in New Hampshire !'

## LINES

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG  
CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire,  
 A faith which doubt can never dim,  
 A heart of love, a lip of fire,  
 O Freedom's God ! be Thou to him !

Speak through him words of power and  
 fear, 5  
 As through Thy prophet bards of old,  
 And let a scornful people hear  
 Once more Thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek, 9  
 And hands of blood are raised to Thee,  
 And on Thy children, crushed and weak,  
 The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, O God ! Thy servant dare  
 Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
 Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear 15  
 The Bible from the grasp of hell !

From hollow rite and narrow span  
 Of law and sect by Thee released,  
 Oh, teach him that the Christian man  
 Is holier than the Jewish priest. 20

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
 Of the dead ages, from his way,  
 And let his hopeful eyes behold  
 The dawn of Thy millennial day :

That day when fettered limb and mind 25  
 Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
 And he alone who loves his kind  
 Shall, childlike, claim the love of Thee !

## DANIEL NEALL.

Dr. Neall, a worthy disciple of that venerated philanthropist, Warner Mifflin, whom the Girondist statesman, Jean Pierre Brissot, pronounced 'an angel of mercy, the best man he ever knew,' was one of the noble band of Pennsylvania abolitionists, whose bravery was equalled only by their gentleness and tenderness. He presided at the great anti-slavery meeting in Pennsylvania Hall, May 17, 1838, when the Hall was surrounded by a furious mob. I was standing near him while the glass of the windows broken by missiles showered over him, and a deputa- tion from the rioters forced its way to the platform, and demanded that the meeting should be closed at once. Dr. Neall drew up his tall form to its utmost height.

'I am here,' he said, 'the president of this meeting, and I will be torn in pieces before I leave my place at your dictation. Go back to those who sent you. I shall do my duty.' Some years after, while visiting his relatives in his native State of Delaware, he was dragged from the house of his friends by a mob of slave-holders and brutally maltreated. He bore it like a martyr of the old times ; and when released, told his persecutors that he forgave them, for it was not they but Slavery which had done the wrong. If they should ever be in Philadelphia and needed hospitality or aid, let them call on him.

## I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend  
 of all ;

Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when  
 The need of battling Freedom called  
 for men

To plant the banner on the outer wall ;  
 Gentle and kindly, ever at distress 5  
 Melted to more than woman's tenderness  
 Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post  
 Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
 Like some gray rock from which the  
 waves are tossed !

Known & his deeds of love, men questioned  
 not 10

The faith of one whose walk and word  
 were right ;

Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field  
 wrought,

And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
 A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :

Prompt to redress another's wrong, his  
own 15

Leaving to Time and Truth and Peni-  
tence alone.

## II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the  
good old plan,

A true and brave and downright honest  
man!

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
Nor in the church with hypocritic face 20  
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian  
grace;

Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful  
will

What others talked of while their hands  
were still;

And, while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious  
tyrants cried,

Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
His daily prayer, far better understood 26  
In acts than words, was simply doing  
good.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked with  
us on earth. 30

6th, 6th month, 1846.

## SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

'Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.—  
This evening the female slaves were unusually  
excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask  
my negro servant, Said, what they were singing  
about. As many of them were natives of his  
own country, he had no difficulty in translating  
the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often  
asked the Moors to translate their songs for me,  
but got no satisfactory account from them. Said  
at first said, "Oh, they sing of *Rubee*" (God).  
"What do you mean?" I replied, impatiently.  
"Oh, don't you know?" he continued, "they asked  
God to give them their *Atka*!" (certificate of  
freedom). I inquired, "Is that all?" Said:  
"No; they say, 'Where are we going? The  
world is large. O God! Where are we going?  
O God!'" I inquired, "What else?" Said:  
"They remember their country, Bornou, and say,  
'Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good  
things; but this is a bad country, and we are  
miserable!'" "Do they say anything else?"  
Said: "No; they repeat these words over and

over again, and add, 'O God! give us our *Atka*,  
and let us return again to our dear home.'"

'I am not surprised I got little satisfaction  
when I asked the Moors about the songs of their  
slaves. Who will say that the above words are  
not a very appropriate song? What could have  
been more congenially adapted to their then  
woful condition? It is not to be wondered at  
that these poor bondwomen cheer up their  
hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wander-  
ings over the desert, with words and sentiments  
like these; but I have often observed that their  
fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to  
strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days  
their plaintive strains never broke over the  
silence of the desert.'—*Richardson's Journal in  
Africa.*

WHERE are we going? where are we going,

Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,  
Look across these shining sands,

Through the furnace of the noon, 5  
Through the white light of the moon.

Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,  
Strange and large the world is growing!

Speak and tell us where we are going,

Where are we going, Rubee? 10

Bornou land was rich and good,  
Wells of water, fields of food,

Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,  
And the palm-tree cool and green:

Bornou land we see no longer, 15  
Here we thirst and here we hunger,

Here the Moor-man smites in anger:

Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,  
We were like the leaves and sand, 20

We were many, we are few;  
Life has one, and death has two:

Whitened bones our path are showing,  
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!

Hear us, tell us, where are we going, 25  
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes  
Bornou land behind us lies;

Stranger round us day by day  
Bends the desert circle gray; 30

Wild the waves of sand are flowing,  
Hot the winds above them blowing,—

Lord of all things! where are we going?

Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ; 35  
 Short our lives, but Thine is long ;  
 We are blind, but Thou hast eyes  
 We are fools, but Thou art wise !  
 Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing  
 Through the strange world round us  
 growing, 40  
 Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
 Where are we going, Rubee ?  
 1847.

### TO DELAWARE.

Written during the discussion in the Legislature of that State, in the winter of 1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
 To the strong tillers of a rugged home,  
 With spray-wet locks to Northern winds  
 released,  
 And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's  
 foam ;  
 And to the young nymphs of the golden  
 West, 5  
 Whose harvest mantles, fringed with  
 prairie bloom,  
 Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and  
 blest,  
 To the warm welcome of thy sisters  
 come !  
 Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white  
 bay  
 Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her  
 plains, 10  
 And the great lakes, where echo, free  
 alway,  
 Moaned never shoreward with the clank  
 of chains,  
 Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing  
 spray,  
 And all their waves keep grateful holiday.  
 And, smiling on thee through her moun-  
 tain rains, 15  
 Vermont shall bless thee ; and the  
 granite peaks,  
 And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall  
 wear  
 Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold,  
 keen air ;  
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged  
 cheeks

O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to  
 thee, 20  
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire  
 Shall tremble northward with its words of  
 fire ;  
 Glory and praise to God ! another State  
 is free !  
 1847.

### YORKTOWN.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammiel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says : 'The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature.' Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery : 'No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia.'

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
 Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill :  
 Who curbs his steed at head of one ?  
 Hark ! the low murmur : Washington !  
 Who bends his keen, approving glance, 5  
 Where down the gorgeous line of France  
 Shine knightly star and plume of snow ?  
 Thou too art victor, Rochambeau !

The earth which bears this calm array  
 Shook with the war-charge yesterday, 10  
 Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and  
 wheel,  
 Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel ;  
 October's clear and noonday sun  
 Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun ;  
 And down night's double blackness fell, 15  
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines  
 Stand moveless as the neighboring pines ;  
 While through them, sullen, grim, and  
 slow,  
 The conquered hosts of England go : 20  
 O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
 Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :

Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,  
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice 25  
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her time,  
Shouting from cave and mountain wood  
Make glad her desert solitude, 30  
While they who hunt her quail with fear ;  
The New World's chain lies broken here !

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
Within the shattered fortress gate ?  
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil, 35  
Classed with the battle's common spoil,  
With household stuffs, and fowl, and  
swine,  
With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—  
Are they not men, Virginian born ? 40

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave !  
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave !  
Sons of the Northland, ye who set  
Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
And pressed with steady footfall near 45  
The moated battery's blazing tier,  
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
Let shame do homage to the right !

Lo ! fourscore years have passed ; and  
where  
The Gallic bugles stirred the air, 50  
And, through breached batteries, side by  
side,  
To victory stormed the hosts allied,  
And brave foes ground, pale with pain,  
The arms they might not lift again,  
As abject as in that old day 55  
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,  
Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of  
men, 60  
Ye spared the wrong ; and over all  
Behold the avenging shadow fall !  
Your world-wide honor stained with  
shame,—  
Your freedom's self a hollow name !

Where's now the flag of that old war ? 65  
Where flows its stripe ? Where burns its  
star ?

Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,  
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak ; 70  
Symbol of terror and despair,  
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there !

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks !  
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks !  
Brave sport to see the fledgling born 75  
Of Freedom by its parent torn !  
Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,  
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell :  
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled, 79  
What of the New World fears the Old ?

1847.

#### RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

[Though not published until 1847, several lines indicate that the poem was written not long after Randolph's death in 1833. In a letter published in July, 1833, Whittier says : 'In the last hour of his [Randolph's] existence, when his soul was struggling from its broken tenement, his latest effort was the confirmation of this generous act of a former period [the manumission of his slaves]. Light rest the turf upon him, beneath his patrimonial oaks ! The prayers of many hearts made happy by his benevolence shall linger over his grave and bless it.']

O MOTHER EARTH ! upon thy lap  
Thy weary ones receiving,  
And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
Fold softly in thy long embrace 5  
That heart so worn and broken,  
And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
And serpent hiss of scorning ; 10  
Nor let the storms of yesterday  
Disturb his quiet morning.  
Breathe over him forgetfulness  
Of all save deeds of kindness,  
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes, 15  
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
He heard Potomac's flowing,  
And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,  
He sleeps, still looking to the west,  
Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
As if he still would see the sun  
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune ! in himself  
All moods of mind contrasting,—  
The tenderest wail of human woe,  
The scorn like lightning blasting ;  
The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
From lips of life-long sadness ;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness ;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,  
And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn  
Beheld its schemes disjointed,  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparing,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.  
While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune  
strange,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,  
His loving faith in Mother-land  
Knew never shade of turning ;  
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's tide,  
Whatever sky was o'er him,  
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
No false and vain pretences,  
Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
For Scriptural defences.  
His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while  
His reverence for the Human ;  
In the dark vassals of his will  
He saw but Man and Woman !  
No hunter of God's outraged poor  
His Roanoke valley entered ;  
No trader in the souls of men  
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
Lay down for his last sleeping,  
And at his side, a slave no more,  
His brother-man stood weeping,  
His latest thought, his latest breath,  
To Freedom's duty giving,  
With failing tongue and trembling hand  
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver !  
None trampling with a calmer scorn  
On foreign hate or favor.  
He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
Along her future treading.  
For her as for himself he spake,  
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
He traced with dying hand 'Remorse !'  
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
From Vernon's weeping willow,  
And from the grassy pall which hides  
The Sage of Monticello,  
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
Virginia ! o'er thy land of slaves  
A warning voice is swelling !



And hark ! from thy deserted fields  
Are sadder warnings spoken,  
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled  
sons 115

Their household gods have broken.  
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,  
And briars for corn-sheaves giving !  
Oh, more than all thy dead renown  
Were now one hero living ! 120

1847.

### THE LOST STATESMAN.

Written on hearing of the death of Silas  
Wright of New York. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

As they who, tossing midst the storm at  
night,

While turnings shoreward, where a beacon  
shone,

Meet the walled blackness of the heaven  
alone,

So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,  
In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy  
light 5

Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour  
of noon,

While life was pleasant to thy undimmed  
sight,

And, day by day, within thy spirit grew  
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,  
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain, 10  
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry  
of pain,

Man of the millions, thou art lost too  
soon !

Portents at which the bravest stand  
aghast,—

The birth-throes of a Future, strange and  
vast,

Alarm the land ; yet thou, so wise and  
strong, 15

Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,  
Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever  
long,

Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.  
Whom now shall rally Freedom's scattering  
host ?

Who wear the mantle of the leader lost ?

Who stay the march of slavery ? He whose  
voice 21

Hath called thee from thy task-field  
shall not lack

Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely  
back

The wrong which, through His poor ones,  
reaches Him :

Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torch-  
lights trim, 25

And wave them high across the abysmal  
black,

Till bound, dumb millions there shall see  
them and rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

### THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

Suggested by a daguerreotype taken from  
a small French engraving of two negro figures,  
sent to the writer by Oliver Johnson.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through  
the tree-tops flash and glisten,

As she stands before her lover, with raised  
face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the  
ancient Jewish song :

Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done  
her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with  
the vassal's garb and hue, 5

Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his  
higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose  
of a freeman in his heart,

As the gregree holds his Fetich from the  
white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the  
driver's morning horn

Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the  
fields of cane and corn : 10

Fall the keen and burning lashes never  
on his back or limb ;

Scarce with look or word of censure, turns  
the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye is hard and stern ;	All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen sky, 35
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never deigned to learn.	Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry !
And, at evening, when his comrades dance before their master's door, 15	From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he silent evermore.	Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.
God be praised for every instinct which rebels against a lot	'Tis the fervid tropic noontime ; faint and low the sea-waves beat ;
Where the brute survives the human, and man's upright form is not !	Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat,— 40
As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on fold	Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in his hold ; 20	Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and she lifts her head to listen :—
Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,	'We shall live as slaves no longer ! Free- dom's hour is close at hand !
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in its place ;	Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand !
So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's manhood twines,	'I have seen the Haytien Captain ; I have seen his swarthy crew, 45
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with vines.	Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.
God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and our world of woe and sin 25	'They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,
Is made light and happy only when a Love is shining in.	And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon !
Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, find- ing, wheresoe'er ye roam,	Oh, the blessed hope of freedom ! how with joy and glad surprise,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all the world like home ;	For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes ! 50
In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is but a part,	But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,
Of one kindly current throbbing from the universal heart ; 30	Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the lemon-leaves so green.
Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,	And she answers, sad and earnest : 'It were wrong for thee to stay ;
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed ?	God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and His finger points the way.
Love of Home, and Love of Woman !— dear to all, but doubly dear	'Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and mine, 55
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and fear.	Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant for souls like thine.

'Go; and at the hour of midnight, when  
our last farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will  
bless thee from the shore.

'But for me, my mother, lying on her  
sick-bed all the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming  
through the twilight gray. 60

'Should I leave her sick and helpless,  
even freedom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely  
toil, and stripes to me.

'For my heart would die within me, and  
my brain would soon be wild;  
I should hear my mother calling through  
the twilight for her child !'

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines  
the sun of morning-time, 65  
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and  
green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil  
the lover and the maid;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning  
forward on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the  
Haytien's sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains,  
driven seaward by the breeze! 70

But his arm a light hand presses, and he  
hears a low voice call:  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love  
is mightier than all.

1848.

#### THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER- BREAKERS.

The rights and liberties affirmed by Magna Charta were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster.

A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, 'by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, or observe them being made, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church.'

William Penn, in his admirable political pamphlet, *England's Present Interest Considered*, alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: 'I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed'

In Westminster's royal halls,  
Robed in their pontificals,  
England's ancient prelates stood  
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd, 5  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;  
King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight;

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse, 10  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

'Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small, 15  
Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

'Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties;  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede; 20

'Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoever his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let him live and die accursed.

'Thou, who to Thy Church hast given 25  
Keys alike of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure !'

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head 30  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen !

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries gray and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred hand  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

35

Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power ;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

40

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,  
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell ;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the state ;  
Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

45

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards ;  
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

50

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cover  
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

55

Oh, to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought,—  
Pitiful sight is not !

60

Tell me not that this must be :  
God's true priest is always free ;  
Free, the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate ;  
Not to peddle creeds like wares ;  
Not to mutter hireling prayers ;

65

Nor to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this ;  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave !

70

Not for words and works like these,  
Priest of God, thy mission is ;  
But to make earth's desert glad,  
In its Eden greenness clad ;

75

And to level manhood bring  
Lord and peasant, serf and king ;  
And the Christ of God to find  
In the humblest of thy kind !

80

Thine to work as well as pray,  
Clearing thorny wrongs away ;  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in ;

Watching on the hills of Faith ;  
Listening what the spirit saith,  
Of the dim-seen light afar,  
Growing like a nearing star.

85

God's interpreter art thou,  
To the waiting ones below ;  
'Twixt them and its light midway  
Heralding the better day ;

90

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
Hearing notes of angel choirs,  
Where, as yet unseen of them,  
Comes the New Jerusalem !

95

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
On the glory downward blazing ;  
Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
Rests the City of our God !

100

1848.

# ÆAN.

This poem indicates the exultation of the anti-slavery party, in view of the revolt of the friends of Martin Van Buren in New York from the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1848.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore !  
The dreary night has wellnigh passed,  
The slumbers of the North are o'er,  
The Giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark time  
When, faint with watching, few and  
worn,

We saw no welcome day-star climb  
The cold gray pathway of the morn !

O weary hours ! O night of years !  
What storms our darkling pathway  
swept,

10

Where, beating back our thronging fears,  
By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,  
 How mocked before the tyrant train,  
 As, one by one, the true and kind 15  
 Fell fainting in our path of pain !

They died, their brave hearts breaking  
 slow,  
 But, self-forgetful to the last,  
 In words of cheer and bugle blow  
 Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host, on either hand, 21  
 Stood waiting for the dawn of day  
 To crush like reeds our feeble band ;  
 The morn has come, and where are they ?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ; 25  
 With peace-white banners waving free,  
 And from our own the glad shout breaks,  
 Of Freedom and Fraternity !

Like mist before the growing light,  
 The hostile cohorts melt away ; 30  
 Our frowning foemen of the night  
 Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As unto these repentant ones  
 We open wide our toil-worn ranks,  
 Along our line a murmur runs 35  
 Of song, and praise, and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset ! Blast on blast !  
 Till Slavery's minions cower and quail ;  
 One charge of fire shall drive them fast  
 Like chaff before our Northern gale ! 40

O prisoners in your house of pain,  
 Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold,  
 Look ! stretched o'er Southern vale and  
 plain,  
 The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the tyrant's pride of power, 45  
 His iron gates and guarded wall,  
 The bolts which shattered Shinar's tower  
 Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake ! awake ! my Fatherland !  
 It is thy Northern light that shines ; 50  
 This stirring march of Freedom's band  
 The storm-song of thy mountain pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !  
 And hear, in winds that sweep your  
 lakes  
 And fan your prairies' roaring fires, 55  
 The signal-call that Freedom makes !  
 1848.

### THE CRISIS.

Written on learning the terms of the treaty  
 with Mexico.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the  
 desert's drouth and sand,  
 The circles of our empire touch the western  
 ocean's strand ;  
 From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila,  
 wild and free,  
 Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to Cali-  
 fornia's sea ;  
 And from the mountains of the east, to  
 Santa Rosa's shore, 5  
 The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air  
 no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple  
 children weep ;  
 Close watch about their holy fire let maids  
 of Pecos keep ;  
 Let Taos send her cry across Sierra  
 Madre's pines,  
 And Santa Barbara toll her bells amidst  
 her corn and vines ; 10  
 For lo ! the pale land-seekers come, with  
 eager eyes of gain,  
 Wide scattering, like the bison herds on  
 broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what  
 sound the winds bring down  
 Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from  
 cold Nevada's crown !  
 Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with  
 rein of travel slack, 15  
 And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the  
 sunrise at his back ;  
 By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir  
 and pine,  
 On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly  
 camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land of  
lake and plain,  
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat  
with grain ; 20  
Of mountains white with winter, looking  
downward, cold, serene,  
On their feet with spring-vines tangled  
and lapped in softest green ;  
Swift through whose black volcanic gates,  
o'er many a sunny vale,  
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the hison's  
dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes  
whose mystic shores 25  
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of  
Saxon oars ;  
Great herds that wander all unwatched,  
wild steeds that none have tamed,  
Strange fish in unknown streams, and  
birds the Saxon never named ;  
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles,  
where Nature's chemic powers  
Work out the Great Designer's will ; all  
all these ye say are ours ! 30

Forever ours ! for good or ill, on us the  
burden lies :  
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung  
across the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn  
the poised and trembling scale ?  
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber  
Wrong prevail ?  
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag  
in starry splendor waves, 35  
Forego through us its freedom, and bear  
the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of which  
the prophets told,  
And brightens up the sky of Time the  
Christian Age of Gold ;  
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle  
blade to clerkly pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her  
serfs stand up as men ; 40  
The isles rejoice together, in a day are  
nations born,  
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by  
Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine ! a day for  
us to sow  
The soil of new-gained empire with  
slavery's seeds of woe ?  
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old  
World's cast-off crime, 45  
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth,  
from the tired lap of Time ?  
To run anew the evil race the old lost  
nations ran,  
And die like them of unbelief of God, and  
wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ? End  
in this the prayers and tears,  
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our  
younger, better years ? 50  
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall  
ours in shadow turn,  
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through  
outer darkness borne ?  
Where the far nations looked for light, a  
blackness in the air ?  
Where for words of hope they listened,  
the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face with  
us it stands, 55  
With solemn lips of question, like the  
Sphinx in Egypt's sands !  
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of  
Fate we spin ;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holi-  
ness or sin ;  
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's  
cloudy crown,  
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts  
of cursing down ! 60

By all for which the martyrs bore their  
agony and shame ;  
By all the warning words of truth with  
which the prophets came ;  
By the Future which awaits us ; by all the  
hopes which cast  
Their faint and trembling beams across  
the blackness of the Past ;  
And by the blessed thought of Him who  
for Earth's freedom died, 65  
O my people ! O my brothers ! let us  
choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on  
his way ;  
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay ;  
To make the rugged places smooth, and  
sow the vales with grain ;  
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the  
Bible in his train : 70  
The mighty West shall bless the East, and  
sea shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call, Praise  
God, for we are free !  
1848.

#### LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED PUBLISHER.

The lines following were addressed to a magazine publisher, who, alarmed for his Southern circulation, not only dropped the name of Grace Greenwood from his list of contributors, but made an offensive parade of his action, with the view of strengthening his position among slaveholders and conservatives. By some coincidence his portrait was issued about the same time.

A MOONY breadth of virgin face,  
By thought unviolated ;  
A patient mouth, to take from scorn  
The hook with bank-notes baited !  
Its self-complacent sleekness shows 5  
How thrift goes with the fawner ;  
An unctuous unconcern of all  
Which nice folks call dishonor !  
  
A pleasant print to peddle out  
In lands of rice and cotton ; 10  
The model of that face in dough  
Would make the artist's fortune.  
For Fame to thee has come unsought,  
While others vainly woo her,  
In proof how mean a thing can make 15  
A great man of its doer.

To whom shall men thyself compare,  
Since common models fail 'em,  
Save classic goose of ancient Rome,  
Or sacred ass of Balaam ? 20  
The gabble of that wakeful goose  
Saved Rome from sack of Brennus ;  
The braying of the prophet's ass  
Betrayed the angel's menace !

So when Guy Fawkes, in petticoats, 25  
And azure-tinted hose on,  
Was twisting from thy love-lorn sheets  
The slow-match of explosion—  
An earthquake blast that would have  
tossed  
The Union as a feather, 30  
Thy instinct saved a perilled land  
And perilled purse together.  
  
Just think of Carolina's sage  
Sent whirling like a Dervish,  
Of Quattlebum in middle air 35  
Performing strange drill-service !  
Doomed like Assyria's lord of old,  
Who fell before the Jewess,  
Or sad Abimelech, to sigh,  
'Alas ! a woman slew us !' 40

Thou saw'st beneath a fair disguise  
The danger darkly lurking,  
And maiden bodice dreaded more  
Than warrior's steel-wrought jerkin.  
How keen to scent the hidden plot ! 45  
How prompt wert thou to balk it,  
With patriot zeal and pedler thrift,  
For country and for pocket !  
  
Thy likeness here is doubtless well,  
But higher honor's due it ; 50  
On auction-block and negro-jail  
Admiring eyes should view it.  
Or, hung aloft, it well might grace  
The nation's senate-chamber—  
A greedy Northern bottle-fly 55  
Preserved in Slavery's amber !  
1850.

#### DERNE.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !  
On mosque and tomb, and white-walled  
shore,

On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless knock  
 The narrow harbor-gates unlock,  
 On corsair's galley, carack tall, 5  
 And plundered Christian caraval !  
 The sounds of Moslem life are still ;  
 No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;  
 Stretched in the broad court of the khan,  
 The dusty Bornou caravan 10  
 Lies heaped in slumber, beast and man ;  
 The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,  
 His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;  
 The kiosk's glimmering lights are gone,  
 The merchant with his wares withdrawn ;  
 Rough pillowed on some pirate breast, 16  
 The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;  
 And, save where measured footsteps fall  
 Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,  
 Or where, like some bad dream, the Jew  
 Creeps stealthily his quarter through, 21  
 Or counts with fear his golden heaps,  
 The City of the Corsair sleeps !

But where yon prison long and low  
 Stands black against the pale star-glow, 25  
 Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,  
 There watch and pine the Christian  
 slaves ;  
 Rough-bearded men, whose far-off wives  
 Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;  
 And youth, still flashing from his eyes 30  
 The clear blue of New England skies,  
 A treasured lock of whose soft hair  
 Now wakes some sorrowing mother's  
 prayer ;  
 Or, worn upon some maiden breast,  
 Stirs with the loving heart's unrest ! 35

A bitter cup each life must drain,  
 The groaning earth is cursed with pain,  
 And, like the scroll the angel bore  
 The shuddering Hebrew seer before,  
 O'erwrit alike, without, within, 40  
 With all the woes which follow sin ;  
 But, bitterest of the ills beneath  
 Whose load man totters down to death,  
 Is that which plucks the regal crown  
 Of Freedom from his forehead down, 45  
 And snatches from his powerless hand  
 The sceptred sign of self-command,  
 Effacing with the chain and rod  
 The image and the seal of God ;

Till from his nature, day by day, 50  
 The manly virtues fall away,  
 And leave him naked, blind and mute,  
 The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die  
 Beneath affection's tender eye, 55  
 Unto their household and their kin  
 Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in ?  
 O weeper, from that tranquil sod,  
 That holy harvest-home of God,  
 Turn to the quick and suffering, shed 60  
 Thy tears upon the living dead !  
 Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,  
 They sleep with Him, they are not slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-sides  
 Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ? 65  
 A long, loose, straggling caravan,  
 Camel and horse and armed man.  
 The moon's low crescent, glimmering o'er  
 Its grave of waters to the shore,  
 Lights up that mountain cavalcade, 70  
 And gleams from gun and spear and blade  
 Near and more near ! now o'er them falls  
 The shadow of the city walls.  
 Hark to the sentry's challenge, drowned  
 In the fierce trumpet's charging sound ! 75  
 The rush of men, the musket's peal,  
 The short, sharp clang of meeting steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood poured  
 So freely on thy foeman's sword !  
 Not to the swift nor to the strong 80  
 The battles of the right belong ;  
 For he who strikes for Freedom wears  
 The armor of the captive's prayers,  
 And Nature proffers to his cause  
 The strength of her eternal laws ; 85  
 While he whose arm essays to bind  
 And herd with common brutes his kind  
 Strives evermore at fearful odds  
 With Nature and the jealous gods,  
 And dares the dread recoil which late 90  
 Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'Tis done, the horned crescent falls !  
 The star-flag flouts the broken walls !  
 Joy to the captive husband ! joy  
 To thy sick heart, O brown-locked boy ! 95  
 In sullen wrath the conquered Moor  
 Wide open flings your dungeon-door,



And leaves ye free from cell and chain,  
 The owners of yourselves again.  
 Dark as his allies desert-born, 100  
 Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn  
 With the long marches of his band  
 Through hottest wastes of rock and sand,  
 Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath  
 Of the red desert's wind of death, 105  
 With welcome words and grasping hands,  
 The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;  
 The dust of half a century lies  
 Upon it ; yet its hero's name 110  
 Still lingers on the lips of Fame.  
 Men speak the praise of him who gave  
 Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,  
 Yet dare to brand with shame and crime  
 The heroes of our land and time,— 115  
 The self-forgotten ones, who stake  
 Home, name, and life for Freedom's sake.  
 God mend his heart who cannot feel  
 The impulse of a holy zeal,  
 And sees not, with his sordid eyes, 120  
 The beauty of self-sacrifice !  
 Though in the sacred place he stands,  
 Uplifting consecrated hands,  
 Unworthy are his lips to tell  
 Of Jesus' martyr-miracle, 125  
 Or name aright that dread embrace  
 Of suffering for a fallen race !

1850.

#### A SABBATH SCENE.

This poem finds its justification in the readiness  
 with which, even in the North, clergymen urged  
 the prompt execution of the Fugitive Slave Law  
 as a Christian duty, and defended the system of  
 slavery as a Bible institution.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell  
 Ceased quivering in the steeple,  
 Scarce had the parson to his desk  
 Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street 5  
 A wasted female figure,  
 With dusky brow and naked feet,  
 Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the  
 trees,

She heard the sweet hymn swelling : 10  
 O pitying Christ ! a refuge give  
 That poor one in Thy dwelling !

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,  
 Right up the aisle she glided,  
 While close behind her, whip in hand, 15  
 A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,  
 To Heaven and Earth appealing ;  
 Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?  
 Had woman's heart no feeling ? 20

A score of stout hands rose between  
 The hunter and the flying :  
 Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes  
 Flashed tearful, yet defying.

'Who dares profane this house and day ?'  
 Cried out the angry pastor. 26  
 'Why, bless your soul, the wench's a  
 slave,  
 And I'm her lord and master !

'I've law and gospel on my side,  
 And who shall dare refuse me ?' 30  
 Down came the parson, bowing low,  
 'My good sir, pray excuse me !

'Of course I know your right divine  
 To own and work and whip her ;  
 Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott 35  
 Before the wench, and trip her !'

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er  
 Its sacred pages stumbling,  
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,  
 The hapless wretch lay trembling. 40

I saw the parson tie the knots,  
 The while his flock addressing,  
 The Scriptural claims of slavery  
 With text on text impressing.

'Although,' said he, 'on Sabbath day 45  
 All secular occupations  
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil  
 Our moral obligations :

'And this commends itself as one  
To every conscience tender ; 50  
As Paul sent back Onesimus,  
My Christian friends, we send her !'

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air  
Her wild cries tore asunder ;  
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear 55  
God answering with His thunder !

All still ! the very altar's cloth  
Had smothered down her shrieking,  
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,  
For human pity seeking ! 60

I saw her dragged along the aisle,  
Her shackles harshly clanking ;  
I heard the parson, over all,  
The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : 'Is this,' I cried, 65  
'The end of prayer and preaching ?  
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,  
And give us Nature's teaching !

'Foul shame and scorn be on ye all  
Who turn the good to evil, 70  
And steal the Bible from the Lord,  
To give it to the Devil !

'Than garbled text or parchment law  
I own a statute higher ;  
And God is true, though every book 75  
And every man's a liar !'

Just then I felt the deacon's hand  
In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;  
I heard the priest cry, 'Infidel !'  
The lawyer mutter, 'Treason !' 80

I started up,—where now were church,  
Slave, master, priest, and people ?  
I only heard the supper-bell,  
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill, 85  
O'er which the white blooms drifted,  
The pages of a good old Book  
The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings  
Around the Holy Mother, 90  
Waved softly there, as if God's truth  
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough  
Above the casement swinging,  
With golden bosom to the sun, 95  
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old  
The lesson of the Teacher,  
So now I heard the written Word  
Interpreted by Nature ! 100

For to my ear methought the breeze  
Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;  
Thus saith the Lord : Break every yoke,  
Undo the heavy burden !  
1850.

# IN THE EVIL DAYS.

This and the four following poems have special reference to that darkest hour in the aggression of slavery which preceded the dawn of a better day, when the conscience of the people was roused to action. [Originally entitled *Stanzas for the Times*, 1850.]

THE evil days have come, the poor  
Are made a prey ;  
Bar up the hospitable door,  
Put out the fire-lights, point no more  
The wanderer's way. 5

For Pity now is crime ; the chain  
Which binds our States  
Is melted at her hearth's soft twain,  
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :  
Close up her gates. 10

Our Union, like a glacier stirred  
By voice below,  
Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,  
A beggar's crust, a kindly word  
May overthrow ! 15

Poor, whispering tremblers ! yet we boast  
Our blood and name ;  
Bursting its century-bolted frost,  
Each gray cairn on the Northman's coast  
Cries out for shame ! 20

Oh for the open firmament,  
The prairie free,  
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,  
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,  
The Bushman's tree ! 25

Than web of Persian loom most rare,  
Or soft divan,  
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,  
Or hollow tree, which man may share  
With suffering man.

30

I hear a voice: 'Thus saith the Law,  
Let Love be dumb;  
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,  
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw  
From hearth and home.'

35

I hear another voice: 'The poor  
Are thine to feed;  
Turn not the outcast from thy door,  
Nor give to bonds and wrong once more  
Whom God hath freed.'

40

Dear Lord! between that law and Thee  
No choice remains;  
Yet not untrue to man's decree,  
Though spurning its rewards, is he  
Who bears its pains.

45

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast  
And threatening word;  
I read the lesson of the Past,  
That firm endurance wins at last  
More than the sword.

50

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience thou  
So calm and strong!  
Lend strength to weakness, teach us how  
The sleepless eyes of God look through  
This night of wrong!

55

1850.

### MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

In a foot-note of the Report of the Senate of Massachusetts on the case of the arrest and return to bondage of the fugitive slave Thomas Sims it is stated that—

'It would have been impossible for the U. S. marshal thus successfully to have resisted the law of the State, without the assistance of the municipal authorities of Boston and the countenance and support of a numerous, wealthy, and powerful body of citizens. It was in evidence that 1500 of the most wealthy and respectable citizens—merchants, bankers, and others—volunteered their services to aid the marshal on this

occasion. . . . No watch was kept upon the doings of the marshal, and while the State officers slept, after the moon had gone down, in the darkest hour before daybreak, the accused was taken out of our jurisdiction by the armed police of the city of Boston.'

THE moon has set: while yet the dawn  
Breaks cold and gray,  
Between the midnight and the morn  
Bear off your prey!

On, swift and still! the conscious street 5  
Is panged and stirred;  
Tread light! that fall of serried feet  
The dead have heard!

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins  
Gushed where ye tread; 10  
Lo! through the dusk the martyr-stains  
Blush darkly red!

Beneath the slowly waning stars  
And whitening day,  
What stern and awful presence bars 15  
That sacred way?

What faces frown upon ye, dark  
With shame and pain?  
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim 20  
bark?  
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on  
With mocking cheer?  
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,  
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast 25  
Through Moloch's fire,  
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed  
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice  
Of Man to Gain, 30  
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom dies,  
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day; your harvest, scorn  
And hate, is near;  
How think ye freemen, mountain-born, 35  
The tale will hear?

Thank God ! our mother State can yet  
Her fame retrieve ;  
To you and to your children let  
The scandal cleave. 40

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and  
Press,  
Make gods of gold ;  
Let honor, truth, and manliness  
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are  
strong, 45  
But God is just ;  
The gilded chambers built by wrong  
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gains of Crime  
Are dust and dross ; 50  
Its ventures on the waves of time  
Foredoomed to loss !

And still the Pilgrim State remains  
What she hath been ;  
Her inland hills, her seaward plains, 55  
Still nurture men !

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart :  
Her olden blood  
Through many a free and generous  
heart  
Still pours its flood. 60

That brave old blood, quick-flowing  
yet,  
Shall know no check,  
Till a free people's foot is set  
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peal of bell and gun, 65  
And hills aflame,  
Tell of the first great triumph won  
In Freedom's name.

The long night dies : the welcome gray  
Of dawn we see ; 70  
Speed up the heavens Thy perfect day,  
God of the free !  
1851.

OFFICIAL PIETY.

Suggested by reading a state paper, wherein  
the higher law is invoked to sustain the lower  
one. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

A PIOUS magistrate ! sound his praise  
throughout  
The wondering churches. Who shall  
henceforth doubt  
That the long wished millennium  
draweth nigh ?  
Sin in high places has become devout,  
Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and  
prays its lie 5  
Straight up to Heaven, and calls it  
piety !

The pirate, watching from his bloody  
deck  
The weltering galleon, heavy with the  
gold  
Of Acapulco, holding death in check  
While prayers are said, brows crossed,  
and beads are told ; 10  
The robber, kneeling where the wayside  
cross  
On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss  
From his own carbine, glancing still  
abroad  
For some new victim, offering thanks to  
God !

Rome, listening at her altars to the cry  
Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of  
hell 16  
Scour France, from baptized cannon and  
holy bell  
And thousand-throated priesthood, loud  
and high,  
Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering  
skv,  
'Thanks to the Lord, who giveth  
victory !' 20

What prove these, but that crime was  
ne'er so black  
As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to  
lack ?  
Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he  
lays

His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural  
 phrase  
 And saintly posture, gives to God the  
 praise 25  
 And honor of the monstrous progeny.  
 What marvel, then, in our own time to  
 see  
 His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—  
 Official piety, locking fast the door  
 Of Hope against three million souls of  
 men,— 30  
 Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-  
 deemed,—and then,  
 With uprolled eyeballs and on bended  
 knee,  
 Whining a prayer for help to hide the  
 key!  
 1853.

### THE RENDITION.

On the 2d of June, 1854, Anthony Burns, a  
 fugitive slave from Virginia, after being under  
 arrest for ten days in the Boston Court House,  
 was remanded to slavery under the Fugitive  
 Slave Act, and taken down State Street to a  
 steamer chartered by the United States Govern-  
 ment, under guard of United States troops and  
 artillery, Massachusetts militia and Boston  
 police. Public excitement ran high, a futile  
 attempt to rescue Burns having been made  
 during his confinement, and the streets were  
 crowded with tens of thousands of people, of  
 whom many came from other towns and cities  
 of the State to witness the humiliating spectacle.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle call,  
 I saw an earnest look beseech,  
 And rather by that look than speech  
 My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty 5  
 Marched handcuffed down that sworded  
 street,

The solid earth beneath my feet  
 Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—  
 Shame, tearless grief, and stifling wrath,  
 And loathing fear, as if my path 11  
 A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,  
 All generous confidence and trust,  
 Sank smothering in that deep disgust 15  
 And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,  
 And home's green quiet, hiding all,  
 Fell sudden darkness like the fall  
 Of midnight upon noon! 20

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,  
 Blood-drunken, through the blackness  
 trod,  
 Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God  
 The blasphemy of wrong.

'O Mother, from thy memories proud, 25  
 Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,  
 Lend this dead air a breeze of health,  
 And smite with stars this cloud.

'Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,  
 Rise awful in thy strength,' I said; 30  
 Ah me! I spake but to the dead;  
 I stood upon her grave!

6th mo., 1854.

### ARISEN AT LAST.

On the passage of the bill to protect the rights  
 and liberties of the people of the State against  
 the Fugitive Slave Act. [Originally entitled  
 simply *Lines*.]

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,  
 My Mother State, when last the moon  
 Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,  
 I wore, undreaming of relief, 5  
 The sackcloth of thy shame and grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines  
 On leaf and flower and folded wing,  
 And thou hast risen with the spring!

Once more thy strong maternal arms 10  
 Are round about thy children flung,—  
 A lioness that guards her young!

No threat is on thy closed lips,  
 But in thine eye a power to smite  
 The mad wolf backward from its light.

Southward the baffled robber's track 16  
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,  
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,  
His first low howl shall downward draw  
The thunder of thy righteous law. 21

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,  
But, acting on the wiser plan,  
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope, 25  
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes  
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man,  
In virtue, as in stature great  
Embodied in a Christian State. 30

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood  
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,  
Shalt win their grateful thanks at last ;

When North and South shall strive no more,  
And all their feuds and fears be lost 35  
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

6th mo., 1855.

### THE HASCHISH.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt  
Of marvels with our own competing,  
The strangest is the Haschish plant,  
And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise, 5  
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances !  
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,  
Set all aglow with Houri glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,  
The heavy beer-trance of the Suabian ;  
The wizard lights and demon play 11  
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog  
Change place in mad metempsychosis ;  
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue, 15  
The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses !

The Arab by his desert well  
Sits choosing from some Caliph's  
daughters,  
And hears his single camel's bell  
Sound welcome to his regal quarters. 20

The Koran's reader makes complaint  
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;  
The robber offers alms, the saint  
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the  
Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes ; 25  
But we have one ordained to beat it,  
The Haschish of the West, which makes  
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight appears  
His Bible in a new translation ; 30  
Its angels negro overseers,  
And Heaven itself a snug plantation !

The man of peace, about whose dreams  
The sweet millennial angels cluster,  
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and  
schemes, 35  
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,  
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;  
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees  
Due southward point the polar needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits erelong 41  
Upon his bench a railing blackguard ;  
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,  
And reads the ten commandments  
backward.

O potent plant ! so rare a taste 45  
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;  
The hempen Haschish of the East  
Is powerless to our Western Cotton !  
1854.

### THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

This poem and the three following were called out by the popular movement of Free State men to occupy the territory of Kansas, and by the use of the great democratic weapon—an overpowering majority—to settle the conflict on that ground between Freedom and Slavery. The opponents

of the movement used another kind of weapon. [This song was sent to the first company of emigrants by the poet. 'It is one of those prophecies,' says E. E. Hale, 'for which poets are born, uttered before the event and not after. In absolute hard fact, the song was sung by parties of emigrants, sung when they started, sung as they rode, and sung in the new home.']

We cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow:  
The blessing of our Mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old  
Our fathers sailed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

1854.

#### FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

Inscribed to friends under arrest for treason against the slave power. [Originally entitled *Lines*.]

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,  
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame  
To pay the debt they owe to shame;

Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep

Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;  
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep  
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,  
That somewhat of the holy rage  
With which the prophets in their age  
On all its decent seemings trod,  
Has set your feet upon the lie,  
That man and ox and soul and clod  
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my own,  
To caution trained, might not repeat;  
But if some tares among the wheat  
Of generous thought and deed were sown,  
No common wrong provoked your zeal:  
The silken gauntlet that is thrown  
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw  
For Freedom calls for men again  
Like those who battled not in vain  
For England's Charter, Alfred's law;  
And right of speech and trial just  
Wage in your name their ancient war  
With venal courts and perjured trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.  
Give crimined knaves their hour of crime;

Ye have the future grand and great,  
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!  
1855.

#### LETTER

FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH, IN KANSAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED POLITICIAN.

DOUGLAS MISSION, August, 1854.

LAST week—the Lord be praised for all His mercies  
To His unworthy servant! I arrived  
Safe at the Mission, *via* Westport; where

I tarried over night, to aid in forming  
 A Vigilance Committee, to send back, 5  
 In shirts of tar, and feather-doublers  
 quilted  
 With forty stripes save one, all Yankee  
 comers,  
 Uncircumcised and Gentile, aliens from  
 The Commonwealth of Israel, who despise  
 The prize of the high calling of the  
 saints, 10  
 Who plant amidst this heathen wilder-  
 ness  
 Pure gospel institutions, sanctified  
 By patriarchal use. The meeting opened  
 With prayer, as was most fitting. Half  
 an hour,  
 Or thereaway, I groaned, and strove, and  
 wrestled, 15  
 As Jacob did at Penue!, till the power  
 Fell on the people, and they cried 'Amen!'  
 'Glory to God!' and stamped and clapped  
 their hands;  
 And the rough river boatmen wiped their  
 eyes;  
 'Go it, old hoss!' they cried, and cursed  
 the niggers— 20  
 Fulfilling thus the word of prophecy,  
 'Cursèd be Canaan.' After prayer, the  
 meeting  
 Chose a committee—good and pious men—  
 A Presbyterian Elder, Baptist deacon,  
 A local preacher, three or four class-  
 leaders, 25  
 Anxious inquirers, and renewed back-  
 sliders,  
 A score in all—to watch the river ferry,  
 (As they of old did watch the fords of  
 Jordan.)  
 And cut off all whose Yankee tongues  
 refuse  
 The Shibboleth of the Nebraska bill. 30  
 And then, in answer to repeated calls,  
 I gave a brief account of what I saw  
 In Washington; and truly many hearts  
 Rejoiced to know the President, and  
 you  
 And all the Cabinet regularly hear 35  
 The gospel message of a Sunday morning,  
 Drinking with thirsty souls of the sincere  
 Milk of the Word. Glory! Amen, and  
 Selah!

Here, at the Mission, all things have  
 gone well:  
 The brother who, throughout my absence,  
 acted 40  
 As overseer, assures me that the crops  
 Never were better. I have lost one negro,  
 A first-rate hand, but obstinate and sullen.  
 He ran away some time last spring, and  
 hid  
 In the river timber. There my Indian  
 converts 45  
 Found him, and treed and shot him. For  
 the rest,  
 The heathens round about begin to feel  
 The influence of our pious ministrations  
 And works of love; and some of them  
 already  
 Have purchased negroes, and are settling  
 down 50  
 As sober Christians! Bless the Lord for  
 this!  
 I know it will rejoice you. You, I hear,  
 Are on the eve of visiting Chicago,  
 To fight with the wild beasts of Ephesus,  
 Long John, and Dutch Free-Soilers. May  
 your arm 55  
 Be clothed with strength, and on your  
 tongue be found  
 The sweet oil of persuasion. So desires  
 Your brother and co-laborer. Amen!

P.S. All's lost. Even while I write  
 these lines,  
 The Yankee abolitionists are coming 60  
 Upon us like a flood—grim, stalwart  
 men,  
 Each face set like a flint of Plymouth  
 Rock  
 Against our institutions—staking out  
 Their farm lots on the wooded Wakarusa,  
 Or squatting by the mellow-bottomed  
 Kansas; 65  
 The pioneers of mightier multitudes,  
 The small rain-patter, ere the thunder  
 shower  
 Drowns the dry prairies. Hope from man  
 is not.  
 Oh, for a quiet berth at Washington,  
 Snug naval chaplaincy, or clerkship, where  
 These rumors of free labor and free soil 71  
 Might never meet me more. Better to be



Door-keeper in the White House, than to dwell  
 Amidst these Yankee tents, that, whitening, show  
 On the green prairie like a fleet becalmed.  
 Methinks I hear a voice come up the river 76  
 From those far bayous, where the alligators  
 Mount guard around the camping filibusters:  
 'Shake off the dust of Kansas. Turn to Cuba—  
 (That golden orange just about to fall, 80  
 O'er-ripe, into the Democratic lap;) Keep pace with Providence, or, as we say,  
 Manifest destiny. Go forth and follow  
 The message of *our* gospel, thither borne  
 Upon the point of Quitman's bowie-knife,  
 And the persuasive lips of Colt's revolvers. 86  
 There may'st thou, underneath thy vine and fig-tree,  
 Watch thy increase of sugar cane and negroes,  
 Calm as a patriarch in his eastern tent!'  
 Amen: So mote it be. So prays your friend. 90

#### BURIAL OF BARBER.

Thomas Barber was shot December 6, 1855, near Lawrence, Kansas.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave;  
 Never over one more brave  
 Shall the prairie grasses weep,  
 In the ages yet to come,  
 When the millions in our room,  
 What we sow in tears, shall reap.  
 Bear him up the icy hill,  
 With the Kansas, frozen still  
 As his noble heart, below,  
 And the land he came to till 10  
 With a freeman's thews and will,  
 And his poor hut roofed with snow!  
 One more look of that dead face,  
 Of his murder's ghastly trace!  
 One more kiss, O widowed one 15

Lay your left hands on his brow,  
 Lift your right hands up, and vow  
 That his work shall yet be done.  
 Patience, friends! The eye of God  
 Every path by Murder trod 20  
 Watches, lidless, day and night;  
 And the dead man in his shroud,  
 And his widow weeping loud,  
 And our hearts, are in His sight.  
 Every deadly threat that swells 25  
 With the roar of gambling hells,  
 Every brutal jest and jeer,  
 Every wicked thought and plan  
 Of the cruel heart of man,  
 Though but whispered, He can hear! 30  
 We in suffering, they in crime,  
 Wait the just award of time,  
 Wait the vengeance that is due;  
 Not in vain a heart shall break,  
 Not a tear for Freedom's sake 35  
 Fall unheeded: God is true.  
 While the flag with stars bedecked  
 Threatens where it should protect,  
 And the Law shakes hands with Crime,  
 What is left us but to wait, 40  
 Match our patience to our fate,  
 And abide the better time?  
 Patience, friends! The human heart  
 Everywhere shall take our part,  
 Everywhere for us shall pray; 45  
 On our side are nature's laws,  
 And God's life is in the cause  
 That we suffer for to-day.  
 Well to suffer is divine;  
 Pass the watchword down the line, 50  
 Pass the countersign: 'Endure.'  
 Not to him who rashly dares,  
 But to him who nobly bears,  
 Is the victor's garland sure.  
 Frozen earth to frozen breast, 55  
 Lay our slain one down to rest;  
 Lay him down in hope and faith,  
 And above the broken sod,  
 Once again, to Freedom's God,  
 Pledge ourselves for life or death, 60

That the State whose walls we lay,  
In our blood and tears, to-day,  
Shall be free from bonds of shame,  
And our goodly land untrod  
By the feet of Slavery, shod  
With cursing as with flame !

65

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,  
For the hunter of the slave  
In its shadow cannot rest ;  
And let martyr mound and tree  
Be our pledge and guaranty  
Of the freedom of the West !  
1856.

70

### TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O STATE prayer-founded ! never hung  
Such choice upon a people's tongue,  
Such power to bless or ban,  
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,  
For which on thee the centuries wait, 5  
And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,  
With groanings from a land in pain,  
The west-wind finds its way :  
Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood 10  
The crying of thy children's blood  
Is in thy ears to-day !

And unto thee in Freedom's hour  
Of sorest need God gives the power  
To ruin or to save ;  
To wound or heal, to blight or bless 15  
With fertile field or wilderness,  
A free home or a grave !

Then let thy virtue match the crime,  
Rise to a level with the time ; 20  
And, if a son of thine  
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like  
For Fatherland and Freedom strike  
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease, 25  
The great occasion's forelock seize ;  
And let the north-wind strong,  
And golden leaves of autumn, be  
Thy coronal of Victory  
And thy triumphal song. 30  
10th mo., 1856.

### LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending  
men, in Southern Kansas, in May, 1858, took  
place near the Marais du Cygne of the French  
*voyageurs*.

A BLUSH as of roses  
Where rose never grew !  
Great drops on the bunch-grass,  
But not of the dew !  
A taint in the sweet air 5  
For wild bees to shun !  
A stain that shall never  
Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies !  
Sweet song-bird, fly back ! 10  
Wheel hither, bald vulture !  
Gray wolf, call thy pack !  
The foul human vultures  
Have feasted and fled ;  
The wolves of the Border 15  
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,  
The fields of their corn,  
Unwarned and unweaponed,  
The victims were torn, — 20  
By the whirlwind of murder  
Swooped up and swept on  
To the low, reedy fen-lands,  
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy 25  
No stout knee was crooked ;  
In the mouths of the rifles  
Right manly they looked.  
How paled the May sunshine,  
O Marais du Cygne ! 30  
On death for the strong life,  
On red grass for green !

In the homes of their rearing,  
Yet warm with their lives,  
Ye wait the dead only, 35  
Poor children and wives !  
Put out the red forge-fire,  
The smith shall not come ;  
Unyoke the brown oxen,  
The ploughman lies dumb. 40

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,  
O dreary death-train,  
With pressed lips as bloodless  
As lips of the slain!

Kiss down the young eyelids, 45  
Smooth down the gray hairs;  
Let tears quench the curses  
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,  
Mourn bitter and wild! 50  
Wail, desolate woman!  
Weep, fatherless child!  
But the grain of God springs up  
From ashes beneath,  
And the crown of His harvest 55  
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial  
The shade moves along,  
To point the great contrasts  
Of right and of wrong: 60  
Free homes and free altars,  
Free prairie and flood,—  
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,  
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas 65  
That blood shall not dry;  
Henceforth the Bad Angel  
Shall harmless go by;  
Henceforth to the sunset,  
Unchecked on her way,  
Shall Liberty follow 70  
The march of the day.

1858.

#### THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed  
They saw the stars march slow;  
The wild Sierra overhead,  
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark, 5  
The gray bear from his den,  
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,  
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain,  
Their leader's sleepless eye, 10  
Where splinters of the mountain chain  
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow: at last, a glow,  
A gleam of sudden fire,  
Shot up behind the walls of snow, 15  
And tipped each icy spire.

'Up, men!' he cried, 'yon rocky cone,  
To-day, please God, we'll pass,  
And look from Winter's frozen throne  
On Summer's flowers and grass!' 20

They set their faces to the blast,  
They trod the eternal snow,  
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last  
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed 25  
By many an icy horn;  
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,  
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs  
To flap his baffled wing, 30  
And downward, with the cataracts,  
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,  
Another task remains,  
To break from Slavery's desert land 35  
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,  
Yet, flashing through the night,  
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear 40  
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Frémont! and go before;  
The Hour must have its Man;  
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,  
And lead in Freedom's van!

8th mo., 1856.

#### A SONG FOR THE TIME.

Written in the summer of 1856, during the political campaign of the Free Soil party under the candidacy of John C. Frémont.

UP, laggards of Freedom!—our free flag  
is cast  
To the blaze of the sun and the wings of  
the blast;  
Will ye turn from a struggle so bravely  
begun,  
From a foe that is breaking, a field that's  
half won?

Whoso loves not his kind, and who fears  
not the Lord, 5  
Let him join that foe's service, accursed  
and abhorred !  
Let him do his base will, as the slave only  
can,—  
Let him put on the bloodhound, and put  
off the Man !

Let him go where the cold blood that  
creeps in his veins  
Shall stiffen the slave-whip, and rust on  
his chains ; 10  
Where the black slave shall laugh in his  
bonds, to behold  
The White Slave beside him, self-fettered  
and sold !

But ye, who still boast of hearts beating  
and warm,  
Rise, from lake shore and ocean's, like  
waves in a storm,  
Come, throng round our banner in  
Liberty's name, 15  
Like winds from your mountains, like  
prairies aflame !

Our foe, hidden long in his ambush of  
night,  
Now, forced from his covert, stands black  
in the light.  
Oh, the cruel to Man, and the hateful to  
God,  
Smite him down to the earth, that is  
cursed where he trod ! 20

For deeper than thunder of summer's loud  
shower,  
On the dome of the sky God is striking  
the hour !  
Shall we falter before what we've prayed  
for so long,  
When the Wrong is so weak, and the  
Right is so strong ?

Come forth all together ! come old and  
come young, 25  
Freedom's vote in each hand, and her  
song on each tongue ;  
Truth naked is stronger than Falsehood  
in mail ;  
The Wrong cannot prosper, the Right  
cannot fail !

Like leaves of the summer once numbered  
the foe,  
But the hoar-frost is falling, the northern  
winds blow ; 30  
Like leaves of November ere long shall  
they fall,  
For earth wearies of them, and God's  
over all !

## WHAT OF THE DAY ?

Written during the stirring weeks when the  
great political battle for Freedom under Fré-  
mont's leadership was permitting strong hope of  
success,—a hope overshadowed and solemnized  
by a sense of the magnitude of the barbaric evil,  
and a forecast of the unscrupulous and desperate  
use of all its powers in the last and decisive  
struggle.

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,  
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky  
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings  
glare ;  
The hills blaze red with warnings ; foes  
draw nigh,  
Treading the dark with challenge and  
reply. 5  
Behold the burden of the prophet's  
vision ;  
The gathering hosts,—the Valley of  
Decision,  
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling  
o'er.  
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not  
light !  
It breaks in thunder and the whirl-  
wind's roar ! 10  
Even so, Father ! Let Thy will be  
done ;  
Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou hast  
begun  
In judgment or in mercy : as for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free 15  
Who find Thy service perfect liberty !  
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal  
life  
Has reached the hour (albeit through  
care and pain)  
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,

Close dim and vast on Armageddon's  
plain ; 20  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling back the Spirits of the  
Night.  
Oh for the faith to read the signs aright  
And, from the angle of Thy perfect  
sight,  
See Truth's white banner floating on  
before ; 25  
And the Good Cause, despite of venal  
friends,  
And base expedients, move to noble  
ends ;  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time  
amends,  
And, through its cloud of dust, the  
threshing-floor,  
Flailed by the thunder, heaped with  
chaffless grain ! 30  
1856.

## A SONG

## INSCRIBED TO THE FRÉMONT CLUBS.

Written after the election in 1856, which  
showed the immense gains of the Free Soil party,  
and insured its success in 1860.

BENEATH thy skies, November !  
Thy skies of cloud and rain,  
Around our blazing camp-fires  
We close our ranks again.  
Then sound again the bugles, 5  
Call the muster-roll anew ;  
If months have well-nigh won the  
field,  
What may not four years do ?  
For God be praised ! New England  
Takes once more her ancient place ; 10  
Again the Pilgrim's banner  
Leads the vanguard of the race.  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.  
Along the lordly Hudson,  
A shout of triumph breaks ; 15  
The Empire State is speaking,  
From the ocean to the lakes.  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.

The Northern hills are blazing,  
The Northern skies are bright ; 20  
And the fair young West is turning  
Her forehead to the light !  
Then sound again the bugles, etc.  
Push every outpost nearer,  
Press hard the hostile towers ! 25  
Another Balaklava,  
And the Malakoff is ours !  
Then sound again the bugles,  
Call the muster-roll anew ;  
If months have well-nigh won the field,  
What may not four years do ? 31

## THE PANORAMA.

[Written with a view to political effect in the  
Presidential campaign of 1856. It was read by  
T. Starr King at the opening of a course of  
lectures on slavery delivered in Boston at that  
time.]

'A! fredome is a nobill thing!  
Fredome mayse man to half liking.  
Fredome all solace to man giffis ;  
He levys at ese that frely levys !  
A nobill hart may half nane ese  
Na ellys nocht that may him pleso  
Gyff Fredome fallythe.'

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered  
windows shed  
A dubious light on every upturned head ;  
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,  
On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,  
On blank indifference and on curious  
stare ; 5  
On the pale Showman reading from his  
stage  
The hieroglyphics of that facial page ;  
Half sad, half scornful, listening to the  
bruit  
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,  
And the shrill call, across the general  
din, 10  
'Roll up your curtain ! Let the show  
begin !'  
At length a murmur like the winds  
that break  
Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,

Deepened and swelled to music clear and  
loud,

And, as the west-wind lifts a summer  
cloud, 15

The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far  
A green land stretching to the evening  
star,

Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees  
And flowers hummed over by the desert  
bees,

Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of  
greenness show 20

Fantastic outcrops of the rock below ;  
The slow result of patient Nature's pains,  
And plastic fingering of her sun and  
rains ;

Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely  
windowed hall,

And long escarpment of half-crumbled  
wall, 25

Huger than those which, from steep hills  
of vine,

Stare through their loopholes on the  
travelled Rhine ;

Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind  
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,

Of the land's dwellers in an age un-  
guessed : 30

The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells  
surpass

The Tartar's marvels of his Land of  
Grass,

Vast as the sky against whose sunset  
shores

Wave after wave the billowy greenness  
pours ; 35

And, onward still, like islands in that  
main

Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain  
chain,

Whence east and west a thousand waters  
run

From winter lingering under summer's  
sun.

And, still beyond, long lines of foam and  
sand 40

Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,  
From many a wide-lapped port and land-  
locked bay,

Opening with thunderous pomp the  
world's highway

To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far  
Cathay.

'Such,' said the Showman, as the  
curtain fell, 45

'Is the new Canaan of our Israel ;  
The land of promise to the swarming  
North.

Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus  
forth,

To the poor Southron on his worn-out  
soil,

Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil ; 50  
To Europe's exiles seeking home and

rest,  
And the lank nomads of the wandering  
West,

Who, asking neither, in their love of  
change

And the free bison's amplitude of range,  
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter  
meant, 55

Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent.'

Then spake a shrewd on-looker, 'Sir,'  
said he,

'I like your picture, but I fain would see  
A sketch of what your promised land  
will be

When, with electric nerve, and fiery-  
brained, 60

With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,  
The future grasping, by the past obeyed,

The twentieth century rounds a new  
decade.'

Then said the Showman, sadly : 'He  
who grieves

Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves 65  
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we

know  
What needs must ripen from the seeds we  
sow ;

That present time is but the mould  
wherein

We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.  
A painful watcher of the passing hour, 70

Its lust of gold, its strife for place and  
power ;

Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence,  
truth,  
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted  
youth;  
Nor yet unmindful of each better sign,  
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon  
shine, 75  
Like those which sometimes tremble on  
the rim  
Of clouded skies when day is closing  
dim,  
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain  
The hope of sunshine on the hills again:  
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes  
that pass 80  
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;  
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,  
Doth the dread angel of the future hold  
Evil and good before us, with no voice  
Or warning look to guide us in our  
choice; 85  
With spectral hands outreaching through  
the gloom  
The shadowy contrasts of the coming  
doom.  
Transferred from these, it now remains  
to give  
The sun and shade of Fate's alternative.'

Then, with a burst of music, touching  
all 90  
The keys of thrifty life,—the mill-stream's  
fall,  
The engine's pant along its quivering  
rails,  
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of  
flails,  
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's  
whistled tune,  
Answering the summons of the bells of  
noon, 95  
The woodman's hail along the rivershores,  
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of  
oars:  
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land  
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either  
hand  
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the  
sun, 100  
And the tall maize its yellow tassels  
spun.

Smooth highways set with hedge-rows  
living green,  
With steepled towns through shaded  
vistas seen,  
The school-house murmuring with its  
hive-like swarm,  
The brook-bank whitening in the grist-  
mill's storm, 105  
The painted farm-house shining through  
the leaves  
Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,  
Where live again, around the Western  
hearth,  
The homely old-time virtues of the North;  
Where the blithe housewife rises with the  
day, 110  
And well-paid labor counts his task a play.  
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,  
And the free Gospel of Humanity,  
Of diverse sects and differing names the  
shrines,  
One in their faith, whate'er their outward  
signs, 115  
Like varying strophes of the same sweet  
hymn  
From many a prairie's swell and river's  
brim,  
A thousand church-spires sanctify the air  
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of  
prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and  
green 120  
The curtain dropped: and, momentarily,  
between  
The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,  
Half sob, half laughter, music swept along;  
A strange refrain, whose idle words and  
low,  
Like drunken mourners, kept the time of  
woe; 125  
As if the revellers at a masquerade  
Heard in the distance funeral marches  
played.  
Such music, dashing all his smiles with  
tears,  
The thoughtful voyager on Pontchartrain  
hears,  
Where, through the noonday dusk of  
wooded shores 130  
The negro boatman, singing to his oars,

With a wild pathos borrowed of his wrong  
Redeems the jargon of his senseless song.  
'Look,' said the Showman, sternly, as he  
rolled  
His curtain upward. 'Fate's reverse  
behold!' 135

A village straggling in loose disarray  
Of vulgar newness, premature decay;  
A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,  
With '*Slaves at Auction!*' garnishing its  
walls;

Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,  
The shrowd-eyed salesman, garrulous and  
loud, 141

A squire or colonel in his pride of place,  
Known at free fights, the caucus, and the  
race,

Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,  
And silence doubters with a ten-pace  
shot, 145

Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant  
With pious phrase and democratic cant,  
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,  
To sell the infant from its mother's  
breast,

Break through all ties of wedlock, home,  
and kin, 150

Yield shrinking girlhood up to graybeard  
sin;

Sell all the virtues with his human stock,  
The Christian graces on his auction-  
block,

And coolly count on shrewdest bargains  
driven

In hearts regenerate, and in souls for-  
given! 155

Look once again! The moving canvas  
shows

A slave plantation's slovenly repose,  
Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their  
weeds,

The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and  
breeds; 159

And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,  
Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.  
There, early summoned to the hemp and  
corn,

The nursing mother leaves her child new-  
born;

There haggard sickness, weak and deathly  
faint,

Crawls to his task, and fears to make com-  
plaint; 165

And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,  
Weep for their lost ones sold and torn  
away!

Of ampler size the master's dwelling  
stands,

In shabby keeping with his half-tilled  
lands;

The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds  
unclean, 170

The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.

Without, loose-scattered like a wreck  
adrift,

Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift;  
Within, profusion to discomfort joined,

The listless body and the vacant mind;  
The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood,

born 176

In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and  
scorn!

There, all the vices, which, like birds  
obscene,

Batten on slavery loathsome and un-  
clean,

From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,  
Pollute the nursery where the child-heir  
lies, 181

Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,  
With the fell poison of a breast impure;

Touch boyhood's passions with the breath  
of flame,

From girlhood's instincts steal the blush  
of shame. 185

So swells, from low to high, from weak to  
strong,

The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong;  
Guilty or guiltless, all within its range

Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart  
reveals. 190

Up the long western steppes the blighting  
steals;

Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate  
Glides like a shadow to the Golden  
Gate:

From sea to sea the drear eclipse is  
thrown,



From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have  
grown, 195  
A belt of curses on the New World's  
zone!

The curtain fell. All drew a freer  
breath,  
As men are wont to do when mournful  
death  
Is covered from their sight. The Show-  
man stood  
With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude  
One moment, then with sudden gesture  
shook 201  
His loose hair back, and with the air and  
look  
Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage  
And listening group, the presence of the  
age,  
And heard the footsteps of the things  
to be, 205  
Poured out his soul in earnest words and  
free.

'O friends!' he said, 'in this poor trick  
of paint  
You see the semblance, incomplete and  
faint,  
Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,  
Stands dim and silent, waiting in your  
way. 210  
To-day, your servant, subject to your  
will;  
To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.  
If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,  
If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,  
If the world granary of the West is  
made 215  
The last foul market of the slaver's trade,  
Why rail at fate? The mischief is your  
own.  
Why hate your neighbor? Blame your-  
selves alone!

'Men of the North! The South you  
charge with wrong'  
Is weak and poor, while you are rich and  
strong. 220  
If questions,—idle and absurd as those  
The old-time monks and Paduan doctors  
chose,—

Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead  
banks,  
And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your  
ranks,  
Your thews united could, at once, roll  
back 225  
The jostled nation to its primal track.  
Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly,  
just,  
True to the faith your fathers left in  
trust,  
If stainless honor outweighed in your  
scale  
A codfish quintal or a factory bale, 230  
Full many a noble heart, (and such re-  
main  
In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's  
plain,  
Who watch and wait, and from the  
wrong's control  
Keep white and pure their chastity of  
soul,)  
Now sick to loathing of your weak com-  
plaints, 235  
Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers  
as saints,  
Would half-way meet the frankness of  
your tone,  
And feel their pulses beating with your  
own.

'The North! the South! no geographic  
line  
Can fix the boundary or the point  
define, 240  
Since each with each so closely inter-  
blends,  
Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom  
ends.  
Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reach-  
ing, hide  
Of the fell Upas on the Southern side;  
The tree whose branches in your north-  
winds wave 245  
Dropped its young blossoms on Mount  
Vernon's grave;  
The nursing growth of Monticello's  
crest  
Is now the glory of the free Northwest;  
To the wise maxims of her olden school  
Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;

Seward's words of power, and Sumner's  
 fresh renown, 251  
 Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid  
 down !  
 And when, at length, her years of madness  
 o'er,  
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates'  
 shore,  
 From her long lapse to savagery, her  
 mouth 255  
 Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the  
 South,  
 Resumes her old attire, and seeks to  
 smooth  
 Her unkempt tresses at the glass of 'ruth,  
 Her early faith shall find a tongue again,  
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that old  
 refrain, 260  
 Her sons with yours renew the ancient  
 pact,  
 The myth of Union prove at last a fact !  
 Then, if one murmur mars the wide con-  
 tent,  
 Some Northern lip will drawl the last  
 dissent,  
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own  
 Lament to find his occupation gone. 266

'Grant that the North's insulted,  
 scorned, betrayed,  
 O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor  
 made,  
 When selfish thrift and party held the  
 scales  
 For peddling dicker, not for honest  
 sales,— 270  
 Whom shall we strike? Who most de-  
 serves our blame?  
 The braggart Southron, open in his aim,  
 And bold as wicked, crashing straight  
 through all  
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon-  
 ball?  
 Or the mean traitor, breathing northern  
 air, 275  
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,  
 Whose cant the loss of principle survives,  
 As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives;  
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul  
 offence,  
 Puts on a look of injured innocence, 280

And consecrates his baseness to the cause  
 Of constitution, union, and the laws?  
 'Praise to the place-man who can hold  
 aloof  
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-  
 proof: 284  
 Who on his round of duty walks erect,  
 And leaves it only rich in self-respect;  
 As More maintained his virtue's lofty  
 port  
 In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody  
 court.  
 But, if exceptions here and there are  
 found,  
 Who tread thus safely on enchanted  
 ground, 290  
 The normal type, the fitting symbol  
 still  
 Of those who fatten at the public mill,  
 Is the chained dog beside his master's  
 door,  
 Or Circe's victim, feeding on all four !

'Give me the heroes who, at tuck of  
 drum, 295  
 Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum !  
 Or they who, doubly armed with vote  
 and gun,  
 Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,  
 Their drunken franchise shift from scene  
 to scene,  
 As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine !  
 Rather than him who, born beneath our  
 skies, 301  
 To Slavery's hand its supplest tool sup-  
 plies;  
 The party felon whose unblushing face  
 Looks from the pillory of his bribe of  
 place,  
 And coolly makes a merit of disgrace, 305  
 Points to the footmarks of indignant  
 scorn,  
 Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing  
 horn;  
 And passes to his credit side the sum  
 Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyr-  
 dom !

'Bane of the North, its canker and its  
 moth ! 310  
 These modern Esaus, bartering rights for  
 broth !

Taxing our justice, with their double claim,	As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,	340
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame;	Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales!	
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within	'Such are the men who in your churches rave	
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,	To swearing-point, at mention of the slave!	315
Part at the outset with their moral sense,	When some poor parson, haply unawares,	
The watchful angel set for Truth's defence;	Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers;	345
Confound all contrasts, good and ill; reverse	Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town	
The poles of life, its blessing and its curse;	Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.	
And lose thenceforth from their perverted sight	Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,	320
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong and right;	Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,	
To them the Law is but the iron span	With hue and cry pursue him on his track,	350
That girds the ankles of imbruted man;	And write <i>Free-soiler</i> on the poor man's back.	
To them the Gospel has no higher aim	Such are the men who leave the pedler's cart,	
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,	While faring South, to learn the driver's art,	325
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,	Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim	
Like Chaliar's Bible at his ass's tail!	The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,	355
'Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,	Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves	
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,	The double charm of widowhood and slaves!	
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,	Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show	330
And scare the nurseries and the village schools	To what base depths apostasy can go;	
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,	Outdo the natives in their readiness	360
A broken Union and a foundered State!	To roast a negro, or to mob a press;	
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake	Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lyncher's rail,	
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:	Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail!	335
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,	'So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer bear	364
And by their loss of manhood save the State.	The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,	
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,	By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,	
And test the virtues of cohesive dough;	Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,	

And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,  
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful only  
 kneel,  
 Out-hows the Dervish, hugs his rags to  
 court 370  
 The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt;  
 And, when beneath the city gateway's  
 span  
 Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,  
 And through its midst, pursued by Islam's  
 prayers,  
 The prophet's Word some favored camel  
 bears, 375  
 The marked apostate has his place as-  
 signed  
 The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,  
 With brush and pitcher following, grave  
 and mute,  
 In meek attendance on the holy brute!

'Men of the North! beneath your very  
 eyes, 380  
 By hearth and home, your real danger  
 lies,  
 Still day by day some hold of freedom  
 falls  
 Through home-bred traitors fed within  
 its walls.  
 Men whom yourselves with vote and purse  
 sustain,  
 At posts of honor, influence, and gain;  
 The right of Slavery to your sons to  
 teach, 386  
 And "South-side" Gospels in your pulpits  
 preach,  
 Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear  
 On the sharp point of her subverted  
 spear,  
 And imitate upon her cushion plump 390  
 The mad Missourian lynching from his  
 stump;  
 Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor  
 Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more;  
 And, ere your dull eyes open to the  
 cheat,  
 Sell your old homestead underneath your  
 feet! 395  
 While such as these your loftiest outlooks  
 hold,  
 While truth and conscience with your  
 wares are sold,

While grave-browed merchants band  
 themselves to aid  
 An annual man-hunt for their Southern  
 trade,  
 What moral power within your grasp  
 remains 400  
 To stay the mischief on Nebraska's  
 plains:  
 High as the tides of generous impulse flow.  
 As far rolls back the selfish undertow;  
 And all your brave resolves, though aimed  
 as true  
 As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,  
 To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a  
 shock 406  
 As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling  
 rock!

'Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause  
 demands  
 The earnest efforts of your hearts and  
 hands,  
 Urged by all motives that can prompt the  
 heart 410  
 To prayer and toil and manhood's man-  
 liest part;  
 Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature  
 joins  
 The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,  
 The north-wind's anger, and the south-  
 wind's sigh,  
 The midnight sword-dance of the northern  
 sky, 415  
 And, to the ear that bends above the sod  
 Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields  
 of God,  
 In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,  
 The land's dead fathers speak their hope  
 or fear,  
 Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's  
 hand 420  
 The guiding rein and symbol of com-  
 mand.  
 Blame not the caution proffering to your  
 zeal  
 A well-meant drag upon its hurrying  
 wheel;  
 Nor chide the man whose honest doubt  
 extends  
 To the means only, not the righteous  
 ends; 425

Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears  
 Of milder natures and serener years.  
 In the long strife with evil which began  
 With the first lapse of new-created man,  
 Wisely and well has Providence assigned  
 To each his part,—some forward, some behind; 431  
 And they, too, serve who temper and restrain  
 The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.  
 True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame  
 With what you have; let others do the same. 435  
 Spare timid doubters; set like flint your face  
 Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place:  
 Pity the weak; but with unsparing hand  
 Cast out the traitors who infest the land;  
 From bar, press, pulpit, cast them every-where, 440  
 By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.  
 And in their place bring men of antique mould,  
 Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold;  
 Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount  
 Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount; 445  
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day  
 Still spared, Heaven bless him!) honor more than pay,  
 And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay;  
 Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore  
 The faith of Wesley to our Western shore, 450  
 And held no convert genuine till he broke  
 Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke;  
 And priests like him who Newport's market trod,  
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God!

So shall your power, with a wise prudence used, 455  
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,  
 In kindly keeping with the good of all,  
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,  
 Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,  
 And leave her foe his robber-right,—to live. 460  
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen!  
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den!  
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,  
 The focal point of million-fingered shame!  
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults, 465  
 Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,  
 Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's cheers,  
 The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,  
 And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right hand,  
 The vile encumbrance from his glorious land! 470  
 'So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth  
 Its widening circles to the South or North,  
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars  
 Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,  
 There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand 475  
 The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.  
 And when at last the hunted bison treads,  
 And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires;  
 And westward, wave on wave, the living flood  
 Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood; 480  
 And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread  
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-  
 led;

And, gazing downward through his hoar-  
locks, sees  
The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,  
The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to  
hear 485  
Pacific's surf beat answer Freedom's  
cheer,  
And one long rolling fire of triumph run  
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun!

My task is done. The Showman and  
his show,  
Themselves but shadows, into shadows  
go; 490  
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,  
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung;  
If the harsh numbers grate on tender  
ears,  
And the rough picture overwrought ap-  
pears;  
With deeper coloring, with a sterner  
blast, 495  
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,  
Such as might Milton's jarring trump  
require,  
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid  
fire.  
Oh, not of choice, for themes of public  
wrong  
I leave the green and pleasant paths of  
song, 500  
The mild, sweet words which soften and  
adorn,  
For sharp rebuke and bitter laugh of  
scorn.  
More dear to me some song of private  
worth,  
Some homely idyl of my native North,  
Some summer pastoral of her inland  
vales, 505  
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside  
tales  
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails;  
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to  
helm  
With prayers of love like dreams on  
Virgil's elm.  
Nor private grief nor malice holds my  
pen; 510  
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men;

And, South or North, wherever hearts of  
prayer  
Their woes and weakness to our Father  
bear,  
Wherever fruits of Christian love are  
found  
In holy lives, to me is holy ground. 515  
But the time passes. It were vain to  
crave  
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.  
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,  
And shame his poor word with your  
nobler deed.  
1856.

## ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY  
SCHEFFER'S 'CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR,'  
AMERICANIZED BY THE OMISSION OF  
THE BLACK MAN.

It is hardly to be credited, yet is true, that  
in the anxiety of the Northern merchant to  
conciliate his Southern customer, a publisher  
was found ready thus to mutilate Scheffer's  
picture. He intended his edition for use in the  
Southern States undoubtedly, but copies fell  
into the hands of those who believed literally  
in a gospel which was to preach liberty to the  
captive.

O ARY SCHEFFER! when beneath thine  
eye,  
Touched with the light that cometh  
from above,  
Grew the sweet picture of the dear  
Lord's love,  
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands  
would tear  
Therefrom the token of His equal care, 5  
And make thy symbol of His truth  
a lie!  
The poor, dumb slave whose shackles fall  
away  
In His compassionate gaze, grubbed  
smoothly out,  
To mar no more the exercise devout  
Of sleek oppression kneeling down to  
pray 10  
Where the great oriel stains the Sabbath  
day!

Let whoso can before such praying-books  
 Kneel on his velvet cushion ; I, for one,  
 Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the sun,  
 Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetar  
 brooks, 15  
 Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-floor.  
 No falser idol man has bowed before,  
 In Indian groves or islands of the sea,  
 Than that which through the quaint-  
 carved Gothic door  
 Looks forth, — a Church without hu-  
 manity ! 20  
 Patron of pride, and prejudice, and  
 wrong, —  
 The rich man's charm and fetich of the  
 strong,  
 The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped, and  
 shorn,  
 The seamless robe of equal mercy torn,  
 The dear Christ hidden from His kindred  
 flesh, 25  
 And, in His poor ones, crucified afresh !  
 Better the simple Lama scattering wide,  
 Where sweeps the storm Alechan's  
 steppes along,  
 His paper horses for the lost to ride,  
 And wearying Buddha with his prayers  
 to make 30  
 The figures living for the traveller's sake,  
 Than he who hopes with cheap praise to  
 beguile  
 The ear of God, dishonoring man the  
 while ;  
 Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges, rusty  
 grown,  
 Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue  
 alone ; 35  
 That in the scale Eternal Justice bears  
 The generous deed weighs less than selfish  
 prayers,  
 And words intoned with graceful unction  
 move  
 The Eternal Goodness more than lives of  
 truth and love.  
 Alas, the Church ! The reverend head of  
 Jay, 40  
 Enhaloed with its saintly silvered hair,  
 Adorns no more the places of her  
 prayer ;  
 And brave young Tyng, too early called  
 away,

Troubles the Haman of her courts no  
 more  
 Like the just Hebrew at the Assyrian's  
 door ; 45  
 And her sweet ritual, beautiful but dead  
 As the dry husk from which the grain  
 is shed,  
 And holy hymns from which the life  
 devout  
 Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh gone  
 out,  
 Like candles dying in exhausted air,  
 For Sabbath use in measured grists are  
 ground ; 51  
 And, ever while the spiritual mill goes  
 round,  
 Between the upper and the nether  
 stones,  
 Unseen, unheard, the wretched bondman  
 groans,  
 And urges his vain plea, prayer-smothered,  
 anthem-drowned ! 55  
 O heart of mine, keep patience ! Looking  
 forth,  
 As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,  
 Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ  
 on earth ;  
 The martyr's dream, the golden age  
 foretold !  
 And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,  
 Brimmed with His blessing, pass from  
 lip to lip 61  
 In sacred pledge of human fellowship ;  
 And over all the songs of angels hear ;  
 Songs of the love that casteth out all  
 fear ;  
 Songs of the Gospel of Humanity ! 65  
 Lo ! in the midst, with the same look  
 He wore,  
 Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's  
 shore,  
 Folding together, with the all-tender  
 might  
 Of His great love, the dark hands and the  
 white,  
 Stands the Consoler, soothing every  
 pain, 70  
 Making all burdens light, and breaking  
 every chain.  
 1859.

THE SUMMONS.

[After publishing this poem Whittier wrote to Lucy Larcom: 'I do not quite like the tone of *The Summons* now that it is published. It was, however, an expression of a state of mind which thee would regard as pardonable if thee knew all the circumstances. It is *too complaining*, and I hope I shall not be left to do such a thing again.']

My ear is full of summer sounds,  
Of summer sights my languid eye;  
Beyond the dusty village bounds  
I loiter in my daily rounds,  
And in the noon-time shadows lie. 5

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,  
The bird swings on the ripened wheat,  
The long green lances of the corn  
Are tilting in the winds of morn,  
The locust shrills his song of heat. 10

Another sound my spirit hears,  
A deeper sound that drowns them all;  
A voice of pleading choked with tears,  
The call of human hopes and fears,  
The Macedonian cry to Paul! 15

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows;  
I know the word and countersign;  
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,  
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,  
I know the place that should be mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold, 21  
And lips that woo the reed's accord,  
When laggard Time the hour has tolled  
For true with false and new with old  
To fight the battles of the Lord! 25

O brothers! blest by partial Fate  
With power to match the will and deed,  
To him your summons comes too late  
Who sinks beneath his armor's weight,  
And has no answer but God-speed! 30

1860.

TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.<sup>18</sup>

On the 12th of January, 1861, Mr. Seward delivered in the Senate chamber a speech on *The State of the Union*, in which he urged the paramount duty of preserving the Union, and went as far as it was possible to go, without surrender of principles, in concessions to the Southern party, concluding his argument with these words: 'Having submitted my own opinions on this great crisis, it remains only to say, that I shall cheerfully lend to the government my best support in whatever prudent yet energetic efforts it shall make to preserve the public peace, and to maintain and preserve the Union; advising, only, that it practise, as far as possible, the utmost moderation, forbearance, and conciliation. . . . This Union has not yet accomplished what good for mankind was manifestly designed by Him who appoints the seasons and prescribes the duties of states and empires. No; if it were cast down by faction to-day, it would rise again and reappear in all its majestic proportions to-morrow. It is the only government that can stand here. Woe! woe! to the man that madly lifts his hand against it. It shall continue and endure; and men, in after times, shall declare that this generation, which saved the Union from such sudden and unlooked-for dangers, surpassed in magnanimity even that one which laid its foundations in the eternal principles of liberty, justice, and humanity.'

STATESMAN, I thank thee! and, if yet  
dissent  
Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,  
I cannot censure what was nobly meant.  
But, while constrained to hold even  
Union less  
Than Liberty and Truth and Righteousness, 5  
I thank thee in the sweet and holy name  
Of peace, for wise calm words that put to  
shame  
Passion and party. Courage may be  
shown  
Not in defiance of the wrong alone;  
He may be bravest who, unweaponed,  
bears 10  
The olive branch, and, strong in justice,  
spares



The rash wrong-doer, giving widest scope  
To Christian charity and generous hope.  
If, without damage to the sacred cause  
Of Freedom and the safeguard of its  
laws— 15

If, without yielding that for which alone  
We prize the Union, thou canst save it  
now

From a baptism of blood, upon thy brow  
A wreath whose flowers no earthly soil  
have known,

Woven of the beatitudes, shall rest, 20  
And the peacemaker be forever blest !

1861.

### IN WAR TIME.

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL AND  
HARRIET W. SEWALL,

OF MELROSE.

These lines to my old friends stood as dedica-  
tion in the volume which contained a collection  
of pieces under the general title of *In War Time*.  
The group belonging distinctly under that title  
I have retained here; the other pieces in the  
volume are distributed among the appropriate  
divisions.

OLOR ISCANUS queries: 'Why should we  
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie?'  
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red  
dawn

Of England's civil strife, did careless  
Vaughan

Bemock his times. O friends of many  
years! 5

Though faith and trust are stronger than  
our fears,

And the signs promise peace with liberty,  
Not thus we trifle with our country's  
tears

And sweat of agony. The future's gain  
Is certain as God's truth; but, mean-  
while, pain 10

Is bitter and tears are salt: our voices  
take

A sober tone; our very household songs  
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and  
wrongs;

And innocent mirth is chastened for the  
sake

Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall  
beat, 15

The eyes that smile no more, the un-  
returning feet !

1863.

### THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way  
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayers we lift,  
Thy will be done ! 5

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
The weakness of our love of ease?  
Thy will be done ! 10

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done ! 15

Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
And thank Thee that our age supplies  
Its dark relief of sacrifice.  
Thy will be done ! 20

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press;  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done ! 25

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done ! 30

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies !  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done ! 35  
1861.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black  
eclipse  
Light after light goes out. One evil  
star,  
Luridly glaring through the smoke of  
war,  
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,  
Drags others down. Let us not weakly  
weep 5  
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace to  
keep  
Our faith and patience; wherefore should  
we leap  
On one hand into fratricidal fight,  
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,  
Frame lies of law, and good and ill con-  
found? 10  
What fear we? Safe on freedom's van-  
tage-ground  
Our feet are planted: let us there remain  
In unrevenged calm, no means untried  
Which truth can sanction, no just claim  
denied,  
The sad spectators of a suicide! 15  
They break the links of Union: shall we  
light  
The fires of hell to weld anew the chain  
On that red anvil where each blow is  
pain?  
Draw we not even now a freer breath,  
As from our shoulders falls a load of  
death 20  
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim  
bore  
When keen with life to a dead horror  
bound?  
Why take we up the accursed thing  
again?  
Pity, forgive, but urge them back no  
more  
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt disunion's  
rag 25  
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us press  
The golden cluster on our brave old flag  
In closer union, and, if numbering less,  
Brighter shall shine the stars which still  
remain.

16th, 1st mo., 1861.

'EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast  
The pang of transformation;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire 5  
Where wrongs expire;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.  
The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared  
Its bloody rain is dropping; 11  
The poison plant the fathers spared  
All else is overtopping.  
East, West, South, North,  
It curses the earth; 15  
All justice dies,  
And fraud and lies  
Live only in its shadow.  
What gives the wheat-field blades of  
steel?  
What points the rebel cannon? 20  
What sets the roaring rabble's heel  
On the old star-spangled pennon?  
What breaks the oath  
Of the men o' the South?  
What whets the knife 25  
For the Union's life?—  
Hark to the answer: Slavery!  
Then waste no blows on lesser foes  
In strife unworthy freemen.  
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows 30  
The features of the demon!  
O North and South,  
Its victims both,  
Can ye not cry,  
'Let slavery die!' 35  
And union find in freedom?  
What though the cast-out spirit tear  
The nation in his going?  
We who have shared the guilt must share  
The pang of his o'erthrowing! 40

<p>           Whate'er the loss,            Whate'er the cross,            Shall they complain            Of present pain            Who trust in God's hereafter?         </p>	45	<p> <b>TO JOHN C. FRÉMONT.</b>             On the 31st of August, 1861, General Frémont, then in charge of the Western Department, issued a proclamation which contained a clause, famous as the first announcement of emancipation: 'The property,' it declared, 'real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.' Mr. Lincoln regarded the proclamation as premature and countermanded it, after vainly endeavoring to persuade Frémont of his own motion to revoke it.         </p>
<p>           For who that leans on His right arm            Was ever yet forsaken?            What righteous cause can suffer harm            If He its part has taken?            Though wild and loud,            And dark the cloud,            Behind its folds            His hand upholds            The calm sky of to-morrow!         </p>	50	
<p>           Above the maddening cry for blood,            Above the wild war-drumming,            Let Freedom's voice be heard, with            good            The evil overcoming.            Give prayer and purse            To stay the Curse            Whose wrong we share,            Whose shame we bear,            Whose end shall gladden Heaven!         </p>	55 60	<p>           Thy error, Frémont, simply was to act            A brave man's part, without the states-            man's tact,            And, taking counsel but of common sense,            To strike at cause as well as consequence.            Oh, never yet since Roland wound his            horn            At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown            Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine            own,            Heard from the van of freedom's hope            forlorn!         </p>
<p>           In vain the bells of war shall ring            Of triumphs and revenges,            While still is spared the evil thing            That severs and estranges.            But blest the ear            That yet shall hear            The jubilant bell            That rings the knell            Of Slavery forever!         </p>	65 70	<p>           It had been safer, doubtless, for the            time,            To flatter treason, and avoid offence            To that Dark Power whose underlying            crime            Heaves upward its perpetual turbulence.            But if thine be the fate of all who break            The ground for truth's seed, or forerun            their years            Till lost in distance, or with stout hearts            make            A lane for freedom through the level            spears,            Still take thou courage! God has spoken            through thee,            Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be free!            The land shakes with them, and the            slave's dull ear            Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily to            hear.         </p>
<p>           Then let the selfish lip be dumb,            And hushed the breath of sighing;            Before the joy of peace must come            The pains of purifying.            God give us grace            Each in his place            To bear his lot,            And, murmuring not,            Endure and wait and labor!         </p>	75 80	

Who would recall them now must first  
arrest  
The winds that blow down from the free  
North-west,  
Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll  
back  
The Mississippi to its upper springs.  
Such words fulfil their prophecy, and  
lack 25  
But the full time to harden into things.  
1861.

THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood;  
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,  
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,  
But all the air was quick with pain 5  
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head  
And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland 10  
And lips of blessing, not command,  
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,  
His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,  
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit. 15

'How long!' — I knew the voice of  
Peace, —

'Is there no respite? no release?  
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?

'O Lord, how long! One human soul  
Is more than any parchment scroll, 20  
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

'What price was Ellsworth's, young and  
brave?

How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,  
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

'O brother! if thine eye can see, 25  
Tell how and when the end shall be,  
What hope remains for thee and me.'

Then Freedom sternly said: 'I shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,  
When human rights are staked and won.

'I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock, 31  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block.

'The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped. 36

'But now, through weary day and night,  
I watch a vague and aimless fight  
For leave to strike one blow aright.

'On either side my foe they own: 40  
One guards through love his ghastly  
throne,  
And one through fear to reverence grown.

'Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed,  
By open foes, or those afraid 45  
To speed thy coming through my aid?

'Why watch to see who win or fall?  
I shake the dust against them all,  
I leave them to their senseless brawl.'

'Nay,' Peace implored: 'yet longer wait;  
The doom is near, the stake is great: 50  
God knoweth if it be too late.

'Still wait and watch; the way prepare  
Where I with folded wings of prayer  
May follow, weaponless and bare.'

'Too late!' the stern, sad voice replied, 55  
'Too late!' its mournful echo sighed,  
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,  
An upward gleam of lessening white,  
So passed the vision, sound and sight. 60

But round me, like a silver bell  
Rung down the listening sky to tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

'Still hope and trust,' it sang; 'the rod  
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod, 65  
But all is possible with God!'

1862.

## TO ENGLISHMEN.

Written when, in the stress of our terrible war,  
the English ruling class, with few exceptions,  
were either coldly indifferent or hostile to the  
party of freedom. Their attitude was illustrated  
by caricatures of America, among which was one  
of a slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto,  
'Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger?'

You flung your taunt across the wave ;

We bore it as became us,  
Well knowing that the fettered slave  
Left friendly lips no option save  
To pity or to blame us. 5

You scoffed our plea. 'Mere lack of will,  
Not lack of power,' you told us :  
We showed our free-state records ; still  
You mocked, confounding good and ill,  
Slave-haters and slaveholders. 10

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge  
Of power and means we checked it ;  
Lo !—presto, change ! its claims you urge,  
Send greetings to it o'er the surge,  
And comfort and protect it. 15

But yesterday you scarce could shake,  
In slave-abhorring rigor,  
Our Northern palms for conscience' sake :  
To-day you clasp the hands that ache  
With 'walloping the nigger !' 20

O Englishmen !—in hope and creed,  
In blood and tongue our brothers !  
We too are heirs of Runnymede ;  
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's  
deed  
Are not alone our mother's. 25

'Thicker than water,' in one rill  
Through centuries of story  
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still  
We share with you its good and ill,  
The shadow and the glory. 30

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave  
Nor length of years can part us :  
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,  
The common freehold of the brave,  
The gift of saints and martyrs. 35

Our very sins and follies teach  
Our kindred frail and human :  
We carp at faults with bitter speech,  
The while, for one unshared by each,  
We have a score in common. 40

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,  
To England's Queen, God bless her !  
We praised you when your slaves went  
free :

We seek to unchain ours. Will ye  
Join hands with the oppressor ? 45

And is it Christian England cheers  
The bruiser, not the bruised ?  
And must she run, despite the tears  
And prayers of eighteen hundred years,  
Amuck in Slavery's crusade ? 50

Oh, black disgrace ! Oh, shame and loss  
Too deep for tongue to phrase on !  
Tear from your flag its holy cross,  
And in your van of battle toss  
The pirate's skull-bone blazon ! 55  
1862.

## MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated  
by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up  
to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to  
Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punish-  
ment for their wickedness in first introducing  
the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient  
villainy of the Chians the proverb arose, 'The  
Chian hath bought himself a master.'

KNOW'ST thou, O slave-cursed land !  
How, when the Chian's cup of guilt  
Was full to overflow, there came  
God's justice in the sword of flame  
That, red with slaughter to its hilt, 5  
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's hand ?

The heavens are still and far ;  
But, not unheard of awful Jove,  
The sighing of the island slave  
Was answered, when the Ægean  
wave 10

The keels of Mithridates clove,  
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of  
war.

'Robbers of Chios ! hark,'  
The victor cried, 'to Heaven's decree !  
Pluck your last cluster from the vine,  
Draïn your last cup of Chian wine ; 16  
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall  
be,  
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling dark.'

Then rose the long lament  
From the hoar sea-god's dusky caves : 20  
The priestess rent her hair and cried,  
'Woe ! woe ! The gods are sleepless-  
eyed !'  
And, chained and scourged, the slaves  
of slaves,  
The lords of Chios into exile went.

'The gods at last pay well,' 25  
So Hellas sang her taunting song,  
'The fisher in his net is caught,  
The Chian bath his master bought ;'  
And isle from isle, with laughter long,  
Took up and sped the mocking parable. 30

Once more the slow, dumb years  
Bring their avenging cycle round.  
And, more than Hellas taught of old,  
Our wiser lesson shall be told,  
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned, 35  
To break, not wield, the scourge wet with  
their blood and tears.

1863.

#### AT PORT ROYAL.

In November, 1861, a Union force under Com-  
modore Dupont and General Sherman captured  
Port Royal, and from this point as a basis of  
operations the neighboring islands between  
Charleston and Savannah were taken possession  
of. The early occupation of this district, where  
the negro population was greatly in excess of  
the white, gave an opportunity which was at  
once seized upon, of practically emancipating  
the slaves and of beginning that work of civilization  
which was accepted as the grave responsi-  
bility of those who had labored for freedom.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,  
The ship-lights on the sea ;  
The night-wind smooths with drifting  
sand  
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outlide, 5  
Our good boats forward swing ;  
And while we ride the land-locked tide,  
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts  
Of music and of song : 10  
The gold that kindly Nature sifts  
Among his sands of wrong ;

The power to make his toiling days  
And poor home-comforts please ;  
The quaint relief of birth that plays 15  
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire  
Has filled the west with light,  
Where field and garner, barn and byre, 20  
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,  
The rout runs mad and fast ;  
From hand to hand, from gate to gate  
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across 25  
Dark faces broad with smiles :  
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss  
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes tuning to their song,  
They weave in simple lays 30  
The pathos of remembered wrong,  
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,  
The joy of uncaged birds :  
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue 35  
Their broken Saxon words.

#### SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks ! De Lord He come  
To set de people free ;  
An' massa tink it day ob doom,  
An' we ob jubilee. 40  
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves  
He jus' as 'troug as den ;  
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;  
To-day, de Lord's free men.  
De yam will grow, de cotton blow, 45  
We'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;  
 He leaf de land behind : 50  
 De Lord's breff blow him funder on,  
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.  
 We own de hoe, we own de plough,  
 We own de hands dat hold ;  
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow, 55  
 But nebber chile be sold.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;  
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn ! 60

We pray de Lord : He gib us signs  
 Dat some day we be free ;  
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,  
 De wild-duck to de sea ;  
 We tink it when de church-bell ring, 65  
 We dream it in de dream ;  
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,  
 De eagle when he scream.  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ; 70  
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,  
 An' nebber lie de word ;  
 So, like de 'postles in de jail, 75  
 We waited for de Lord :  
 An' now He open ebery door,  
 An' throw away de key ;  
 He tink we lub Him so before,  
 We lub Him better free, 80  
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,  
 He 'll gib de rice an' corn ;  
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you hear  
 De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ; 85  
 And with a secret pain,  
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,  
 We hear the wild refrain.  
 We dare not share the negro's trust,  
 Nor yet his hope deny ; 90  
 We only know that God is just,  
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,  
 Flame-lighted, ruder still :  
 We start to think that hapless race 95  
 Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind  
 Oppressor with oppressed ;  
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,  
 We march to Fate abreast. 100

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall be  
 Our sign of blight or bloom,  
 The Vala-song of Liberty,  
 Or death-rune of our doom !  
 1862.

### ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

#### ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

[The reference in the fourth stanza is to Dr. Reuben Crandall of Washington, who, in 1834, was arrested and confined in the old city prison until his health was destroyed. His crime was in lending to a brother physician Whittier's pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*.]

When first I saw our banner wave  
 Above the nation's council-hall,  
 I heard beneath its marble wall  
 The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood, 5  
 And saw the Christian mother sold,  
 And childhood with its locks of gold,  
 Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,  
 And, smothering down the wrath and  
 shame 10  
 That set my Northern blood aflame,  
 Stood silent,—where to speak was death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell  
 Where wasted one in slow decline  
 For uttering simple words of mine, 15  
 And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome  
 Flapped menace in the morning air ;  
 I stood a perilled stranger where  
 The human broker made his home. 20

For crime was virtue : Gown and Sword  
 And Law their threefold sanction gave,  
 And to the quarry of the slave  
 Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power ; 25  
And yet I knew that every wrong,  
However old, however strong,  
But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,—  
Somehow, some time, the end would be ;  
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see 31  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it ! In the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home 35  
The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,  
The message of deliverance comes,  
But heralded by roll of drums  
On waves of battle-troubled air ! 40

Midst sounds that madden and appall,  
The song that Bethlehem's shepherds  
knew !  
The harp of David melting through  
The demon-agonies of Saul !

Not as we hoped ; but what are we ? 45  
Above our broken dreams and plans  
God lays, with wiser hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him : the voice  
That freedom's blessed gospel tells 50  
Is sweet to me as silver bells,  
Rejoicing ! yea, I will rejoice !

Dear friends still toiling in the sun ;  
Ye dearer ones who, gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore 55  
The slow work by your hands begun,

Rejoice with me ! The chastening rod  
Blossoms with love ; the furnace heat  
Grows cool beneath His blessed feet  
Whose form is as the Son of God ! 60

Rejoice ! Our Marah's bitter springs  
Are sweetened ; on our ground of grief  
Rise day by day in strong relief  
The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope ! The day and night 65  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hera  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light !  
1862.

# THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charging trumpets blow ;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky.  
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps 5  
Her ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness  
sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest-happy farms, 10  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,  
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
And yellow locks of corn ? 16

Ah ! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot ;  
But even-paced come round the years,  
And Nature changes not. 20

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans of pain ;  
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf  
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear 25  
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm ;  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below  
The fires that blast and burn ; 30  
For all the tears of blood we sow  
She waits the rich return.



She sees with clearer eye than ours  
 The good of suffering born,—  
 The hearts that blossom like her flowers,  
 And ripen like her corn. 36

Oh, give to us, in times like these,  
 The vision of her eyes;  
 And make her fields and fruited trees  
 Our golden prophecies ! 40

Oh, give to us her finer ear !  
 Above this stormy din,  
 We too would hear the bells of cheer  
 Ring peace and freedom in.  
 1862.

### HYMN,

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS  
 OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.

[Written at the request of the teacher, Miss  
 Charlotte Forten, now Mrs. Grinné.]

OH, none in all the world before  
 Were ever glad as we !  
 We're free on Carolina's shore,  
 We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor, 5  
 Who suffered for our sake,  
 To open every prison door,  
 And every yoke to break !

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild, 10  
 And help us sing and pray ;  
 The hand that blessed the little child,  
 Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,  
 No more the whip we fear,  
 This holy day that saw Thee born 15  
 Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,  
 The waters brighter smile ;  
 Oh, never shone a day so glad  
 On sweet St. Helen's Isle. 20

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,  
 To Thee in prayer we call,  
 Make swift the feet and straight the way  
 Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord ! 25  
 Come walking on the sea !  
 And let the mainlands hear the word  
 That sets the island free !  
 1863.

### THE PROCLAMATION.

President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation was issued January 1, 1863.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the  
 herds  
 Of Ballymena, wakened with these words:  
 'Arise, and flee  
 Out from the land of bondage, and be  
 free !'

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from  
 heaven 5  
 The angels singing of his sins forgiven,  
 And, wondering, sees  
 His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,  
 Shook from his locks the ashes of the  
 grave, 10  
 And outward trod  
 Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away ;  
 And, passing where the sleeping Milcho  
 lay,  
 Though back and limb 15  
 Smarted with wrong, he prayed, 'God  
 pardon him !'

So went he forth ; but in God's time he  
 came  
 To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame ;  
 And, dying, gave 19  
 The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb  
 Waiting for God, your hour at last has  
 come,  
 And freedom's song  
 Breaks the long silence of your night of  
 wrong !'

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile restraint  
Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's saint, 26  
The oppressor spare,  
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him return again,  
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain  
Ye toiled at first, 31  
And heal with freedom what your slavery  
cursed.  
1863.

## ANNIVERSARY POEM.

Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly  
Meeting School, at the Annual Meeting at New-  
port, R. I., 15th 6th mo., 1863.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet  
beneath  
A clouded sky :  
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,  
And on the sweet spring airs the breath  
Of war floats by. 5

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,  
Nor pain from chance ;  
The Eternal order circles round,  
And wave and storm find mete and  
bound  
In Providence. 10

Full long our feet the flowery ways  
Of peace have trod,  
Content with creed and garband phrase :  
A harder path in earlier days  
Led up to God. 15

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,  
Are made our own ;  
Too long the world has smiled to hear  
Our boast of full corn in the ear  
By others sown ; 20

To see us stir the martyr fires  
Of long ago,  
And wrap our satisfied desires  
In the singed mantles that our sires  
Have dropped below. 25

But now the cross our worthies bore  
On us is laid ;  
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,  
And in the scale of truth once more  
Our faith is weighed. 30

The cry of innocent blood at last  
Is calling down  
An answer in the whirlwind-blast,  
The thunder and the shadow cast  
From Heaven's dark frown. 35

The land is red with judgments. Who  
Stands guiltless forth ?  
Have we been faithful as we knew,  
To God and to our brother true,  
To Heaven and Earth ? 40

How faint, through din of merchandise  
And count of gain,  
Have seemed to us the captive's cries !  
How far away the tears and sighs  
Of souls in pain ! 45

This day the fearful reckoning comes  
To each and all ;  
We hear amidst our peaceful homes  
The summons of the conscript drums,  
The bugle's call. 50

Our path is plain ; the war-net draws  
Round us in vain,  
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,  
We keep our fealty to the laws  
Through patient pain. 55

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,  
We may not take :  
But, calmly loyal, we can stand  
And suffer with our suffering land  
For conscience' sake. 60

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?  
Shall we alone  
Be left to add our gain to gain,  
When, over Armageddon's plain  
The trump is blown ? 65

To suffer well is well to serve ;  
Safe in our Lord  
The rigid lines of law shall curve  
To spare us ; from our heads shall swerve  
Its smiting sword. 70

And light is mingled with the gloom,  
 And joy with grief;  
 Divinest compensations come,  
 Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom

In sweet relief. 75

Thanks for our privilege to bless,  
 By word and deed,  
 The widow in her keen distress,  
 The childless and the fatherless,  
 The hearts that bleed! 80

For fields of duty, opening wide,  
 Where all our powers  
 Are tasked the eager steps to guide  
 Of millions on a path untried:  
 The slave is ours! 85

Ours by traditions dear and old,  
 Which make the race  
 Our wards to cherish and uphold,  
 And cast their freedom in the mould  
 Of Christian grace. 90

And we may tread the sick-bed floors  
 Where strong men pine,  
 And, down the groaning corridors,  
 Pour freely from our liberal stores  
 The oil and wine. 95

Who murmurs that in these dark days  
 His lot is cast?  
 God's hand within the shadow lays  
 The stones whereon His gates of praise  
 Shall rise at last. 100

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!  
 Nor stint, nor stay;  
 The years have never dropped their sand  
 On mortal issue vast and grand  
 As ours to-day. 105

Already, on the sable ground  
 Of man's despair  
 Is Freedom's glorious picture found,  
 With all its dusky hands unbound  
 Upraised in prayer. 110

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice  
 And pain and loss,  
 When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,  
 For suffering give the victor's prize,  
 The crown for cross! 115

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

This poem was written in strict conformity to the account of the incident as I had it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of a good deal of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. It is admitted by all that Barbara Frietchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible; that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her doorway, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out; and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, 5  
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
 When Lee marched over the mountain-  
 wall; 10

Over the mountains winding down,  
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun 15  
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
 She took up the flag the men hauled  
 down; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25  
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

'Halt !'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
'Fire !'—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, 35  
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word ;

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head 41  
Dies like a dog !. March on !' he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost 45  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town ! 60  
1863.

### WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds against the April wind  
Flew northward, singing as they flew ;  
They sang, 'The land we leave behind  
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew.'

'O wild-birds, flying from the South, 5  
What saw and heard ye, gazing down ?'  
'We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,  
The sickened camp, the blazing town !

'Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps, 9  
We saw your march-worn children die ;  
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,  
We saw your dead unconfined lie.

'We heard the starving prisoner's sighs,  
And saw, from line and trench, your  
sons

Follow our flight with home-sick eyes 15  
Beyond the battery's smoking guns.'

'And heard and saw ye only wrong  
And pain,' I cried, 'O wing-worn  
flocks ?'

'We heard,' they sang, 'the freedman's  
song,

The crash of Slavery's broken locks ! 20

'We saw from new, uprising States  
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,  
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,  
The long-estranged and lost returned.

'O'er dusky faces, seamed and old, 25  
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,  
With hope in every rustling fold,  
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

'And struggling up through sounds ac-  
cursed,

A grateful murmur clomb the air ; 30  
A whisper scarcely heard at first,  
It filled the listening heavens with  
prayer.

'And sweet and far, as from a star,  
Replied a voice which shall not cease,  
Till, drowning all the noise of war, 35  
It sings the blessed song of peace !'

So to me, in a doubtful day  
Of chill and slowly greening spring,  
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,  
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air, 41  
The song went with them in their  
flight ;  
But lo ! they left the sunset fair,  
And in the evening there was light.  
*April, 1864.*

#### THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

A LEGEND OF 'THE RED, WHITE, AND  
BLUE,' A. D. 1154-1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,  
Calm, terrible, and bright,  
The cross in blended red and blue  
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling, 5  
Each on his broken chain,  
Sang praise to God who raiseth  
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,  
'Wear this,' the Angel said ; 10  
'Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its  
sign,—  
The white, the blue, and red.'

Then rose up John de Matha  
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,  
And begged through all the land of 15  
France  
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle  
Before him open flew,  
The drawbridge at his coming fell,  
The door-bolt backward drew. 20

For all men owned his errand,  
And paid his righteous tax ;  
And the hearts of lord and peasant  
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, outbound from Tunis, 25  
His bark her anchor weighed,  
Freighted with seven-score Christian  
souls  
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred, 30  
Her sails in tatters hung ;  
And on the wild waves, rudderless,  
A shattered hulk she swung.

'God save us !' cried the captain,  
'For naught can man avail ;  
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks 35  
Her rudder and her sail !

'Behind us are the Moormen ;  
At sea we sink or strand :  
There's death upon the water,  
There's death upon the land !' 40

Then up spake John de Matha :  
'God's errands never fail !  
Take thou the mantle which I wear,  
And make of it a sail.'

They raised the cross-wrought mantle, 45  
The blue, the white, the red ;  
And straight before the wind off-shore  
The ship of Freedom sped.

'God help us !' cried the seamen,  
'For vain is mortal skill : 50  
The good ship on a stormy sea  
Is drifting at its will.'

Then up spake John de Matha :  
'My mariners, never fear !  
The Lord whose breath has filled her 55  
sail  
May well our vessel steer !'

So on through storm and darkness  
They drove for weary hours ;  
And lo ! the third gray morning shone  
On Ostia's friendly towers. 60

And on the walls the watchers  
The ship of mercy knew,—  
They knew far off its holy cross,  
The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples  
Rang out in glad accord,  
To welcome home to Christian soil  
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend  
By bard and painter told;  
And lo! the cycle rounds again,  
The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,  
And sails by traitors torn,  
Our country on a midnight sea  
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;  
Behind, the pirate foe;  
The clouds are black above her,  
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,  
The dread of all who wrong,  
She drifts in darkness and in storm,  
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!  
Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the freedman's prayers  
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner  
Which God hath blest anew,  
The mantle that De Matha wore,  
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven,—  
The red of sunset's dye,  
The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud,  
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,  
For daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail,  
Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted  
With blessings and with hopes;  
The baints of old with shadowy hands  
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown;  
Before ye unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

65 Take heart from John de Matha!—  
God's errands never fail!  
Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
The thund'r and the hail!

70 Sail on! The morning cometh,  
The port ye yet shall win;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The good ship bravely in!  
1865.

LAUS DEO!

On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. The resolution was adopted by Congress, January 31, 1865. The ratification by the requisite number of States was announced December 18, 1865. [The suggestion came to the poet as he sat in the Friends' Meeting-house in Amesbury, where he was present at the regular Fifth-day meeting. All sat in silence, but on his return to his home, he recited a portion of the poem, not yet committed to paper, to his house-mates in the garden room. 'It wrote itself, or rather sang itself, while the bells rang,' he wrote to Lucy Larcom.]

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:

God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad ; 20  
In the earthquake He has spoken ;  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long 25  
Lift the old exulting song ,  
Sing with Miriam by the sea,  
He has cast the mighty down ;  
Horse and rider sink and drown ;  
' He hath triumphed gloriously !' 30

Did we dare,  
In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done ?  
When was ever His right hand  
Over any time or land 35  
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war 40  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done !  
In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,  
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !  
With a sound of broken chains  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God !

1865.

### HYMN

#### FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPATION AT NEWBURYPORT.

NOT unto us who did but seek  
The word that burned within to speak,  
Not unto us this day belong  
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth 5  
The burden of unwelcome truth,  
And left us, weak and frail and few,  
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became, 9  
The air we breathed was hot with blame ;  
For not with gauged and softened tone  
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,  
The private hate, the public scorn ;  
Yet held through all the paths we trod 15  
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped ; but still, with awe,  
The coming of the sword we saw ;  
We heard the nearing steps of doom,  
We saw the shade of things to come. 20

In grief which they alone can feel  
Who from a mother's wrong appeal,  
With blended lines of fear and hope  
We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life 25  
We marked the lurid sign of strife,  
And, poisoning and imbittering all,  
We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became  
Our hate of all that wrought her shame, 30  
And if, thereby, with tongue and pen  
We erred,—we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace ; our eyes survey  
The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day :  
We prayed for love to loose the chain ; 35  
'T is shorn by battle's axe in twain !

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours  
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;  
Not by our hands is turned the key  
That sets the sighing captives free. 40

A redder sea than Egypt's wave  
Is piled and parted for the slave;  
A darker cloud moves on in light;  
A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone, 45  
In Thy own way Thy work is done!  
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,  
To whom be glory, first and last!  
1865.

## AFTER THE WAR.

### THE PEACE AUTUMN.

Written for the Essex County Agricultural  
Festival, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid;  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade!

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red  
scourge, 5  
The negro's broken chains,  
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge  
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,  
And vales where cotton flowers; 10  
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,  
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry  
Be knightly honors paid;  
For nobler than the sword's shall be 15  
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours!  
And shape it of the greenest sward  
That ever drank the showers. 20

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,  
And there the orchard fruits;  
Bring golden grain from sun and air,  
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow, 25  
The stars uprising and fall;  
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,  
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan  
And rough-shod feet applaud, 30  
Who died to make the slave a man,  
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time  
To such an anthem sung  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme, 35  
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,  
Of peace and long annoy;  
The passion of our mighty grief  
And our exceeding joy! 40

A song of praise to Him who filled  
The harvests sown in tears,  
And gave each field a double yield  
To feed our battle-years!

A song of faith that trusts the end 45  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend  
The hearts of men as one!

## TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

The thirty-ninth congress was that which met  
in 1865, after the close of the war, when it was  
charged with the great question of reconstruction;  
the uppermost subject in men's minds was  
the standing of those who had recently been in  
arms against the Union and their relations to  
the freedmen.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN! are ye not  
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,  
To do His will and speak His word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war  
Not man alone hath called ye forth, 5  
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands  
He quenches; unto Him belongs  
The solemn recompense of wrongs.



Enough of blood the land has seen, 10  
And not by cell or gallows-stair  
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers : Keep  
Your manhood, bend no suppliant knees,  
Nor palter with unworthy pleas. 15

Above your voices sounds the wail  
Of starving men ; we shut in vain  
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry ? 19  
What tears wash out the stain of death ?  
What oaths confirm your broken faith ?

From you alone the guaranty  
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;  
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas ! no victor's pride is ours ; 25  
We bend above our triumphs won  
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all  
By one brave, generous action ; trust  
Your better instincts, and be just ! 30

Make all men peers before the law,  
Take hands from off the negro's throat,  
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,  
But give the common law's redress 35  
To labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will ;  
Be in the right as brave and strong  
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory, 40  
Your loss the wealth of full amends,  
And hate be love, and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,  
Its common slain be mourned, and let  
All memories soften to regret. 45

Then shall the Union's mother-heart  
Her lost and wandering ones recall,  
Forgiving and restoring all, —

And Freedom break her marble trance  
Above the Capitolian dome, 50  
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home !

*November, 1865.*

### THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame,  
So terrible alive,  
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind,  
became

The wandering wild bees' hive ;  
And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore  
Those jaws of death apart, 6  
In after time drew forth their honeyed  
store  
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend : but it only slept  
To wake beneath our sky ; 10  
Just on the spot whence ravening Treason  
crept

Back to its lair to die,  
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's moun-  
tain bounds,  
A stained and shattered drum  
Is now the hive where, on their flowery  
rounds, 15  
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,  
They wander wide and far,  
Along green hillsides, sown with shot and  
shell,

Through vales once choked with war. 20  
The low reveille of their battle-drum  
Disturbs no morning prayer :  
With deeper peace in summer noons their  
hum  
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to-day, 25  
Of sweetness from the strong,  
Of union, peace, and freedom plucked  
away  
From the rent jaws of wrong.

From Treason's death we draw a purer  
life,  
As, from the beast he slew, 30  
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife  
The old-time athlete drew !

1868.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

RIGHT in the track where Sherman  
Ploughed his red furrow,  
Out of the narrow cabin,  
Up from the cellar's burrow,  
Gathered the little black people, 5  
With freedom newly dowered,  
Where, beside their Northern teacher,  
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children  
Of the poor and long enslaved 10  
Reading the words of Jesus,  
Singing the songs of David.  
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,  
The blind eyes seeing!  
Bones of the Prophet's vision 15  
Warned into being!

Transformed he saw them passing  
Their new life's portal!  
Almost it seemed the mortal  
Put on the immortal. 20  
No more with the beasts of burden,  
No more with stone and clod,  
But crowned with glory and honor  
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel 25  
Its manhood taking;  
There, in each dark, bronze statue,  
A soul was waking!  
The man of many battles,  
With tears his eyelids pressing, 30  
Stretched over those dusky foreheads  
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: 'Who hears can never  
Fear for or doubt you;  
What shall I tell the children 35  
Up North about you?'  
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,  
Some answer devising;  
And a little boy stood up: 'General,  
Tell 'em we're rising!' 40

O black boy of Atlanta!  
But half was spoken:  
The slave's chain and the master's  
Alike are broken.

The one curse of the races 45  
Held both in tether:  
They are rising,—all are rising,  
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!  
Ill comes of hate and scorning: 50  
Shall the dark faces only  
Be turned to morning?—  
Make Time your sole avenger,  
All-healing, all-redressing;  
Meet Fate half-way, and make it 55  
A joy and blessing!  
1869.

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP.

Moses Kimball, a citizen of Boston, presented to the city a duplicate of the Freedman's Memorial statue erected in Lincoln Square, Washington. The group, which stands in Park Square, represents the figure of a slave, from whose limbs the broken fetters have fallen, kneeling in gratitude at the feet of Lincoln. The group was designed by Thomas Ball, and was unveiled December 9, 1879. These verses were written for the occasion.

AMIDST thy sacred effigies  
Of old renown give place,  
O city, Freedom-loved! to his  
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not 5  
Save in a martyr's grave;  
The care-lined face, that none forgot,  
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free! The mighty word  
He spake was not his own; 10  
An impulse from the Highest stirred  
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,  
Along his pathway ran,  
And Nature, through his voice, denied 15  
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes  
Saw peril, strife, and pain;  
His was the nation's sacrifice,  
And ours the priceless gain. 20

O symbol of God's will on earth  
As it is done above !  
Bear witness to the cost and worth  
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify  
To coming ages long,  
That truth is stronger than a lie,  
And righteousness than wrong.

### THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

A number of students of Flisk University, under the direction of one of the officers, gave a series of concerts in the Northern States, for the purpose of establishing the college on a firmer financial foundation. Their hymns and songs, mostly in a minor key, touched the hearts of the people, and were received as peculiarly expressive of a race delivered from bondage.

VOICE of a people suffering long,  
The pathos of their mournful song,  
The sorrow of their night of wrong !

Their cry like that which Israel gave,  
A prayer for one to guide and save,  
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave !

The stern accord her timbrel lent  
To Miriam's note of triumph sent  
O'er Egypt's sunken armament !

The tramp that startled camp and town,  
And shook the walls of slavery down, 11  
The spectral march of old John Brown !

The storm that swept through battle-days,  
The triumph after long delays,  
The bondmen giving God the praise ! 15

Voice of a ransomed race, sing on  
Till Freedom's every right is won,  
And slavery's every wrong undone !

r88c.

### GARRISON.

The earliest poem in this division was my youthful tribute to the great reformer when himself a young man he was first sounding his trumpet in Essex County. I close with the verses inscribed to him at the end of his earthly career, May 24, 1879. My poetical service in the cause of freedom is thus almost synchronous with his life of devotion to the same cause.<sup>60</sup>

THE storm and peril overpast,  
The hounding hatred shamed and still,  
Go, soul of freedom ! take at last  
The place which thou alone canst fill.

Confirm the lesson taught of old— 5  
Life saved for self is lost, while they  
Who lose it in His service hold  
The lease of God's eternal day.

Not for thyself, but for the slave  
Thy words of thunder shook the world ;  
No selfish griefs or hatred gave 11  
The strength wherewith thy bolts were  
hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew  
We heard a tender under song ;  
Thy very wrath from pity grew, 15  
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one ;  
The life below is life above ;  
Thy mortal years have but begun 20  
Thy immortality of love.

With somewhat of thy lofty faith  
We lay thy outworn garment by,  
Give death but what belongs to death.  
And life the life that cannot die !

Not for a soul like thine the calm 25  
Of selfish ease and joys of sense ;  
But duty, more than crown or palm,  
Its own exceeding recompense.

Go up and on ! thy day well done,  
Its morning promise well fulfilled, 30  
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,  
To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars  
The work below of man for man ;  
With the white legions of the stars 35  
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny  
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,  
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,  
A hand to set the captive free ! 40

## Songs of Labor and Reform

### THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time !  
 How calm and firm and true,  
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
 He walked the dark earth through.  
 The lust of power, the love of gain, 5  
 The thousand lures of sin  
 Around him, had no power to stain  
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
 All great things in the small, 10  
 And knows how each man's life affects  
 The spiritual life of all,  
 He walked by faith and not by sight,  
 By love and not by law ;  
 The presence of the wrong or right 15  
 He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
 That nothing stands alone,  
 That whoso gives the motive, makes  
 His brother's sin his own. 20  
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
 Of evils great or small,  
 He listened to that inward voice  
 Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,  
 So pure and strong and true,  
 Be with us in the narrow way  
 Our faithful fathers knew.  
 Give strength the evil to forsake,  
 The cross of Truth to bear,  
 And love and reverent fear to make  
 Our daily lives a prayer !

1838.

### DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men  
 should do to you, do ye even so to them.—  
*Matthew vii. 12.*

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
 Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod, 5  
 The foe of all which pains the sight,  
 Or wounds the generous ear of God !

Beautiful yet thy temples rise, 5  
 Though there profaning gifts are thrown ;  
 And fires unkindled of the skies  
 Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred, though thy name be breathed  
 By those whose hearts thy truth deride ;  
 And garlands, plucked from thee, are 15  
 wreathed 11  
 Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time !  
 The faith in which my father stood,  
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime 15  
 Had stained thy peaceful courts with  
 blood !

Still to those courts my footsteps turn, 25  
 For through the mists which darken  
 there,  
 I see the flame of Freedom burn,—  
 The Kebla of the patriot's prayer ! 20

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
 Which owns the right of all divine ;  
 The pitying heart, the helping arm,  
 The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye, 25  
How fade the lines of caste and birth !  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ; 30  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a Man  
In prince or peasant, slave or lord, 35  
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on the man within. 40

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set,  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ; 45  
For that frail form which mortals wear

The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art ; 50  
He who of old on Syria's Mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the list-  
tener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to  
know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high, 55  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee. 60

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day, 65  
At party's call, my gift I bring ;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will,—  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth, 70  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of his generous youth.

*Election Day, 1841.*

### THE GALLOWS.

Written on reading pamphlets published by  
clergymen against the abolition of the gallows.  
[Originally entitled *Lines*.]

#### I.

THE sums of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man,  
and made

The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of  
stone,

And mountain moss, a pillow for His  
head ;

And He, who wandered with the pea-  
sant Jew, 5

And broke with publicans the bread of  
shame,

And drank with blessings, in His Fa-  
ther's name,

The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest ; and in-  
cense dim 10

Evermore rising, with low prayer and  
hymn,

From lips which press the temple's marble  
floor,

Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread cross  
He bore.

#### II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly 'doing good,'  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude, 15  
And even the poor companions of His lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew Him  
not,

How ill are His high teachings understood !  
 Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
 At His own altar binds the chain anew ;  
 Where He hath bidden to Life's equal  
 feast, 21  
 The starving many wait upon the few ;  
 Where He hath spoken Peace, His name  
 hath been  
 The loudest war-cry of contending men ;  
 Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have  
 blessed 25  
 The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear  
 in rest,  
 Wet the war-banner with their sacred  
 wine,  
 And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;  
 Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
 And daily taught His lesson, to forgive !  
 Twisted the cord and edged the mur-  
 derous steel ; 31  
 And, with His words of mercy on their  
 lips,  
 Hung gloating o'er the pincers' burning  
 grips,  
 And the grim horror of the straining  
 wheel ;  
 Fed the slow flame which gnawed the  
 victim's limb, 35  
 Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim  
 The image of their Christ in cruel zeal,  
 Through the black torment-smoke, held  
 mockingly to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert  
 sand,  
 And beaded with its red and ghastly  
 dew 40  
 The vines and olives of the Holy Land ;  
 The shrieking curses of the hunted  
 Jew ;  
 The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy  
 spear ;  
 Goa's dark dungeons, Malta's sea-washed  
 cell, 45  
 Where with the hymns the ghostly  
 fathers sung  
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture  
 wrung,

Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek  
 of hell !  
 The midnight of Bartholomew, the stake  
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed  
 flame 50  
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake ;  
 New England's scaffold, and the priestly  
 sneer  
 Which mocked its victims in that hour of  
 fear,  
 When guilt itself a human tear might  
 claim,—  
 Bear witness, O Thou wronged and  
 merciful One ! 55  
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have in  
 Thy name been done !

IV.

Thank God ! that I have lived to see the  
 time  
 When the great truth begins at last to  
 find  
 An utterance from the deep heart of  
 mankind,  
 Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is  
 Crime, 60  
 That man is holier than a creed, that all  
 Restraint upon him must consult his  
 good,  
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison  
 wall,  
 And Love look in upon his solitude.  
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour  
 taught 65  
 Through long, dark centuries its way  
 hath wrought  
 Into the common mind and popular  
 thought ;  
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake  
 shore  
 The humble fishers listened with hushed  
 oar,  
 Have found an echo in the general heart,  
 And of the public faith become a living  
 part. 71

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency ? Bring  
 back  
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack ?

Harden the softening human heart again  
 To cold indifference to a brother's pain?  
 Ye most unhappy men! who, turned  
     away 76  
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel  
     day,  
     Grove in the shadows of Man's twilight  
     time,  
 What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest  
     ye brood,  
 O'er those foul altars streaming with  
     warm blood, 80  
 Permitted in another age and clime?  
 Why cite that law with which the bigot  
     Jew  
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he  
     knew  
 No evil in the Just One? Wherefore  
     turn  
 To the dark, cruel past? Can ye not  
     learn 85  
 From the pure Teacher's life how mildly  
     free  
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?  
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no  
     more  
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,  
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke 90  
 Through the green arches of the Druid's  
     oak;  
 And ye of milder faith, with your high  
     claim  
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
 Will ye become the Druids of our time!  
 Set up your scaffold-altars in our land, 95  
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,  
     Urge to its loathsome work the hang-  
     man's hand?  
 Beware, lest human nature, roused at  
     last,  
 From its peeled shoulder your encum-  
     brance cast,  
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for  
     blood, 100  
 Rank ye with those who led their victims  
     round  
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's  
     mound,  
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven, a pagan  
     brotherhood!

1842.

## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
 Beneath a coldly dropping sky,  
 Yet chill with winter's melted snow,  
 The husbandman goes forth to sow,  
 Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast 5  
 The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
 And trust to warmer sun and rain  
 To swell the germs and fill the grain.  
 Who calls thy glorious service hard? 10  
 Who deems it not its own reward?  
 Who, for its trials, counts it less  
 A cause of praise and thankfulness?  
 It may not be our lot to wield  
 The sickle in the ripened field;  
 Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, 15  
 The reaper's song among the sheaves.  
 Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
 In unison with God's great thought,  
 The near and future blend in one,  
 And whatso'er is willed, is done! 20  
 And ours the grateful service whence  
 Comes day by day the recompense;  
 The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
 The fountain and the noonday shade.  
 And were this life the utmost span, 25  
 The only end and aim of man,  
 Better the toil of fields like these  
 Than waking dream and slothful ease.  
 But life, though falling like our grain,  
 Like that revives and springs again; 30  
 And, early called, how blest are they  
 Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

1843.

## TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

This poem was addressed to those who like Richard Cobden and John Bright were seeking the reform of political evils in Great Britain by peaceful and Christian means. It will be remembered that the Anti-Corn-Law League was in the midst of its labors at this time.

God bless ye, brothers! in the fight  
 Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,  
 For better is your sense of right  
 Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban, 5  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go, let your blinded Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well; 10  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the Stato scaffold rise again;  
Did Freedom die when Russell died?  
Forget ye how the blood of Vane 15  
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong;  
All holy memories and sublime 20  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these;  
The shades of England's mighty dead, 25  
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad 25  
By every wind and every tide;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself has 30  
wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-  
ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes 35  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of 40  
power,  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through present cloud and gathering 45  
storm,  
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm;

Press bravely onward! not in vain, 45  
Your generous trust in human-kind;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on! the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws, 50  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;  
And, plucking not the highest down, 55  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on! and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer, 60  
God's blessing on the right!  
1843.

# THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Some leading sectarian papers had lately published the letter of a clergyman, giving an account of his attendance upon a criminal (who had committed murder during a fit of intoxication), at the time of his execution, in western New York. The writer describes the agony of the wretched being, his abortive attempts at prayer, his appeal for life, his fear of a violent death; and, after declaring his belief that the poor victim died without hope of salvation, concludes with a warm eulogy upon the gallows, being more than ever convinced of its utility by the awful dread and horror which it inspired.

## I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
And green and meadow freshness, fell 5  
The footsteps of his dream.  
Again from careless feet the dew  
Of summer's misty morn he shook;  
Again with merry heart he threw  
His light line in the rippling brook.



Back crowded all his school-day joys ; 10  
 He urged the ball and quoit again,  
 And heard the shout of laughing boys  
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
 Again he felt the western breeze,  
 With scent of flowers and crisping  
 hay ; 15  
 And down again through wind-stirred  
 trees  
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
 He saw his sister smile once more ;  
 Once more the truant's brown-locked  
 head 20  
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,  
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer !

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
 The present Terror rushed again ; 25  
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain !  
 He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,  
 And, shuddering, feel that clanging din  
 His life's last hour had ushered in ; 30  
 To see within his prison-yard,  
 Through the small window, iron barred,  
 The gallows shadow rising dim  
 Between the sunrise heaven and him ;  
 A horror in God's blessed air ; 35  
 A blackness in His morning light ;  
 Like some foul devil-altar there  
 Built up by demon hands at night.  
 And, maddened by that evil sight,  
 Dark, horrible, confused, and strange, 40  
 A chaos of wild, weltering change,  
 All power of check and guidance gone,  
 Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on,  
 In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
 In vain he turned the Holy Book, 45  
 He only heard the gallows-stair  
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
 No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
 While still that baleful spectre stood,  
 With its hoarse murmur, '*Blood for*  
*Blood !*' 50  
 Between him and the pitying Heaven !

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
 And smote his breast, and on his chain,  
 Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
 His hot tears fell like rain ; 55  
 And near him, with the cold, calm look  
 And tone of one whose formal part,  
 Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
 Is measured out by rule and book,  
 With placid lip and tranquil blood, 60  
 The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
 Blessing with solemn text and word  
 The gallows-drop and strangling cord ;  
 Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
 And sanction to the crime of Law. 65

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,  
 The sweat of anguish starting there,  
 The record of a nameless woe  
 In the dim eye's imploring stare,  
 Seen hideous through the long, damp  
 hair, — 70  
 Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
 Working and writhing on the stone !  
 And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
 From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
 The choking sob and low hoarse prayer ;  
 As o'er his half-crazed fancy came 76  
 A vision of the eternal flame,  
 Its smoking cloud of agonies,  
 Its demon-worm that never dies,  
 The everlasting rise and fall 80  
 Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;  
 While high above that dark red flood,  
 Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;  
 Two busy fiends attending there :  
 One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
 The other with impatient grasp, 86  
 Tightening the death-rope's strangling  
 clasp.

## V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,  
 The prayer unheard at length was said,  
 An hour had passed : the noonday sun 90  
 Smote on the features of the dead !

And he who stood the doomed beside,  
 Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
 Of mortal agony and fear,  
 Heeding with curious eye and ear 95  
 Whate'er revealed the keen excess  
 Of man's extremest wretchedness :  
 And who in that dark anguish saw  
 An earnest of the victim's fate,  
 The vengeful terrors of God's law, 100  
 The kindlings of Eternal hate,  
 The first drops of that fiery rain  
 Which beats the dark red realm of pain,  
 Did he uplift his earnest cries  
 Against the crime of Law, which  
 gave 105  
 His brother to that fearful grave,  
 Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,  
 And Faith's white blossoms never  
 wave  
 To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;  
 Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
 By fiends of sin possessed, profaned, 111  
 In madness and in blindness stark,  
 Into the silent, unknown dark ?  
 No, from the wild and shrinking dread,  
 With which he saw the victim led 115  
 Beneath the dark veil which divides  
 Ever the living from the dead,  
 And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
 The man of prayer can only draw  
 New reasons for his bloody law ; 120  
 New faith in staying Murder's hand  
 By murder at that Law's command ;  
 New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
 As human nature's latest hope ;  
 Last relic of the good old time, 125  
 When Power found license for its crime,  
 And held a writhing world in check  
 By that fell cord about its neck ;  
 Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
 Choked the young breath of Freedom  
 out, 130  
 And timely checked the words which  
 sprung  
 From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;  
 While in its noose of terror bound,  
 The Church its cherished union found,  
 Conforming, on the Moslem plan, 135  
 The motley-colored mind of man,  
 Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
 But by the Bible and the Cord !

VI.

O Thou ! at whose rebuke the grave  
 Back to warm life its sleeper gave, 140  
 Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
 The cold and changed countenance  
 Broke the still horror of its trance,  
 And, waking, saw with joy above,  
 A brother's face of tenderest love ; 145  
 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
 The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
 And from Thy very garment's hem  
 Drew life and healing unto them,  
 The burden of Thy holy faith 150  
 Was love and life, not hate and death ;  
 Man's demon ministers of pain,  
 The fiends of his revenge, were sent  
 From Thy pure Gospel's element  
 To their dark home again. 155  
 Thy name is Love ! What, then, is he,  
 Who in that name the gallows rears,  
 An awful altar built to Thee,  
 With sacrifice of blood and tears ?  
 Oh, once again Thy healing lay 160  
 On the blind eyes which knew Thee  
 not,  
 And let the light of Thy pure day  
 Melt in upon his darkened thought.  
 Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
 The power which in forbearance lies,  
 And let him feel that mercy now 166  
 Is better than old sacrifice !

VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,  
 The Parsee sees his holy hill  
 With dunest smoke-clouds curtained  
 o'er, 170  
 Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
 The low, pale fire is quivering still ;  
 So, underneath its clouds of sin,  
 The heart of man retaineth yet  
 Gleams of its holy origin ; 175  
 And half-quenched stars that never  
 set,  
 Dim colors of its faded bow,  
 And early beauty, linger there,  
 And o'er its wasted desert blow  
 Faint breathings of its morning air. 180

Oh, never yet upon the scroll  
 Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
 Hath Heaven inscribed 'Despair !'  
 Cast not the clouded gem away,  
 Quench not the dim but living ray,— 185  
 My brother man, Beware !  
 With that deep voice which from the  
 skies  
 Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
 God's angel cries, Forbear !  
 1843.

## SONGS OF LABOR.

## DEDICATION

Prefixed to the volume of which the group of  
 six poems following this prelude constituted the  
 first portion.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
 Might grace from thy favor take,  
 And, seen through Friendship's atmo-  
 sphere,  
 On softened lines and coloring, wear  
 The unaccustomed light of beauty, for  
 thy sake. 5  
 Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :  
 But what I have I give to thee,  
 The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's  
 plain,  
 And paler flowers, the latter rain  
 Calls from the westering slope of life's  
 autumnal lea. 10  
 Above the fallen groves of green,  
 Where youth's enchanted forest stood,  
 Dry root and moss'd trunk between,  
 A sober after-growth is seen,  
 As springs the pine where falls the gay-  
 leafed maple wood ! 15  
 Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
 Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree ;  
 And through the bleak and wintry day  
 It keeps its steady green away,—  
 So, even my after-thoughts may have a  
 charm for thee. 20  
 Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
 And beauty is its own excuse ;<sup>61</sup>  
 But for the dull and flowerless weed  
 Some healing virtue still must plead,

And the rough ore must find its honors  
 in its use. 25  
 So haply these, my simple lays  
 Of homely toil, may serve to show  
 The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
 That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
 The unsung beauty hid life's common  
 things below. 30

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
 Above his forge or plough, may gain  
 A manlier spirit of content,  
 And feel that life is wisest spent  
 Where the strong working hand makes  
 strong the working brain. 35

The doom which to the guilty pair  
 Without the walls of Eden came,  
 Transforming sinless ease to care  
 And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
 The burden of old crime, or mark of  
 primal shame. 40

A blessing now, a curse no more ;  
 Since He, whose name we breathe  
 with awe,  
 The coarse mechanic vesture wore,  
 A poor man toiling with the poor,  
 In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same  
 law. 45  
 1850.

## THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho ! workers of the old time styled  
 The Gentle Craft of Leather !  
 Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
 Stand forth once more together !  
 Call out again your long array, 5  
 In the olden merry manner !  
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
 Fling out your blazoned banner !  
 Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone  
 How falls the polished hammer ! 10  
 Rap, rap ! the measured sound has  
 grown  
 A quick and merry clamor.  
 Now shape the sole ! now deftly curl  
 The glossy vamp around it,  
 And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
 Whose gentle fingers bound it ! 16

For you, along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are ploughing ;  
For you, the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing ; 20  
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
The woodman's fire is lighting ;  
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,  
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine 25  
The rosin-gum is steeling ;  
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skein is reeling ;  
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges ; 30  
For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right 35  
Brought toiling men together ;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster. 40

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
Ye need no idle scorner ;  
Free hands and hearts are still your  
pride,  
And duty done, your honor.  
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame, 45  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German ; 50  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman ;  
Still from his book, a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
Of Fox's leathern breeches. 56

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather. 60

Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron grace or vestal's,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials !

Rap, rap !—your stout and bluff brogan,  
With footsteps slow and weary, 66  
May wander where the sky's blue span  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,  
By Saratoga's fountains, 70  
Or twinkle down the summer dance  
Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's,  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
Like fairy Cinderella's ! 76  
As they who shunned the household maid  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With hearth and home and honor. 80

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
In water cool and brimming,—  
'All honor to the good old Craft,  
Its merry men and women !'  
Call out again your long array, 85  
In the old time's pleasant manner :  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out his blazoned banner !  
1845.

# THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain ;  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor !  
Run up the sail again !  
Leave to the lubber landmen 5  
The rail-car and the steed ;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
And the lighthouse from the sand ; 10  
And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land.  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances 15  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs Of frozen Labrador, Floating spectral in the moonshine, Along the low, black shore ! 20 Where like snow the gannet's feathers On Brador's rocks are shed, And the noisy murr are flying, Like black scuds, overhead ;	In the darkness as in daylight, On the water as on land, God's eye is looking on us, And beneath us is His hand ! Death will find us soon or later, On the deck or in the cot ; 70 And we cannot meet him better Than in working out our lot.
Where in mist the rock is hiding, 25 And the sharp reef lurks below, And the white squall smites in summer, And the autumn tempests blow ; Where, through gray and rolling vapor, From evening unto morn, 30 A thousand boats are hailing, Horn answering unto horn.	Hurrah ! hurrah ! the west-wind Comes freshening down the bay, The rising sails are filling ; 75 Give way, my lads, give way ! Leave the coward landsman clinging To the dull earth, like a weed ; The stars of heaven shall guide us, The breath of heaven shall speed ! 80
Hurrah ! for the Red Island, With the white cross on its crown ! Hurrah ! for Meccatina, 35 And its mountains bare and brown ! Where the Caribou's tall antlers O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss, And the footstep of the Mickmack Has no sound upon the moss. 40	1845.
There we'll drop our lines, and gather Old Ocean's treasures in, Where'er the mottled mackerel Turns up a steel-dark fin. The sea's our field of harvest, 45 Its scaly tribes our grain ; We'll reap the teeming waters As at home they reap the plain ! Our wet hands spread the carpet, And light the hearth of home ; 50 From our fish, as in the old time, The silver coin shall come. As the demon fled the chamber Where the fish of Tobit lay, So ours from all our dwellings Shall frighten Want away. 55	<b>THE LUMBERMEN.</b>  WILDLY round our woodland quarters Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ; Thickly down these swelling waters Float his fallen leaves. Through the tall and naked timber, Column-like and old, Gleam the sunsets of November, From their skies of gold.  O'er us, to the southland heading, Screams the gray wild-geese ; 10 On the night-frost sounds the treading Of the brindled moose. Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping, Frost his task-work plies ; Soon, his icy bridges heaping, 15 Shall our log-piles rise.
Though the mist upon our jackets In the bitter air congeals, And our lines wind stiff and slowly From off the frozen reels ; 60 Though the fog be dark around us, And the storm blow high and loud, We will whistle down the wild wind, And laugh beneath the cloud !	When, with sounds of smothered thunder, On some night of rain, Lake and river break asunder Winter's weakened chain, 20 Down the wild March flood shall bear them To the saw-mill's wheel, Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight, In these vales below, When the earliest beams of sunlight Streak the mountain's snow, Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early, To our hurrying feet, And the forest echoes clearly All our blows repeat.	25	When, like seamen from the waters, From the woods we come, Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters, Angels of our home !	70
Where the crystal Ambijejis Stretches broad and clear, And Millnoke's pine-black ridges Hide the browsing deer : Where, through lakes and wide morasses, Or through rocky walls, Swift and strong, Penobscot passes White with foamy falls ;	30	Not for us the measured ringing From the village spire, Not for us the Sabbath singing Of the sweet-voiced choir : Ours the old, majestic temple, Where God's brightness shines Down the dome so grand and ample, Propped by lofty pines !	75
Where, through clouds, are glimpses given Of Katahdin's sides, -- Rock and forest piled to heaven, Torn and ploughed by slides ! Far below, the Indian trapping, In the sunshine warm ; Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping Half the peak in storm !	35	Through each branch-enwoven skylight, Speaks He in the breeze, As of old beneath the twilight Of lost Eden's trees ! For His ear, the inward feeling Needs no outward tongue ; He can see the spirit kneeling While the axe is swung.	80
Where are mossy carpets better Than the Persian weaves, And than Eastern perfumes sweeter Seem the fading leaves ; And a music wild and solemn, From the pine-tree's height, Rolls its vast and sea-like volume On the wind of night ;	40	Heeding truth alone, and turning From the false and dim, Lamp of toil or altar burning Are alike to Him. Strike then, comrades ! Trade is waiting On our rugged toil ; Far ships waiting for the freighting Of our woodland spoil !	85
Make we here our camp of winter ; And, through sleet and snow, Pitchy knot and beechen splinter On our hearth shall glow. Here, with mirth to lighten duty, We shall lack alone Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty, Childhood's lisping tone.	45	Ships whose traffic links these highlands, Bleak and cold, of ours, With the citron-planted islands Of a clime of flowers ; To our frosts the tribute bringing Of eternal heats ; In our lap of winter flinging Tropic fruits and sweets.	90
But their hearth is brighter burning For our toil to-day ; And the welcome of returning Shall our loss repay,	50	Cheerly, on the axe of labor, Let the sunbeams dance, Better than the flash of sabre Or the gleam of lance ! Strike ! With every blow is given Freer sun and sky, And the long-hid earth to heaven Looks, with wondering eye !	95
	55		100
	60		105
	65		110

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
Of the age to come ;  
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers, 115  
Bearing harvest home !  
Here her virgin lap with treasures  
Shall the green earth fill ;  
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
Crown each beechen hill. 120

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
Take the smooth-shorn plain ;  
Give to us the cedarn valleys,  
Rocks and hills of Maine !  
In our North-land, wild and woody, 125  
Let us still have part :  
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
Hold us to thy heart !

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer  
For thy breath of snow ; 130  
And our tread is all the firmer  
For thy rocks below.  
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
Walketh strong and brave ;  
On the forehead of his neighbor 135  
No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's  
Pine-trees show its fires,  
While from these dim forest gardens  
Rise their blackened spires. 140  
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
Manhood's rugged play  
Still renewing, bravely hewing  
Through the world our way !  
1845.

### THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,  
The earth is gray below,  
And, spectral in the river-mist,  
The ship's white timbers show.  
Then let the sounds of measured stroke 5  
And grating saw begin ;  
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,  
The mallet to the pin !

Hark ! roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars, 10  
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
Are fading with the stars.  
All day for us the smith shall stand  
Beside that flashing forge ;  
All day for us his heavy hand 15  
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
For us is toiling near ;  
For us the raftsmen down the stream  
Their island barges steer. 20  
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
In forests old and still ;  
For us the century-circled oak  
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up ! up ! in nobler toil than ours 25  
No craftsmen bear a part :  
We make of Nature's giant powers  
The slaves of human Art.  
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
And drive the treenails free ; 30  
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
The sea's rough field shall plough ;  
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip 35  
With salt-spray caught below ;  
That ship must heed her master's beck,  
Her helm obey his hand,  
And seamen tread her reeling deck 40  
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel ;  
The sunken rock and coral peak  
May grate along her keel ;  
And know we well the painted shell 45  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho ! strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free ! 50  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea ?  
Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,  
In graceful beauty now !  
How lowly on the breast she loves 55  
Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
Or sultry Hindostan !  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain  
Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship ! But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within ;  
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison-draught for ours ;  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land !  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea !  
1846.

# THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and  
sun,  
Still onward cheerly driving !  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see ! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us ;  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door,  
His beechen fire is glowing ;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains ;  
From hillsides where, through spongy  
moss,  
Gush out the river fountains ;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover ;  
From vale of corn the wandering crow  
No richer hovers over,—

Day after day our way has been  
O'er many a hill and hollow ;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow.  
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,  
As smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
As slow behind it sinking ;  
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,  
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses,  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled goodman ; forth  
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony,—  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,  
No bones of leanness rattle ;  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.



Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining ;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest  
nooks, 65

The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing ;  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses, 70  
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool 75  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping ;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping. 80

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
To-morrow, eastward with our charge 85  
We'll go to meet the dawning,  
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge  
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
Instead of birds, are flitting ; 90  
When children throng the glowing hearth,  
And quiet wives are knitting ;  
While in the fire-light strong and clear  
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
To tales of all we see and hear 95  
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
From many a mountain pasture,  
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
And speed the long night faster. 100  
Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold, be driving ;  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.

1847.

### THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long  
autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all  
green with grass again ;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving  
all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or  
the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning,  
the sun rose broad and red, 5  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened  
as he sped ;  
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened  
and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards and  
softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping  
to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze  
with yellow light ; 10  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he  
glorified the hill ;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay  
brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts  
caught glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and  
laughed, they knew not why ;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers,  
beside the meadow brooks, 15  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the  
sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the  
patient weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood  
motionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the  
squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,  
low rustling as they fell. 20

The summer grains were harvested ; the  
stubble-fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and  
shade, the pale green waves of rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys  
fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the  
heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,  
through husks that, dry and sere, 25  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone  
out the yellow ear ;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in  
many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the  
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and  
many a creaking vain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load  
of husk and grain ; 30  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the  
sun sank down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the  
day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on  
meadow, stream, and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all  
afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder  
glory shone, 35  
And the sunset and the moonrise were  
mingled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight  
lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the  
tranquil shadows lay ;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and  
hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done,  
the merry huskers came. 40

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from  
pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the  
pleasant scene below ;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the  
golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and  
brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of  
look and heart, 45  
Talking their old times over, the old men  
sat apart ;  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or  
nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,  
the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a  
maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and  
pride of soft brown hair, 50  
The master of the village school, sleek of  
hair and smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm,  
a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn !  
No richer gift has Autumn poured 55  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine ; 60

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of  
flowers 65  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May, 70  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon 75  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

80

There, when the snows about us drift,  
And winter winds are cold,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

85

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls!

90

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

95

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat-field to the fly:

100

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

1847.

### THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm: 6  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in: 10  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

'Spare,' Art implored, 'yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn turret-spare;  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle, 15  
Cried out, 'Forbear!'

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown. 20

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—  
'Why smite,' he asked in sad surprise,  
'The fair, the old?'

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam: 26  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,  
The Waster seemed the Builder too; 30  
Upspringing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad,—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had 35  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day. 40

The grain grew green on battle-plain,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the  
cow;

The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay 45  
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine  
once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell, 50  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent  
hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams  
strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope 55  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crown'd with flowers. 60

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse, 65  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great  
law  
Which makes the past time serve to-  
day; 70  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time!  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime 75  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same. 80

Idly as thou, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go; 85  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart! the Waster builds again,—  
A charm'd life old Goodness hath; 90  
The tares may perish, but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Wake thou and watch! the world is grav  
With morning light! 96

1846.

# THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, O Paris! doth the  
stain  
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;  
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins  
through,

And Naples mourns that new Bartholo-  
mew,  
When squalid beggary, for a dole of  
bread, 5  
At a crowned murderer's beck of license,  
fed

The yawning trenches with her noble  
dead;  
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately  
halls

The shell goes crashing and the red shot  
falls,

And, leagued to crush thee, on the  
Danube's side, 10

The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman  
ride;

Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow  
Melts round the cornfields and the vines  
below,

The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for  
ball,

Flames in the breach of Moultan's  
shattered wall; 15

On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the  
slain,

And Sutlej paints with blood its banks  
again.

'What folly, then,' the faithless critic  
cries,  
With sneering lip, and wise world-know-  
ing eyes,

'While fort to fort, and post to post,  
repeat 20

The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's  
beat,

And round the green earth, to the church- bell's chime,	Still shall the glory and the pomp of War Along their train the shouting millions draw ;
The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,	Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave ;
To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,	Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song, Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong ;
Of swords to ploughshares changed by Scriptural charms,	25
Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,	Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine, O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine, To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
Staggering to take the Pledge of Brother- hood,	55
Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call ;	Their trade accordant with the Law of Love ;
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,	And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,	60
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie- knife,	And both agree, that ' Might alone is Right ! '
The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,	Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few, Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,	Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear	And o'er the present wilderness of crime
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer ;	65
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,	Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,	Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between.—
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,	Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
For tea and gossip, like old country dames ! No ! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,	Though worldly wisdom shake the cau- tious head ;
40	No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,	70
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,	Without the greeting of the skeptic's sneer ;
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,	Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er, Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar ;	80
45	Common as dew and sunshine, over all.
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade Of " Olive-leaves " and Resolutions made, Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope	Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease, Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace ;
To capsize navies with a windy trope ;	75
	As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre, Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire, Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell, And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.

<p>Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue, 80 Which the glad angels of the Advent sung, Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth, Glory to God, and peace unto the earth ! Through the mad discord send that calming word Which wind and wave on wild Gennesareth heard, 85 Lift in Christ's name His Cross against the Sword ! Not vain the vision which the prophets saw, Skirting with green the fiery waste of war, Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm. 90 Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod, The great hope resting on the truth of God, - Evil shall cease and Violence pass away, And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.</p>	<p>And o'er his half-clad person goes The frequent ague thrill ! Silent, save ever and anon, 15 A sound, half murmur and half groan, Forces apart the painful grip Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ; Oh, sad and crushing is the fate Of old age chained and desolate ! 20  Just God ! why lies that old man there ? A murderer shares his prison bed, Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair, Gleam on him, fierce and red ; And the rude oath and heartless jeer 25 Fall ever on his loathing ear, And, or in wakefulness or sleep, Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb, Crimson with murder, touches him ! 30  What has the gray-haired prisoner done ? Has murder stained his hands with gore ? Not so ; his crime 's a fouler one ; God made the old man poor ! For this he shares a felon's cell, 35 The fittest earthly type of hell ! For this, the boon for which he poured His young blood on the invader's sword, And counted light the fearful cost, His blood-gained liberty is lost ! 40</p>
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## THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Before the law authorizing imprisonment for debt had been abolished in Massachusetts, a revolutionary pensioner was confined in Charleston jail for a debt of fourteen dollars, and on the 4th of July was seen waving a handkerchief from the bars of his cell in honor of the day.

<p>Look on him ! through his dungeon grate, Feebly and cold, the morning light Comes stealing round him, dim and late, As if it loathed the sight. Reclining on his strawy bed, 5 His hand upholds his drooping head ; His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard, Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ; And o'er his bony fingers flow His long, dishevelled locks of snow. 10 No grateful fire before him glows, And yet the winter's breath is chill ;</p>	<p>And so, for such a place of rest, Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest, And Saratoga's plain ? Look forth, thou man of many scars, 45 Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars ; It must be joy, in sooth, to see Yon monument upreared to thee ; Piled granite and a prison cell,— The land repays thy service well ! 50  Go, ring the bells and fire the guns, And fling the starry banner out ; Shout 'Freedom !' till your lisping ones Give back their cradle-shout ; Let boastful eloquence declaim 55 Of honor, liberty, and fame ; Still let the poet's strain be heard, With glory for each second word, And everything with breath agree To praise 'our glorious liberty' ! 60</p>
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But when the patron cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and  
stars

Rise on the wind, and fall,  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear 65  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him? 70

Down with the law that binds him thus!  
Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human-kind!  
Open the prison's living tomb, 75  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code  
To the free sun and air of God;  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand. 80  
1835.

### THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.

The reader of the biography of William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Un-  
rest

Goaded from shore to shore;  
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic  
quest,

The leaves of empire o'er.  
Simple of faith, and bearing in their  
hearts 5

The love of man and God,  
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient  
marts,  
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine  
In the night sun are cast, 10  
And the deep heart of many a Norland  
mine  
Quakes at each riving blast;

Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa  
stands,

A baptized Scythian queen,  
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled  
hands, 15  
The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian  
fable, stray

The classic forms of yore,  
And beauty smiles, new risen from the  
spray,

And Dian weeps once more; 20  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart  
resounds;

And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds  
Black with the cypress-tree!

From Malta's temples to the gates of  
Rome, 25

Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the  
Switzer's home

Their vast, eternal wall;  
They paused not by the ruins of old time,  
They scanned no pictures rare, 30  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked  
mountains climb  
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,  
To haunts where Hunger pined,

To kings and courts forgetful of the pains  
And wants of human-kind, 36  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds  
of good,

Along their way, like flowers,  
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only  
could,

With princes and with powers; 40

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil  
Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.

Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and  
old 45

Were wasted on their sight,  
Who in the school of Christ had learned  
to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards  
blown  
From off the Cyprian shore, 50  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,  
That man they valued more.  
A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought ;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought. 56  
In sweet accordancy of praise and love,  
The singing waters run ;  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done ; 60  
Sure stands the promise,—ever to the meek  
A heritage is given ;  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted,  
seek  
The righteousness of Heaven !  
1849.

THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast !  
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,  
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving  
heart,  
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the  
Past,  
By the great Future's dazzling hope  
made blind 5  
To all the beauty, power, and truth  
behind.  
Not without reverent awe shouldst thou  
put by  
The cypress branches and the amaranth  
blooms,  
Where, with clasped hands of prayer,  
upon their tombs  
The effigies of old confessors lie, 10  
God's witnesses ; the voices of His will,  
Heard in the slow march of the centuries  
still !  
Such were the men at whose rebuking  
frown,  
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee  
went down ;  
Such from the terrors of the guilty drew  
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's  
due. 16

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore  
In Heaven's sweet peace !) forbade, of  
old, the sale  
Of men as slaves, and from the sacred  
pale  
Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the  
poor. 20  
To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate  
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred  
plate,—  
Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,  
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.  
'Man is worth more than temples !' he  
replied 25  
To such as came his holy work to chide.  
And brave Cesarius, stripping altars  
bare,  
And coining from the Abbey's golden  
hoard  
The captive's freedom, answered to the  
prayer  
Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for  
the Lord 30  
Stified their love of man,—'An earthen  
dish  
The last sad supper of the Master bore:  
Most miserable sinners ! do ye wish  
More than your Lord, and grudge His  
dying poor  
What your own pride and not His need  
requires? 35  
Souls, than these shining gauds, He  
values more:  
Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires !'  
O faithful worthies ! resting far behind  
In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,  
Much has been done for truth and human-  
kind ; 40  
Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped  
blind ;  
Man claims his birthright, freer pulses  
leap  
Through peoples driven in your day like  
sheep ;  
Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of  
light,  
Though widening still, is walled around  
by night ; 45  
With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has  
read,  
Skeptic at heart, the lessons of its Head ; \*



Counting, too oft, its living members less  
Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's  
dress;

World-moving zeal, with power to bless  
and feed 50

Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter  
need,

Instead of bread, holds out the stone of  
creed;

Sect builds and worships where its wealth  
and pride

And vanity stand shrined and deified,  
Careless that in the shadow of its walls 55  
God's living temple into ruin falls.

We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,  
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of  
will,

To tread the land, even now, as Xavier  
trod

The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his  
bell, 60

Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,  
And startling tyrants with the fear of  
hell!

Soft words, smooth prophecies, are  
doubtless well;

But to rebuke the age's popular crime,  
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of  
that old time! 65

1849.

### TO PIUS IX.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold;  
No red shell blazes down the air;  
And street and tower, and temple old,  
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at bay, 5  
Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;  
The ravens scattered by the day  
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
Are treading on the neck of Rome, 10  
Hider at Gaeta, seize thy chance!  
Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt;  
Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt, 15  
Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer;  
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;  
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare;  
Thy beads, the shell and ball! 20

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands  
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,  
And Naples, with his dastard bands  
Of murderers, lead thee back!

Rome's lips are dumb; the orphan's  
wail, 25  
The mother's shriek, thou mayst not  
hear

Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
The unsexed shaveling's cheer!

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown, 30  
Though woman's scorn and manhood's  
hate  
From wall and roof flash down!

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,  
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
Where, in thy stately Quirinal, 35  
Thy mangled victims lay!

Let the world murmur; let its cry  
Of horror and disgust be heard;  
Truth stands alone; thy coward lie  
Is backed by lance and sword! 40

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
And chanting priest and clanging bell,  
And beat of drum and bugle blow,  
Shall greet thy coming well!

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves 45 Fit welcome give thee; for her part, Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves, Shall curse thee from her heart!	Spake the simple tradesman then, 'God be judge 'twixt thee and me; 10 All thou knowest of truth hath been Once a lie to men like thee.
No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers Shall childhood in thy pathway fling; 50 No garlands from their ravaged bowers Shall Terni's maidens bring;	'Falsehoods which we spurn to-day Were the truths of long ago; Let the dead boughs fall away, 15 Fresher shall the living grow.
But, hateful as that tyrant old, The mocking witness of his crime, In thee shall loathing eyes behold 55 The Nero of our time!	'God is good and God is light, In this faith I rest secure; Evil can but serve the right, Over all shall love endure. 20
Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed, Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call Its curses on the patriot dead, Its blessings on the Gaul! 60	'Of your spectral puppet play I have traced the cunning wires; Come what will, I needs must say, God is true, and ye are liars.'
Or sit upon thy throne of lies, A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared, Whom even its worshippers despise, Unhonored, unrevered!	When the thought of man is free, 25 Error fears its lightest tones; So the priest cried, 'Sadducee!' And the people took up stones.
Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee 65 One needful truth mankind shall learn: That kings and priests to Liberty And God are false in turn.	In the ancient burying-ground, Side by side the twain now lie; 30 One with humble grassy mound, One with marbles pale and high.
Earth wearies of them; and the long Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail: 70	But the Lord hath blest the seed Which that tradesman scattered then, And the preacher's spectral creed 35 Chills no more the blood of men.
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong Wake, struggle, and prevail!	
Not vainly Roman hearts have bled To feed the Crosier and the Crown, If, roused thereby, the world shall tread The twin-born vampires down! 76 1849.	Let us trust, to one is known Perfect love which casts out fear, While the other's joys atone For the wrong he suffered here. 40 1849.

## CALEF IN BOSTON.

1692.

In the solemn days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town,  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone: 5  
'Poisoner of the wells of truth!  
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown  
With his tares the heart of youth!'

## OUR STATE.

[Originally entitled *Dedication of a School-house*. It was written for the dedication services of a new school building in Newbury, Mass.]

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,  
The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State 5  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;  
Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her winter woods complain; 10  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,  
And what her rugged soil denies, 15  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of  
health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain. 20

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;  
And still maintains, with milder laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands, 25  
While near her school the church-spire  
stands;

Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands the  
school.

1849.

### THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims  
bound

In Naples, dying for the lack of air  
And sunshine, in their close, damp cells  
of pain,

Where hope is not, and innocence in vain  
Appeals against the torture and the  
chain! 5

Unfortunates! whose crime it was to  
share

Our common love of freedom, and to dare,  
In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-  
crowned,

And her base pander, the most hateful  
thing 9

Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground  
Makes vile the old heroic name of king.  
O God most merciful! Father just and  
kind!

Whom man hath bound let Thy right  
hand unbind.

Or, if Thy purposes of good behind  
Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find  
Strong consolations; leave them not to  
doubt 16

Thy providential care, nor yet without  
The hope which all Thy attributes inspire,  
That not in vain the martyr's role of fire  
Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting  
chain; 20

Since all who suffer for Thy truth send  
forth,

Electrical, with every throb of pain,  
Unquenchable sparks, Thy own baptismal  
rain

Of fire and spirit over all the earth,  
Making the dead in slavery live again. 25  
Let this great hope be with them, as they  
lie

Shut from the light, the greenness, and  
the sky;

From the cool waters and the pleasant  
breeze,

The smell of flowers, and shade of summer  
trees;

Bound with the felon lepers, whom  
disease 30

And sins abhorred make loathsome; let  
them share

Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear  
Years of unutterable torment, stern and  
still,

As the chained Titan victor through his  
will!

Comfort them with Thy future; let them  
see 35

The day-dawn of Italian liberty;  
For that, with all good things, is hid with  
Thee,

And, perfect in Thy thought, awaits its  
time to be!

I, who have spoken for freedom at the  
cost

Of some weak friendships, or some paltry  
prize 40

Of name or place, and more than I have  
lost  
Have gained in wider reach of sym-  
pathies,  
And free communion with the good and  
wise ;  
May God forbid that I should ever boast  
Such easy self-denial, or repine 45  
That the strong pulse of health no more  
is mine ;  
That, overworn at no-mday, I must yield  
To other hands the gleanings of the field ;  
A tired on-looker through the day's  
decline.  
For blest beyond deserving still, and  
knowing 50  
That kindly Providence its care is  
showing  
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,  
Scarcely I dare for more or less to  
pray.  
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day 54  
Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far away,  
For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,  
To me the pine-woods whisper ; and for  
me  
You river, winding through its vales of  
calm,  
By greenest banks, with asters purple-  
starred,  
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made  
gay, 60  
Flows down in silent gladness to the  
sea,  
Like a pure spirit to its great reward !  
Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near  
and dear,  
Whose love is round me like this atmo-  
sphere,  
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts  
to me 65  
What shall I render, O my God, to Thee ?  
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share  
Of pain and ill that human life must bear ;  
Save me from selfish pining ; let my  
heart,  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget 70  
The bitter longings of a vain regret,  
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.  
Remembering others, as I have to-day,

In their great sorrows, let me live alway  
Not for myself alone, but have a part, 75  
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,  
In love which is of Thee, and which in-  
deed Thou art !

1851.

# THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

'GREAT peace in Europe ! Order reigns  
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains !'  
So say her kings and priests ; so say  
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear ; 5  
The tramp of measured marches hear ;  
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,  
The shotted musket's murderous peal,  
The night alarm, the sentry's call,  
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall ! 10  
From Polar sea and tropic fen  
The dying-groans of exiled men !  
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,  
The scaffold smoking with its stains !  
Order, the hush of brooding slaves ! 15  
Peace, in the dungeon-vaults and graves !

O Fisher ! of the world-wide net,  
With meshes in all waters set,  
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell  
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell, 20  
And open wide the banquet-hall,  
Where kings and priests hold carnival !  
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,  
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;  
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown, 25  
Barnacle on his dead renown !  
Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,  
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and  
man ;  
And thou, fell Spider of the North !  
Stretching thy giant feelers forth, 30  
Within whose web the freedom dies  
Of nations eaten up like flies !  
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and  
Czar !

If this be Peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet 35  
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.

Never in Slavery's desert flows  
 The fountain of thy charmed repose ;  
 No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves  
 Of lilies and of olive-leaves ; 40  
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,  
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;  
 Thy home is with the pure and free !  
 Stern herald of thy better day,  
 Before thee, to prepare thy way, 45  
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,  
 Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must

press

With bleeding feet the wilderness !  
 Oh that its voice might pierce the ear  
 Of princes, trembling while they hear 50  
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer :  
 Repent ! God's kingdom draweth near !  
 1852.

### ASTRÆA.

'Jove means to settle  
 Astræa in her seat again,  
 And let down from his golden chain  
 An age of better metal.'

BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !  
 Thy words are prophecies ;  
 Forward the age of gold,  
 The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer 5  
 And hope are not in vain ;  
 Rise, brothers ! and prepare  
 The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes  
 From labor's board and can ; 10  
 Perish shall all which makes  
 A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,  
 The body from the rod ;  
 Broken all chains that bind 15  
 The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine  
 Behind their prison-bars ;  
 Through the rent dungeon shine  
 The free sun and the stars. 20

Earth own, at last, untrod  
 By sect, or caste, or clan,  
 The fatherhood of God,  
 The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth 25  
 The money-changers driven,  
 And God's will done on earth,  
 As now in heaven !  
 1852.

### THE DISENTHRALLED.

He had bowed down to drunkenness,  
 An abject worshipper :  
 The pride of manhood's pulse had grown  
 Too faint and cold to stir ;  
 And he had given his spirit up 5  
 To the unblest thrall,  
 And bowing to the poison cup,  
 He gloried in his fall !

There came a change - the cloud rolled off,  
 And light fell on his brain-- 10  
 And like the passing of a dream  
 That cometh not again,  
 The shadow of the spirit fled  
 He saw the gulf before,  
 He shuddered at the waste behind, 15  
 And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away,  
 That gathered round his heart,  
 As shakes the swaying forest-oak  
 Its poison vine apart ; 20  
 He stood erect ; returning pride  
 Grew terrible within,  
 And conscience sat in judgment, on  
 His most familiar sin.

The light of Intellect again 25  
 Along his pathway shone ;  
 And Reason like a monarch sat  
 Upon his olden throne.  
 The honored and the wise once more  
 Within his presence came ; 30  
 And lingered oft on lovely lips  
 His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,  
That treadeth nations down ;  
Wreaths for the crimson conqueror 35  
Pride for the kingly crown ;  
But nobler is that triumph hour,  
The disenthralled shall find,  
When evil passion boweth down  
Unto the Godlike mind ! 40  
1852.

# THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high ;  
To-day, of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
To-day alike are great and small, 5  
The nameless and the known ;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand ; 10  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand !  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day ;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray. 16

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
My stubborn right abide ;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride. 20  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land ;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress, 25  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—  
While there's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away, 30  
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !  
A man's a man to-day !  
1848.

## THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced that while the pious troops  
of France  
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached,  
What time the holy Bourbons stayed his  
hands  
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a  
Moses),  
Stretched forth from Naples towards  
rebellious Rome 5  
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,  
And sanctify his iron homilies  
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,  
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and  
dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun  
Of the bright Orient ; and beheld the  
lune, 11  
The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's  
feet,  
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over  
all,  
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of  
praise  
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of  
song, 15  
He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,  
Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and  
leathern face  
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer  
suns  
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew  
His fisher's haick, and girded up his  
loins, 21  
And spake, as one who had authority :  
'Come thou with me.'

Lakeside and eastern sky  
And the sweet song of angels passed  
away,  
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,  
The priest, and the swart fisher by his  
side, 25  
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes  
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp

Above the waste Campagna. On the  
hills  
The blaze of burning villas rose and  
fell, 30  
And momentarily the mortar's iron throat  
Roared from the trenches; and, within  
the walls,  
Sharp crash of shells, low groans of  
human pain,  
Shout, drum beat, and the clanging  
larum-bell,  
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled  
sound, 35  
Half wail and half defiance. As they  
passed  
The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood  
Flowed ankle-high about them, and dead  
men  
Choked the long street with gashed and  
gory piles,—  
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh, 40  
From which, at times, quivered a living  
hand,  
And white lips moved and moaned.  
A father tore  
His gray hairs, by the body of his son,  
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter  
wept  
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash 45  
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man  
and maid  
Sank, crushed and mangled by the  
shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: 'Thou hast  
seen  
The blessed Master and His works of  
love;  
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the  
angels sing 50  
Above this open hell? Thou God's high-  
priest!  
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of  
Peace!  
Thou the successor of His chosen ones!  
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,  
In the dear Master's name, and for the  
love 55  
Of His true Church, proclaim thee Anti-  
christ,  
Alien and separate from His holy faith,

Wide as the difference between death and  
life,  
The hate of man and the great love of  
God!  
Hence, and repent!'

Thereat the pontiff woke, 60  
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful  
dream.  
'What means he?' cried the Bourbon.  
'Nothing more  
Than that your majesty hath all too well  
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in  
sooth,  
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,'  
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile. 66  
1853.

### THE VOICES.

'WHY urge the long, unequal fight,  
Since Truth has fallen in the street,  
Or lift anew the trampled light,  
Quenched by the heedless million's  
feet?

'Give o'er the thankless task; forsake 5  
The fools who know not ill from good:  
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take  
Thine ease among the multitude.

'Live out thyself; with others share  
Thy proper life no more; assume 10  
The unconcern of sun and air,  
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

'The mountain pine looks calmly on  
The fires that scourge the plains below,  
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun 15  
The small birds piping in the snow!

'The world is God's, not thine; let Him  
Work out a change, if change must be:  
The hand that planted best can trim  
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.' 20

So spake the Tempter, when the light  
Of sun and stars had left the sky;  
I listened, through the cloud and night,  
And heard, methought, a voice reply:

'Thy task may well seem over-hard, 25  
Who scatterest in a thankless soil  
Thy life as seed, with no reward  
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

'Not wholly is thy heart resigned  
To Heaven's benign and just decree, 30  
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,  
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

'Break off that sacred chain, and turn  
Back on thyself thy love and care;  
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn 35  
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy children,  
there.

'Released from that fraternal law  
Which shares the common bale and  
bliss,  
No sadder lot could Folly draw,  
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this. 40

'The meal unshared is food unblest:  
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should  
spend;  
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end;

'A toil that gains with what it yields, 45  
And scatters to its own increase,  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest-song of inward peace.

'Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,  
Free shines for all the healthful ray; 50  
The still pool stagnates in the sun,  
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay!

'What is it that the crowd requite  
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?  
And but to faith, and not to sight, 55  
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

'Yet do thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And, if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay. 60

'Faith shares the future's promise; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the sun.

'Then faint not, falter not, nor plead 65  
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;  
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,  
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

'Thy nature, which, through fire and  
flood,  
To place or gain finds out its way, 70  
Hath power to seek the highest good,  
And duty's holiest call obey!

'Strivest thou in darkness?—foes without  
In league with traitor thoughts within;  
Thy night-watch kept with trembling  
Doubt 75  
And pale Remorse the ghost of Sin?

'Hast thou not, on some week of storm,  
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,  
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form  
The curtains of its tent of prayer? 80

'So, haply, when thy task shall end,  
The wrong shall lose itself in right,  
And all thy week-day darkness blend  
With the long Sabbath of the light!'  
1854.

### THE NEW EXODUS.

Written upon hearing that slavery had been  
formally abolished in Egypt. Unhappily, the  
professions and pledges of the vacillating gov-  
ernment of Egypt proved unreliable.

By fire and cloud, across the desert sand,  
And through the parted waves,  
From their long bondage, with an out-  
stretched hand,  
God led the Hebrew slaves!

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch, 5  
As Egypt's statues cold,  
In the adytum of the sacred book  
Now stands that marvel old.

'Lo, God *is* great!' the simple Moslem  
says.  
We seek the ancient date, 10  
Turn the dry scroll, and make that living  
phrase  
A dead one: 'God *was* great!'



And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's  
wells,  
We dream of wonders past,  
Vague as the tales the wandering Arab  
tells, 15  
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind ! Above the Pyramids  
Stretches once more that hand,  
And trancèd Egypt, from her stony lids,  
Flings back her veil of sand. 20

And morning-smitten Memnon, singing,  
wakes ;  
And, listening by his Nile,  
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage  
breaks  
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and  
call 25  
Of death for midnight graves,  
But in the stillness of the noonday, fall  
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of old,  
The bondmen walk dry shod ; 30  
Through human hearts, by love of Him  
controlled,  
Runs now that path of God !  
1856.

### THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

'Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them.'—*Friends' Review*.

ACROSS the frozen marshes  
The winds of autumn blow,  
And the fen-lands of the Wetter  
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands 5  
Look o'er the Baltic brine,  
A bark is sailing in the track  
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter  
For Bothnia's fish and grain ; 10  
She saileth not for pleasure,  
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland  
She drops her anchor down,  
Where'er the British cannon 15  
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,  
At the gate of Helsingfors :  
'Why comes this ship a-spying  
In the track of England's wars?' 20

'God bless her,' said the coast-guard,—  
'God bless the ship, I say.  
The holy angels trim the sails  
That speed her on her way !

'Where'er she drops her anchor, 25  
The peasant's heart is glad ;  
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,  
The peasant's heart is sad.

'Each wasted town and hamlet  
She visits to restore ; 30  
To roof the shattered cabin,  
And feed the starving poor.

'The sunken boats of fishers,  
The foraged beeves and grain,  
The spoil of flake and storehouse, 35  
The good ship brings again.

'And so to Finland's sorrow  
The sweet amend is made,  
As if the healing hand of Christ  
Upon her wounds were laid !' 40

Then said the gray old Amtman,  
'The will of God be done !  
The battle lost by England's hate,  
By England's love is won !

'We braved the iron tempest 45  
That thundered on our shore ;  
But when did kindness fail to find  
The key to Finland's door ?

'No more from Aland's ramparts  
Shall warning signal come, 50  
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again  
The roll of midnight drum.

<p>'Beside our fierce Black Eagle The Dove of Peace shall rest ; And in the mouths of cannon The sea-bird make her nest.</p>	<p>55</p>	<p>Around I see 25 The powers that be ; I stand by Empire's primal springs ; And princes meet, In every street, And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !</p>
<p>'For Finland, looking seaward, No coming foe shall scan ; And the holy bells of Abo Shall ring, 'Good-will to man !'</p>	<p>60</p>	<p>Hark ! through the crowd 31 The laugh runs loud, Beneath the sad, rebuking moon. God save the land A careless hand 35 May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon !</p>
<p>'Then row thy boat, O fisher ! In peace on lake and bay ; And thou, young maiden, dance again Around the poles of May !</p>	<p>65</p>	<p>No jest is this ; One cast amiss May blast the hope of Freedom's year. Oh, take me where 40 Are hearts of prayer, And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !</p>
<p>'Sit down, old men, together, Old wives, in quiet spin ; Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon Is the brother of the Finn !' 1856.</p>	<p>65</p>	<p>Not lightly fall Beyond recall The written scrolls a breath can float ; 45 The crowning fact The kingliest act Of Freedom is the freeman's vote !</p>
<p>THE EVE OF ELECTION. FROM gold to gray Our mild sweet day Of Indian Summer fades too soon ; But tenderly Above the sea 5 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.</p>	<p>5</p>	<p>For pearls that gem A diadem 50 The diver in the deep sea dies ; The regal right We boast to-night Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;</p>
<p>In its pale fire, The village spire Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ; The painted walls 10 Whereon it falls Transfigured stand in marble trance !</p>	<p>10</p>	<p>The blood of Vane, 55 His prison pain Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod, And hers whose faith Drew strength from death, And prayed her Russell up to God ! 60</p>
<p>O'er fallen leaves The west-wind grieves, Yet comes a seed-time round again ; 15 And morn shall see The State sown free With baleful tares or healthful grain.</p>	<p>15</p>	<p>Our hearts grow cold, We lightly hold A right which brave men died to gain ; The stake, the cord, The axe, the sword, 65 Grim nurses at its birth of pain.</p>
<p>Along the street The shadows meet 20 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal The moulds of fate That shape the State, And make or mar the common weal.</p>	<p>20</p>	

The shadow rend,  
And o'er us bend,  
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;  
Breathe through these throngs  
Your battle songs,  
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon  
psalms!

Look from the sky,  
Like God's great eye,  
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,  
Till in the sight  
Of thy pure light  
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims  
And private aims,  
Reveal that august face of Truth,  
Whereto are given  
The age of heaven,  
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice  
Of sovereign choice  
Swell the deep bass of duty done,  
And strike the key  
Of time to be,  
When God and man shall speak as one!  
1858.

#### FROM PERUGIA.

'The thing which has the most disconcerted the people from the Pope,—the unforgivable thing,—the breaking point between him and them,—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. That made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before.'—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S *Letters from Italy*.

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their horse-  
tails have spread,  
Flaming out in their violet, yellow, and  
red;

And behind go the lackeys in crimson and  
buff,  
And the chamberlains gorgeous in velvet  
and ruff;  
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the  
cardinals forth,  
Each a lord of the church and a prince of  
the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and this  
batter of drum?  
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from Perugia  
come;  
The militant angels, whose sabres drive  
home  
To the hearts of the malcontents, cursed  
and abhorred,  
The good Father's missives, and 'Thus  
saith the Lord!'  
And lend to his logic the point of the  
sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn  
O'er dark Thrasymentus, dishevelled and  
torn!  
O fathers, who pluck at your gray beards  
for shame!  
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe with-  
out name!  
Well ye know how the Holy Church  
hireling behaves,  
And his tender compassion of prisons and  
graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers, the  
bloodstains yet fresh,  
That splashed like red wine from the  
vintage of flesh;  
Grim instruments, careless as pincers and  
rack  
How the joints tear apart, and the strained  
sinews crack;  
But the hate that glares on them is sharp  
as their swords,  
And the sneer and the scowl print the  
air with fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout  
your vivas like mad!  
Here's the Pope in his holiday righteous-  
ness clad,

From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-worn  
to the quick,  
Of sainthood in purple the pattern and  
pick,  
Who the rôle of the priest and the soldier  
unites,  
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua  
fights! 30

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for whom  
We sang our hosannas and lighted all  
Rome;  
With whose advent we dreamed the new  
era began  
When the priest should be human, the  
monk be a man?  
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and the  
fox with the fowl, 35  
When freedom we trust to the crosier and  
cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's  
a hangman-faced Swiss—  
(A blessing for him surely can't go amiss)—  
Would kneel down the sanctified slipper  
to kiss.  
Short shrift will suffice him,—he's blest  
beyond doubt; 40  
But there's blood on his hands which  
would scarcely wash out,  
Though Peter himself held the baptismal  
spout!

Make way for the next! Here's another  
sweet son!  
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in  
epaulets done?  
He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God  
forbid!) 45  
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem  
did.  
And the mothers? Don't name them!  
these humors of war  
They who keep him in service must  
pardon him for.

Hist! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's  
hat,  
With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth  
of a cat 50

(As if Judas and Herod together were  
rolled),  
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's  
conscience and gold,  
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers  
from thence,  
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his  
pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles  
ceased 55  
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is  
priest?  
When the Church eats and drinks, at its  
mystical board,  
The true flesh and blood carved and shed  
by its sword,  
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the  
crown on his head,  
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor  
instead! 60

There! the bells jow and jangle the same  
blessed way  
That they did when they rang for  
Bartholomew's day.  
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor  
women nor boys,  
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of  
noise.  
*Tc Deum laudamus!* All round without  
stint 65  
The incense-pot swings with a taint of  
blood in 't!

And now for the blessing! Of little  
account,  
You know, is the old one they heard on  
the Mount.  
Its giver was landless, His raiment was  
poor,  
No jewelled tiara His fishermen wore; 70  
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,  
No Swiss guards! We order things better  
at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us  
the weak;  
Let Austria's vulture have food for her  
beak;

Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba  
again, 75  
With his death-cap of silence, and halter,  
and chain;  
Put reason, and justice, and truth under  
ban;  
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man!  
1858.

## ITALY.

ACROSS the sea I heard the groans  
Of nations in the intervals  
Of wind and wave. Their blood and  
bones  
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,  
And sucked by priestly cannibals. 5

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained  
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,  
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,  
With corded muscles battle-strained,  
Shouting it from the fields of death! 10

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,  
Among the clamoring thousands mute,  
I only know that God is right,  
And that the children of the light  
Shall tread the darkness under foot. 15

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,  
That sultry skies the bolt will form  
To smite them clear; that Nature must  
The balance of her powers adjust,  
Though with the earthquake and the  
storm. 20

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!  
I bow before His sterner plan.  
Dumb are the organs of my choice;  
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,  
His praise is in the wrath of man! 25

Yet, surely as He lives, the day  
Of peace He promised shall be ours,  
To fold the flags of war, and lay  
Its sword and spear to rust away, 29  
And sow its ghastly fields with flowers!

1860.

## FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South,  
shine forth  
In blue Brazilian skies;  
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth  
From sunset to sunrise,  
From the great mountains to the Atlantic  
waves 5  
Thy joy's long anthem pour.  
Yet a few years (God make them less!)  
and slaves  
Shall shame thy pride no more.  
Nofettered feet thy shaded margins press;  
But all men shall walk free 10  
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilder-  
ness,  
Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through  
whose mouth  
The word of God is said,  
Once more, 'Let there be light!'—Son of  
the South, 15  
Lift up thy honored head,  
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert  
More than by birth thy own,  
Careless of watch and ward; thou art  
begirt  
By grateful hearts alone. 20  
The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,  
But safe shall justice prove;  
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron  
mail  
The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing and  
God's grace, 25  
Thy future is secure;  
Who frees a people makes his statue's  
place  
In Time's Valhalla sure.  
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian  
Czar  
Stretches to thee his hand, 30  
Who, with the pencil of the Northern star,  
Wrote freedom on his land.

And he whose grave is holy by our calm  
 And prairied Sangamon,  
 From his gaunt hand shall drop the  
 martyr's palm 35  
 To greet thee with 'Well done !'  
 And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face  
 make sweet,  
 And let thy wail be stilled,  
 To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat  
 Her promise half fulfilled. 40  
 The Voice that spake at Nazareth speaks  
 still,  
 No sound thereof hath died ;  
 Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will  
 Shall yet be satisfied.  
 The years are slow, the vision tarrieth  
 long, 45  
 And far the end may be ;  
 But, one by one, the fiends of ancient  
 wrong  
 Go out and leave thee free.  
 1867.

### AFTER ELECTION.

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,  
 Our work is done, God knoweth how !  
 As on the thronged, unrestful town  
 The patience of the moon looks down,  
 I wait to hear, beside the wire, 5  
 The voices of its tongues of fire.  
 Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at first :  
 Be strong, my heart, to know the worst !  
 Hark ! there the Alleghanies spoke ;  
 That sound from lake and prairie broke,  
 That sunset-gun of triumph rent 11  
 The silence of a continent !  
 That signal from Nebraska sprung,  
 This from Nevada's mountain tongue !  
 Is that thy answer, strong and free, 15  
 O loyal heart of Tennessee ?  
 What strange, glad voice is that which calls  
 From Wagner's grave and Sumter's walls ?  
 From Mississippi's fountain-head  
 A sound as of the bison's tread ! 20  
 There rustled freedom's Charter Oak !  
 In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke !  
 Cheer answers cheer from rise to set  
 Of sun. We have a country yet !

The praise, O God, be Thine alone ! 25  
 Thou givest not for bread a stone ;  
 Thou hast not led us through the night  
 To blind us with returning light ;  
 Not through the furnace have we passed,  
 To perish at its mouth at last. 30  
 O night of peace, thy flight restrain !  
 November's moon, be slow to wane !  
 Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,  
 On brows of prayer a blessing pour ;  
 And give, with full assurance blest, 35  
 The weary heart of Freedom rest !  
 1868.

### DISARMAMENT.

'PUT up the sword !' The voice of Christ  
 once more  
 Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,  
 O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped  
 And left dry ashes ; over trenches heaped  
 With nameless dead ; o'er cities starving  
 slow 5  
 Under a rain of fire ; through wards of woe  
 Down which a groaning diapason runs  
 From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers,  
 sons  
 Of desolate women in their far-off homes,  
 Waiting to hear the step that never  
 comes ! 10  
 O men and brothers ! let that voice be  
 heard.  
 War fails, try peace ; put up the useless  
 sword !  
 Fear not the end. There is a story told  
 In Eastern tents, when autumn nights  
 grow cold,  
 And round the fire the Mongol shepherds  
 sit 15  
 With grave responses listening unto it :  
 Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
 Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
 Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,  
 Whose awful voice the hills and forests  
 shook. 20  
 'O son of peace !' the giant cried, 'thy  
 fate  
 Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to  
 hate.'

The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace  
 Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
 In pity said: 'Poor fiend, even thee  
     I love.' 25  
 Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank  
 To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence  
     shrank  
 Into the form and fashion of a dove;  
 And where the thunder of its rage was  
     heard,  
 Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:  
 'Hate hath no harm for love,' so ran the  
     song; 31  
 'And peace unweaponed conquers every  
     wrong!'  
 1871.

## THE PROBLEM.

## I.

Not without envy Wealth at times must  
     look  
 On their brown strength who wield the  
     reaping-hook  
     And scythe, or at the forge-fire shape  
     the plough  
 Or the steel harness of the steeds of steam;  
 All who, by skill and patience, anyhow 5  
 Make service noble, and the earth redeem  
 From savageness. By kingly accolade  
 Than theirs was never worthier knight-  
     hood made.  
 Well for them, if, while demagogues their  
     vain  
 And evil counsels proffer, they maintain  
     Their honest manhood unseduced, and  
     wage 11  
 No war with Labor's right to Labor's gain  
 Of sweet home-comfort, rest of hand and  
     brain,  
 And softer pillow for the head of Age.

## II.

And well for Gain if it ungrudging yields  
     Labor its just demand; and well for  
     Ease 16  
 If in the uses of its own, it sees  
 No wrong to him who tills its pleasant  
     fields

And spreads the table of its luxuries.  
 The interests of the rich man and the  
     poor 20  
 Are one and same, inseparable evermore;  
 And, when scant wage or labor fail to give  
 Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to  
     live,  
 Need has its rights, necessity its claim.  
 Yea, even self-wrought misery and shame  
 Test well the charity suffering long and  
     kind. 26  
 The home-pressed question of the age can  
     find  
 No answer in the catch-words of the blind  
 Leaders of blind. Solution there is none  
 Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone. 30  
 1877.

## OUR COUNTRY.

Read at Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1888.

We give thy natal day to hope,  
 O Country of our love and prayer!  
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
     But up to freer sun and air.  
 Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet 5  
     By God's grace only stronger made,  
 In future tasks before thee set  
     Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.  
 The fathers sleep, but men remain  
 As wise, as true, and brave as they; 10  
 Why count the loss and not the gain?  
     The best is that we have to-day.  
 Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime,  
     Within thy mighty bounds transpires,  
 With speed defying space and time 15  
     Comes to us on the accusing wires;  
 While of thy wealth of noble deeds,  
 Thy homes of peace, thy votes unsold,  
 The love that pleads for human needs,  
     The wrong redressed, but half is told!  
 We read each felon's chronicle, 21  
     His acts, his words, his gallows-mood;  
 We know the single sinner well  
     And not the nine and ninety good.

Yet if, on daily scandals fed, 25  
We seem at times to doubt thy worth,  
We know thee still, when all is said,  
The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where  
Belted with flowers Los Angeles 30  
Basks in the semi-tropic air,  
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern winds,  
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled ;  
Alone, the rounding century finds 35  
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,  
Thy generous heart has borne the blame  
That, with them, through thy open door,  
The old world's evil outcasts came. 40

But, with thy just and equal rule,  
And labor's need and breadth of lands,  
Free press and rostrum, church and  
school,  
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mould even them to thy design, 45  
Making a blessing of the ban ;  
And Freedom's chemistry combine  
The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar  
And set the dusky millions free, 50  
And welded in the flame of war  
The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,  
Redress the red man's grievance, break  
The Circæan cup which shames and kills,  
And Labor full requital make? 56

Alone to such as fitly bear  
Thy civic honors bid them fall?  
And call thy daughters forth to share  
The rights and duties pledged to all? 60

Give every child his right of school,  
Merge private greed in public good,  
And spare a treasury overfull  
The tax upon a poor man's food?

No lack was in thy primal stock, 65  
No weakling founders builded here ;  
Thine were the men of Plymouth Rock,  
The Huguenot and Cavalier ;

And they whose firm endurance gained  
The freedom of the souls of men, 70  
Whose hands, unstained with blood,  
maintained  
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all  
To do the work which duty bids,  
And make the people's council hall 75  
As lasting as the Pyramids !

Well have thy later years made good  
Thy brave-said word a century back,  
The pledge of human brotherhood,  
The equal claim of white and black. 80

That word still echoes round the world,  
And all who hear it turn to thee,  
And read upon thy flag unfurled  
The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn, 85  
The nations in thy school shall sit,  
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn  
With watch-fires from thy own uplift.

Great without seeking to be great  
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold, 90  
But richer in the large estate  
Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity  
And strength to simple justice due,  
So runs our loyal dream of thee ; 95  
God of our fathers ! make it true.

O Land of lands ! to thee we give  
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free ;  
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
And at thy need shall die for thee ! 100

ON THE BIG HORN.

In the disastrous battle on the Big Horn River, in which General Custer and his entire force was slain, the chief Rain-in-the-Face was one of the fiercest leaders of the Indians.



In Longfellow's poem on the massacre, these lines will be remembered:—

'Revenge!' cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
'Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!'  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reëchoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

He is now a man of peace; and the agent at Standing Rock, Dakota, writes, September 28, 1886: 'Rain-in-the-Face is very anxious to go to Hampton. I fear he is too old, but he desires very much to go.' *The Southern Workman*, the organ of General Armstrong's Industrial School at Hampton, Va., says in a late number:—

'Rain-in-the-Face has applied before to come to Hampton, but his age would exclude him from the school as an ordinary student. He has shown himself very much in earnest about it, and is anxious, all say, to learn the better ways of life. It is as unusual as it is striking to see a man of his age, and one who has had such an experience, willing to give up the old way, and put himself in the position of a boy and a student.'

THE years are but half a score,  
And the war-whoop sounds no more  
With the blast of bugles, where  
Straight into a slaughter pen,  
With his doomed three hundred men, 5  
Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

O Hampton, down by the sea!  
What voice is beseeching thee  
For the scholar's lowliest place?  
Can this be the voice of him 10  
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?  
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

His war-paint is washed away  
His hands have forgotten to slay;  
He seeks for himself and his race 15  
The arts of peace and the lore  
That give to the skilled hand more  
Than the spoils of war and chase.

O chief of the Christ-like school!  
Can the zeal of thy heart grow cool 20  
When the victor scarred with fight  
Like a child for thy guidance craves,  
And the faces of hunters and braves  
Are turning to thee for light?

The hatchet lies overgrown 25  
With grass by the Yellowstone,  
Wind River and Paw of Bear;  
And, in sign that foes are friends,  
Each lodge like a peace-pipe sends  
Its smoke in the quiet air. 30

The hands that have done the wrong  
To right the wronged are strong,  
And the voice of a nation saith:  
'Enough of the war of swords,  
Enough of the lying words 35  
And shame of a broken faith!'

The hills that have watched afar  
The valleys ablaze with war  
Shall look on the tasselled corn;  
And the dust of the grinded grain, 40  
Instead of the blood of the slain,  
Shall sprinkle thy banks, Big Horn!

The Ute and the wandering Crow  
Shall know as the white men know,  
And fare as the white men fare; 45  
The pale and the red shall be brothers,  
One's rights shall be as another's,  
Home, School, and House of Prayer!

O mountains that climb to snow,  
O river winding below, 50  
Through meadows by war once trod,  
O wild, waste lands that await  
The harvest exceeding great,  
Break forth into praise of God!  
1887.

## Poems Subjective and Reminiscent

### MEMORIES.

['It was not without thought and deliberation,' Whittier's biographer writes, 'that in 1888 he directed this poem to be placed at the head of his Poems Subjective and Reminiscent. He had never before publicly acknowledged how much of his heart was wrapped up in this delightful play of poetic fancy. The poem was written in 1841, and although the romance it embalms lies far back of this date, possibly there is a heart still beating which fully understands its meaning. The biographer can do no more than make this suggestion, which has the sanction of the poet's explicit word. To a friend who told him that *Memories* was her favorite poem, he said, "I love it too; but I hardly knew whether to publish it, it was so personal and near my heart."']

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,

With step as light as summer air,  
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of  
pearl,

Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair; 5

A seeming child in everything,  
Save thoughtful brow and ripening  
charms,

As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light 10  
Which melted through its graceful  
bower,

Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,

Unfolding like a morning flower : 15  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,

With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening  
chain

Of memory, at the thought of thee ! 20  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain  
Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives again in me ;

I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
Its fulness of the heart is mine, 25  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again arise 30  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,

With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit wave and willow way,  
Of star- and flowers, and dewy leaves, 35  
And smiles and tones more dear than  
they !

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When, half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled, 40

And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream. 45

Years have passed on, and left their trace,  
Of graver care and deeper thought ;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace  
Of woman's pensive beauty brought. 50  
More wide, perchance, for blame than  
praise,

Theschool-boy's humble name has flown ;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed 55  
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
 While answers to my spirit's need  
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.  
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer, 60  
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
 For me, the silent reverence where  
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
 An impress Time has worn not out, 65  
 And something of myself in thee,  
 A shadow from the past, I see,  
 Lingerer, even yet, thy way about;  
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
 That lesson of its better hours, 70  
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
 And, smiling through them, round us  
 lies 75  
 The warm light of our morning skies,—  
 The Indian Summer of the heart!  
 In secret sympathies of mind,  
 In founts of feeling which retain  
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find 80  
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

1841.

## RAPHAEL.

Suggested by the portrait of Raphael, at the age  
 of fifteen.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight:  
 The glow of Autumn's westering day,  
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
 On Raphael's picture fair.

It was a simple print I saw, 5  
 The fair face of a musing boy;  
 Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe  
 Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print,—the graceful flow  
 Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair, 10  
 And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
 Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
 I saw the inward spirit shine;  
 It was as if before me rose 15  
 The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
 The hidden life, the man within,  
 Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
 By mortal eye were seen. 20

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
 The waving of that pictured hand?  
 Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
 I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space, 25  
 Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
 Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
 And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
 The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
 Those miracles of power whose fame 31  
 Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
 O Mother, beautiful and mild!  
 Enfolding in one dear embrace 35  
 Thy Saviour and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;  
 The awful glory of that day  
 When all the Father's brightness shone  
 Through manhood's veil of clay. 40

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild  
 Dark visions of the days of old,  
 How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
 Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face 45  
 Once more upon her lover shone,  
 Whose model of an angel's grace  
 He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
 But not the lesson which it taught; 50  
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
 Still rested on my thought;

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
 Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
 Plant for their deathless heritage 55  
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

60

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

65

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

70

Oh no!—We live our life again;  
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's works shall follow him!

75

1842.

## EGO.

## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

[Originally entitled *Lines Written in the Book of a Friend.*]

ON page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless commonplace,  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,  
Still with the thought of thee will blend  
That of some loved and common friend,

5

Who in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves,  
The negligence which friendship loves.

10

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness?

15

Oh, more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

20

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here?

Upon my ear not fall in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain,  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

25

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them  
go.

30

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the temples of the Lord  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong;

35

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

40

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling revered Error down.

44

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-land,  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned;

51

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

55

In vain ! nor dream, nor rest, nor pause Remain for him who round him draws The battered mail of Freedom's cause. 60	The simple burst of tenderest feeling From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing, For blessing on the hand of healing ;
From youthful hopes, from each green spot Of young Romance, and gentle Thought, Where storm and tumult enter not ;	Better than Glory's pomp will be 100 That green and blessed spot to me, A palm-shade in Eternity !
From each fair altar, where belong The offerings Love requires of Song 65 In homage to her bright-eyed throng ;	Something of Time which may invite The purified and spiritual sight To rest on with a calm delight. 105
With soul and strength, with heart and hand, I turned to Freedom's struggling band, To the sad Helots of our land.	And when the summer winds shall sweep With their light wings my place of sleep, And mosses round my headstone creep ;
What marvel then that Fame should turn Her notes of praise to those of scorn ; 71 Her gifts reclaimed, her smiles with- drawn ?	If still, as Freedom's rallying sign, Upon the young heart's altars shine 110 The very fires they caught from mine ;
What matters it ? a few years more, Life's surge so restless heretofore Shall break upon the unknown shore ! 75	If words my lips once uttered still, In the calm faith and steadfast will Of other hearts, their work fulfil ;
In that far land shall disappear The shadows which we follow here, The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !	Perchance with joy the soul may learn These tokens, and its eye discern 116 The fires which on those altars burn ;
Before no work of mortal hand, Of human will or strength expand 80 The pearl gates of the Better Land ;	A marvellous joy that even then, The spirit hath its life again, In the strong hearts of mortal men. 120
Alone in that great love which gave Life to the sleeper of the grave, Resteth the power to seek and save.	Take, lady, then, the gift I bring, No gay and graceful offering, No flower-smile of the laughing spring.
Yet, if the spirit gazing through 85 The vista of the past can view One deed to Heaven and virtue true ;	Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May, With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay, 125 My sad and sombre gift I lay.
If through the wreck of wasted powers, Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers, Of idle aims and misspent hours, 90	And if it deepens in thy mind A sense of suffering human-kind,— The outcast and the spirit-blind ;
The eye can note one sacred spot By Pride and Self profaned not, A green place in the waste of thought,	Oppressed and spoiled on every side, 130 By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride, Life's common courtesies denied ;
Where deed or word hath rendered less The sum of human wretchedness, 95 And Gratitude looks forth to bless ;	Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust, Children by want and misery nursed, Tasting life's bitter cup at first ; 135

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the close alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony, <sup>140</sup>  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy;

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship  
twine

Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

1843.

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the  
sun,

The vines of the gourd and the rich melon  
run,

And the rock and the tree and the cottage  
enfold,

With broad leaves all greenness and  
\* blossoms all gold,

Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet  
once grew, <sup>5</sup>

While he waited to know that his warning  
was true,

And longed for the storm-cloud, and  
listened in vain

For the rush of the whirlwind and red  
fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark  
Spanish maiden

Comes up with the fruit of the tangled  
vine laden; <sup>10</sup>

And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to  
behold

Through orange-leaves shining the broad  
spheres of gold;

Yet with dearer delight from his home in  
the North,

On the fields of his harvest the Yankee  
looks forth,

Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow  
fruit shines, <sup>15</sup>

And the sun of September melts down on  
his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from  
East and from West,

From North and from South come the  
pilgrim and guest,

When the gray-haired New Englander  
sees round his board

The old broken links of affection re-  
stored, <sup>20</sup>

When the care-wearied man seeks his  
mother once more,

And the worn matron smiles where the  
girl smiled before,

What moistens the lip and what brightens  
the eye?

What calls back the past, like the rich  
Pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days  
recalling, <sup>25</sup>

When wood-grapes were purpling and  
brown nuts were falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its  
skin,

Glaring out through the dark with a  
candle within!

When we laughed round the corn-heap,  
with hearts all in tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern  
the moon, <sup>30</sup>

Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like  
steam,

In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats  
for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter  
or better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a  
platter!

Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry  
more fine, <sup>35</sup>

Brighter eyes never watched o'er its  
baking, than thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too  
full to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may  
never be less,

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened  
below,

And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-  
vine grow, <sup>40</sup>

And thy life be as sweet, and its last  
 sunset sky  
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pump-  
 kin pie!

1844.

### FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
 Abused, its kindness answered with  
 foul wrong;

So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled  
 among

The green mounds of the village burial-  
 place;

Where, pondering how all human love  
 and hate

Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,  
 Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meek-  
 ened face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
 Pass the green threshold of our common  
 grave,

Whither all footsteps tend, whence none  
 depart,

Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling  
 I forgave!

1846.

### TO MY SISTER,

WITH A COPY OF 'THE SUPERNATU-  
 RALISM OF NEW ENGLAND.'

The work referred to was a series of papers  
 under this title, contributed to the *Democratic  
 Review* and afterward collected into a volume,  
 in which I noted some of the superstitions and  
 folklore prevalent in New England. The volume  
 has not been kept in print, but most of its con-  
 tents are distributed in my *Literary Recreations  
 and Miscellanies* [now scattered in volumes v.  
 and vi. of the Riverside edition].

DEAR Sister! while the wise and sage  
 Turn coldly from my playful page,  
 And count it strange that ripened age  
 Should stoop to boyhood's folly;  
 I know that thou wilt judge aright 5  
 Of all which makes the heart more light,  
 Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
 Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!  
 Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams! 10  
 Leave free once more the land which  
 teems

With wonders and romances!  
 Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
 Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
 Beneath the quaintly masking guise 15  
 Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
 On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
 By lonely brooks, whose waters fret

The roots of spectral beeches; 20  
 Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
 Home's whitewashed wall and painted  
 floor,

And young eyes widening to the lore  
 Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart! the legend is not vain 25  
 Which lights that holy hearth again,  
 And calling back from care and pain,

And death's funeral sadness,  
 Draws round its old familiar blaze  
 The clustering groups of happier days, 30  
 And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
 A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
 A weary work of tongue and pen,  
 A long, harsh strife with strong-willed  
 men, 35

Thou wilt not chide my turning  
 To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
 To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
 Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
 For the sweet bells of Morning! 40  
 1847.

### MY THANKS,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRE-  
 SENTED TO A FRIEND.

[Formerly entitled *Lines*.]

'Tis said that in the Holy Land  
 The angels of the place have blessed  
 The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
 Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies 5  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight  
sings

The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings ;

Till starting from his sandy bed,  
The wayworn wanderer looks to see 10  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day 15  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake : 20

The graceful palm-tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim ;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him ;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair 25  
Streams sunlike through the convent's  
gloom ;

Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb ;

And thus each tint or shade which falls,  
From sunset cloud or waving tree, 30  
Along my pilgrim path, recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name 35  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree. 40

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,—  
Poor common thoughts on common  
things,

Which Time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings ;

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree, 45  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold, 51  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,  
And there at times the spring bird sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray 55  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade ;  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
Erelong shall miss its shade. 60

O friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and  
flowers,  
With warm, glad, summer thoughts to fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours !

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring 65  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.  
1847.

### REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S  
WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast  
With me in the distant past ;  
Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,  
Word and work, begin to seem 5  
Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things been,  
Yet I think of thee as when  
We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent , 10  
To a path of discontent,  
Rough with trial and dissent ;



Gentle words where such were few,  
Softening blame where blame was true,  
Praising where small praise was due ; 15

For a waking dream made good,  
For an ideal understood,  
For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull  
From our common life and dull 20  
Whatso'er is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees  
Dropping sweetness ; true heart's-ease  
Of congenial sympathies ;—

Still for these I own my debt ; 25  
Memory, with her eyelids wet,  
Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers  
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours  
Sits o'ertwined with blossomed bowers, 30

In superfluous zeal bestowing  
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,  
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,  
Sunny-hued or sober clad, 35  
Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take  
Even the offering which I make  
Kindly for the giver's sake.

1851.

### MY NAMESAKE.

Addressed to Francis Greenleaf Allinson of  
Burlington, N. J.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,  
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and tend—  
A green leaf on your own Green Banks—  
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven, hides 5  
The sobered brow and lessening hair :  
For aught I know, the myrtled sides  
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring  
The fabled founts of song to try, 10  
They've drained, for aught I know, the  
spring  
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well !—The wreath the Muses braid  
Proves often Folly's cap and bell ;  
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade 15  
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender debt  
Be paid by those I love in life.  
Why should the unborn critic whet  
For me his scalping-knife ? 20

Why should the stranger peer and pry  
One's vacant house of life about,  
And drag for curious ear and eye  
His faults and follies out ?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon, 25  
With chaff of words, the garb he wore,  
As corn-husks when the ear is gone  
Are rustled all the more ?

Let kindly Silence close again,  
The picture vanish from the eye, 30  
And on the dim and misty main  
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim  
To grateful thanks, dear friends of mine.  
Hang, if it please you so, my name 35  
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide  
Her chosen names, I envy none : \*  
A mother's love, a father's pride,  
Shall keep alive my own ! 40

Still shall that name as now recall  
The young leaf wet with morning dew,  
The glory where the sunbeams fall  
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word, 45  
A spell to waken smile or sigh ;  
In many an evening prayer be heard  
And cradle lullaby.

- And thou, dear child, in riper days  
When asked the reason of thy name, 50  
Shalt answer: 'One't were vain to praise  
Or censure bore the same.
- 'Some blamed him, some believed him  
good,  
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the two;  
He reconciled as best he could 55  
Old faith and fancies new.
- 'In him the grave and playful mixed,  
And wisdom held with folly true,  
And Nature compromised betwixt  
Good fellow and recluse. 60
- 'He loved his friends, forgave his foes;  
And, if his words were harsh at times,  
He spared his fellow-men,—his blows  
Fell only on their crimes.
- 'He loved the good and wise, but found 65  
His human heart to all akin  
Who met him on the common ground  
Of suffering and of sin.
- 'Whate'er his neighbors might endure  
Of pain or grief his own became; 70  
For all the ills he could not cure  
He held himself to blame.
- 'His good was mainly an intent,  
His evil not of forethought done;  
The work he wrought was rarely meant  
Or finished as begun. 76
- 'Ill served his tides of feeling strong  
To turn the common mills of use;  
And, over restless wings of song,  
His birthright garb hung loose! 80
- 'His eye was beauty's powerless slave,  
And his the ear which discord pains;  
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave  
What passions strove in chains.
- 'He had his share of care and pain, 85  
No holiday was life to him;  
Still in the heirloom cup we drain  
The bitter drop will swim.
- 'Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird  
And there a flower beguiled his way; 90  
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard  
The fountains plash and play.
- 'On all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of Nature stole;  
The quiet of the fields and woods 95  
Sank deep into his soul.
- 'He worshipped as his fathers did,  
And kept the faith of childish days,  
And, howsoever he strayed or slid,  
He loved the good old ways. 100
- 'The simple tastes, the kindly traits,  
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,  
The silence of the soul that waits  
For more than man to teach.
- 'The cant of party, school, and sect, 105  
Provoked at times his honest scorn,  
And Folly, in its gray respect,  
He tossed on satire's horn.
- 'But still his heart was full of awe  
And reverence for all sacred things; 110  
And, brooding over form and law,  
He saw the Spirit's wings!
- 'Life's mystery wrapt him like a cloud;  
He heard far voices mock his own,  
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud, 115  
Long roll of waves unknown.
- 'The arrows of his straining sight  
Fell quenched in darkness; priest and  
sage,  
Like lost guides calling left and right,  
Perplexed his doubtful age. 120
- 'Like childhood, listening for the sound  
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,  
All vainly down the dark profound  
His brief-lined plummet fell.
- 'So, scattering flowers with pious pains  
On old beliefs, of later creeds, 126  
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,  
He asked the title-deeds.

'He saw the old-time's groves and shrines  
In the long distance fair and dim ; 130  
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,  
The century-mellowed hymn !

'He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,  
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell ;  
God knew the heart ; Devotion's pearl 135  
Might sanctify the shell.

'While others trod the altar stairs  
He faltered like the publican ;  
And, while they praised as saints, his 140  
prayers  
Were those of sinful man.

'For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,  
The trembling faith alone sufficed,  
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw  
The sweet, sad face of Christ !

'And listening, with his forehead bowed,  
Heard the Divine compassion fill 146  
The pauses of the trump and cloud  
With whispers small and still.

'The words he spake, the thoughts he  
penned,  
Are mortal as his hand and brain, 150  
But, if they served the Master's end,  
He has not lived in vain !

Heaven make thee better than thy name,  
Child of my friends !—For thee I crave  
What riches never bought, nor fame 155  
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :  
God make thee beautiful within,  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin ! 160

Imagination held in check  
To serve, not rule, thy poised mind ;  
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck  
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,— 165  
Strong manhood crowning vigorous  
youth ;  
Life made by duty epical  
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield  
Which trees of healing only give, 170  
And green-leaved in the Eternal field  
Of God, forever live !

1853.

### A MEMORY.

[The singer in this poem was a daughter of  
Whittier's early friend, N. P. Rogers.]

HERE, while the loom of Winter weaves  
The shroud of flowers and fountains,  
I think of thee and summer eves  
Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's  
close, 5  
And winds the lake were rude on,  
And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,  
The bonny yowes of Cluden !

When, close and closer, hushing breath,  
Our circle narrowed round thee, 10  
And smiles and tears made up the  
wreath  
Wherewith our silence crowned thee ;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties  
Of sisters and of brothers ;  
Ah ! whose of all those kindly eyes 15  
Now smile upon another's ?

The sport of Time, who still apart  
The waifs of life is flinging ;  
Oh, nevermore shall heart to heart  
Draw nearer for that singing ! 20

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,  
And twilight's fire is gleaming,  
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard  
Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows 25  
The glow of summer weather,—  
Again I hear thee *ca' the yowes*  
To Cluden's hills of heather !  
1854.

MY DREAM.

In my dream, methought I trod,  
Yesternight, a mountain road ;  
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,  
High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud  
With its weight of thunder bowed ;  
Underneath, to left and right,  
Blankness and abyssal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed ;  
Now and then a bird-song gushed ;  
Now and then, through rifts of shade,  
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,  
Walking in that path with me,  
One by one the brink o'erslid,  
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,  
Some with cheerful courage went ;  
But, of all who smiled or mourned,  
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,  
Questioning that shadow drear,  
Never hand in token stirred,  
Never answering voice I heard !

Steeper, darker !—lo ! I felt  
From my feet the pathway melt,  
Swallowed by the black despair,  
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,  
Strangled by the wash of waves,  
Past the splintered crags, I sank  
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,  
Lightly as a cloud is blown,  
Soothingly as childhood pressed  
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,  
Green the grassy meadows spread,  
Bright with waters singing by  
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,  
Old lost faces welcomed me,  
With whose sweetness of content  
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray 45  
Slowly brightened into day,  
Pondering that vision fled,  
Thus unto myself I said :—

'Steep and hung with clouds of strife  
Is our narrow path of life ; 50  
And our death the dreaded fall  
Through the dark, awaiting all.

'So, with painful steps we climb  
Up the dizzy ways of time,  
Ever in the shadow shed 55  
By the forecast of our dread.

'Dread of mystery solved alone,  
Of the untried and unknown ;  
Yet the end thereof may seem 60  
Like the falling of my dream.

'And this heart-consuming care,  
All our fears of here or there,  
Change and absence, loss and death,  
Prove but simple lack of faith.'

Thou, O Most Compassionate ! 65  
Who didst stoop to our estate,  
Drinking of the cup we drain,  
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery, 70  
Grant to us Thy steps to see,  
And the grace to draw from thence  
Larger hope and confidence.

Show Thy vacant tomb, and let, 30  
As of old, the angels sit,  
Whispering, by its open door : 75  
'Fear not ! He hath gone before !'

1855.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
With thy red lip, redder still 5  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;

With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy.—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread;  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:  
 Beneath a tender rain,  
 An April rain of smiles and tears,  
 My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low, 5  
 I hear the glad streams run;  
 The windows of my soul I throw  
 Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind  
 I look in hope or fear; 10  
 But, grateful, take the good I find,  
 The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,  
 To harvest weed and tare;  
 The manna dropping from God's hand 15  
 Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay  
 Aside the toiling oar;  
 The angel sought so far away  
 I welcome at my door. 20

The airs of spring may never play  
 Among the ripening corn,  
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
 Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look 25  
 Through fringed lids to heaven.  
 And the pale aster in the brook  
 Shall see its image given;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
 The south-wind softly sigh, 30  
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
 Rebuke an age of wrong;  
 The graven flowers that wreath the sword  
 Make not the blade less strong. 35

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—  
 To build as to destroy;  
 Nor less my heart for others feel  
 That I the more enjoy. 40

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved 45  
 Have marked my erring track;  
 That wh. resce'er my feet have swerved,  
 His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence  
 Of love is understood, 50  
 Making the springs of time and sense  
 Sweet with eternal good;—

That death seems but a covered way  
 Which opens into light,  
 Wherein no blinded child can stray 55  
 Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,  
 Through Memory's sunset air,  
 Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
 In purple distance fair; 60

That all the jarring notes of life  
 Seem blending in a psalm,  
 And all the angles of its strife  
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart, 65  
 And so the west-winds play;  
 And all the windows of my heart  
 I open to the day.  
 1859.

THE WAITING.

I WAIT and watch: before my eyes  
 Methinks the night grows thin and gray;  
 I wait and watch the eastern skies  
 To see the golden spears arise  
 Beneath the oriflamme of day! 5

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance  
 I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,  
 And see across the twilight glance,  
 Troop after troop, in swift advance, 9  
 The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,  
 I know what mighty work is theirs ;  
 I can but lift up hands unmeet,  
 The threshing-floors of God to beat, 14  
 And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
 The steps of progress wait for me :  
 The puny leverage of a hair  
 The planet's impulse well may spare,  
 A drop of dew the tided sea. 20

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
 And yet not mine if understood ;  
 For one shall grasp and one resign,  
 One drink life's rue, and one its wine, 24  
 And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do ! Oh baffled will !  
 Oh prayer and action ! ye are one.  
 Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
 The harder task of standing still, 29  
 And good but wished with God is done !  
 1862.

## SNOW-BOUND,

### A WINTER IDYL.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district schoolmaster, who boarded with us. The 'not unfear'd, half-welcome guest' was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over her violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in school-house prayer-meetings and dance in a Washington ball-room, while her father was a member of Congress. She early embraced the doctrine of the Second Advent, and felt it her duty to proclaim the Lord's speedy coming. With this message she crossed the Atlantic and spent the greater part of a long life in travelling over Europe and Asia. She lived some time with Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman as fantastic and mentally strained as herself, on the slope of Mt. Lebanon, but finally quarrelled with her in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles, on which her titled hostess expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord.

A friend of mine found her, when quite an old woman, wandering in Syria with a tribe of Arabs, who with the Oriental notion that madness is inspiration, accepted her as their prophetess and leader. At the time referred to in *Snow-Bound* she was boarding at the Rocks Village, about two miles from us.

In my boyhood, in our lonely farm-house, we had scanty sources of information ; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the Almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and, it must be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cochecho, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession

the wizard's 'conjuring book,' which he solemnly opened when consulted. It is a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's *Magie*, printed in 1651, dedicated to Dr. Robert Child, who, like Michael Scott, had learned

'the art of glamourie  
In Padua, beyond the sea,'

and who is famous in the annals of Massachusetts, where he was at one time a resident, as the first man who dared petition the General Court for liberty of conscience. The full title of the book is *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, Doctor of both Laws, Counsellor to Cæsar's Sacred Majesty, and Judge of the Prerogative Court.

'As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits, which be Angels of Light, are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our fire of Wood doth the same.'—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

'Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the firm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.'

EMERSON. *The Snow Storm*.

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar 15  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—  
Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows 25  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent. 30

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag, wavering to and fro, 35  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:  
And ere the early bedtime came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line  
posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle, 45  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent 50  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes  
and towers 55  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile  
showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat 60  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked  
hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,



In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'  
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70  
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid 75  
With dazzling crystal: we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about;  
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85  
And forth his speckled harem led;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked;  
The horned patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before;  
Low circling round its southern zone, 95  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist  
shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke<sup>62</sup>  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
A solitude made more intense 100  
By dreary-voiced elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
We minded that the sharpest ear 110  
The buried brooklet could not hear,

The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled, with care, our nightly stack 120  
Of wood against the chimney-back,—  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art 125  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room 130  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme: '*Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily, 141  
There the witches are making tea.*'

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood, 145  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back. 150  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarning light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160

And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed;  
The house-dog on his paws outspread 165  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved? 175  
What matter how the north-wind raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change!—with hair as  
gray

As was my sire's that winter day, 180  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou<sup>63</sup>  
Are left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon 185  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er  
Those lighted faces smile no more. 190  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read, 195  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor! 199  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just.)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, 205  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown.

That Life is ever lord of Death, 210  
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,  
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
Or stammered from our school-book lore  
'The Chief of Gambia's golden shore.'<sup>64</sup>  
How often since, when all the land 216  
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,  
As if a far-blown trumpet stirred  
The languorous sin-sick air, I heard:  
'Does not the voice of reason cry, 220  
Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
Nor deem to live a burdened slave!'

Our father rode again his ride  
On Memphremagog's wooded side; 225  
Sat down again to moose and samp  
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;  
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock-trees;  
Again for him the moonlight shone 230  
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away.  
And mingled in its merry whirl  
The grandam and the laughing girl. 235  
Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread  
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;  
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths  
along 240

The low green prairies of the sea.  
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,  
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals  
The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;  
The chowder on the sand-beach made, 245  
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.  
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
And dream and sign and marvel-told  
To sleepy listeners as they lay 250  
Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
Adrift along the winding shores,  
When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
The square sail of the gundelow  
And idle lay the useless oars. 255

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,

Told how the Indian hordes came down At midnight on Cochecho town, And how her own great-uncle bore 260 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore. Recalling, in her fitting phrase, So rich and picturesque and free, (The common unrhymed poetry Of simple life and country ways,) 265 The story of her early days,— She made us welcome to her home; Old hearths grew wide to give us room; We stole with her a frightened look At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270 The fame whereof went far and wide Through all the simple country side; We heard the hawks at twilight play, The boat-horn on Piscataqua, The loon's weird laughter far away; 275 We fished her little trout-brook, knew What flowers in wood and meadow grew, What sunny hillsides autumn-brown She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down, Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay, And heard the wild-geese calling loud Beneath the gray November cloud.	Was rich in lore of fields and brooks, The ancient teachers never dumb Of Nature's unhoued lyceum. 310 In moons and tides and weather wise, He read the clouds as prophecies, And foul or fair could well divine, By many an occult hint and sign, Holding the cunning-warded keys 315 To all the woodcraft mysteries; Himself to Nature's heart so near That all her voices in his ear Of beast or bird had meanings clear, Like Apollonius of old, 320 Who knew the tales the sparrows told, Or Hermes who interpreted What the sage cranes of Nilus said; Content to live where life began; A simple, guileless, childlike man, 325 Strong only on his native grounds, The little world of sights and sounds Whose girdle was the parish bounds, Whereof his fondly partial pride The common features magnified, 330 As Surrey hills to mountains grew In White of Selborne's loving view, He told how teal and loon he shot, And how the eagle's eggs he got, The feats on pond and river done, 335 The prodigies of rod and gun; Till, warming with the tales he told, Forgotten was the outside cold, The bitter wind unheeded blew, From ripening corn the pigeons flew, 340 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink Went fishing down the river-brink. In fields with bean or clover gay, The woodchuck, like a hermit gray, Peered from the doorway of his cell; 345 The muskrat plied the mason's trade, And tier by tier his mud-walls laid; And from the shagbark overhead The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.
Then, haply, with a look more grave, And soberer tone, some tale she gave 285 From painful Sewell's ancient tome, Beloved in every Quaker home, Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom, Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, 65— Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!— 290 Who, when the dreary calms prevailed, And water-butt and bread-cask failed, And cruel, hungry eyes pursued His portly presence mad for food, With dark hints muttered under breath Of casting lots for life or death, 296 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies, To be himself the sacrifice. Then, suddenly, as if to save The good man from his living grave, 300 A ripple on the water grew, A school of porpoise flashed in view. 'Take, eat,' he said, 'and be content; These fishes in my stead are sent By Him who gave the tangled ram 305 To spare the child of Abraham.'	Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer And voice in dreams I see and hear,— 351 The sweetest woman ever Fate Perverse denied a household mate, Who, lonely, homeless, not the less Found peace in love's unselfishness, 355 And welcome wheresoe'er she went, A calm and gracious element,

Our uncle, innocent of books, 66

Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
 And womanly atmosphere of home,—  
 Called up her girlhood memories, 360  
 The huskings and the apple-bees,  
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
 Weaving through all the poor details  
 And homespun warp of circumstance  
 A golden woof-thread of romance. 365  
 For well she kept her genial mood  
 And simple faith of maidenhood;  
 Before her still a clove-land lay,  
 The mirage loomed across her way;  
 The morning dew, that dries so soon 370  
 With others, glistened at her noon;  
 Through years of toil and soil and care,  
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
 All unprofaned she held apart  
 The virgin fancies of the heart. 375  
 Be shame to him of woman born  
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied <sup>67</sup>  
 Her evening task the stand beside;  
 A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380  
 Truthful and almost sternly just,  
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
 And make her generous thought a fact,  
 Keeping with many a light disguise  
 The secret of self-sacrifice. 385  
 O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best  
 That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,  
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
 How many a poor one's blessing went  
 With thee beneath the low green tent  
 Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part  
 Of all she saw, and let her heart  
 Against the household bosom lean,  
 Upon the motley-braided mat 395  
 Our youngest and our dearest sat, <sup>68</sup>  
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
 Now bathed in the unfading green  
 And holy peace of Paradise.  
 Oh, looking from some heavenly hill, 400  
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
 Or silver reach of river calms,  
 Do those large eyes behold me still?  
 With me one little year ago:—  
 The chill weight of the winter snow 405  
 For months upon her grave has lain;

And now, when summer south-winds blow  
 And brier and harebell bloom again,  
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
 I see the violet-sprinkled sod 410  
 Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
 Yet following me where'er I went  
 With dark eyes full of love's content.  
 The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills 415  
 The air with sweetness; all the hills  
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;  
 But still I wait with ear and eye  
 For something gone which should be nigh,  
 A loss in all familiar things, 420  
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
 And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,  
 Am I not richer than of old?  
 Safe in thy immortality,  
 What change can reach the wealth I  
 hold? 425  
 What chance can mar the pearl and  
 gold  
 Thy love hath left in trust with me?  
 And while in life's late afternoon,  
 Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
 I walk to meet the night that soon 430  
 Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
 I cannot feel that thou art far,  
 Since near at need the angels are;  
 And when the sunset gates unbar,  
 Shall I not see thee waiting stand, 435  
 And, white against the evening star,  
 The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
 The master of the district school <sup>69</sup>  
 Held at the fire his favored place, 440  
 Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
 Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce ap-  
 peared  
 The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
 He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat, 445  
 Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
 In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
 Born the wild Northern hills among,  
 From whence his yeoman father wrung  
 By patient toil subsistence scant, 450  
 Not competence and yet not want,  
 He early gained the power to pay  
 His cheerful, self-reliant way;

Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
 To peddle wares from town to town ; 455  
 Or through the long vacation's reach  
 In lonely lowland districts teach,  
 Where all the droll experience found  
 At stranger hearths in boarding round.  
 The moonlit skater's keen delight, 460  
 The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
 The rustic party, with its rough  
 Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
 And whirling-plate, and forfeits paid,  
 His winter task a pastime made. 465  
 Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
 He tuned his merry violin,  
 Or played the athlete in the barn,  
 Or held the good dame's winding-  
     yarn,  
 Or mirth-provoking versions told 470  
 Of classic legends rare and old,  
 Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
 Had all the commonplace of home,  
 And little seemed at best the odds  
 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods ; 475  
 Where Pindus-born Arachthus took  
 The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
 And dread Olympus at his will  
 Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed : 480

But at his desk he had the look  
 And air of one who wisely schemed,  
 And hostage from the future took

In trained thought and lore of book.  
 Large-brained, clear-eyed, of such as he  
 Shall Freedom's young apostles be, 486  
 Who, following in War's bloody trail,

Shall every lingering wrong assail ;  
 All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
 Uplift the black and white alike ; 490

Scatter before their swift advance  
 The darkness and the ignorance,  
 The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,

Which nurtured Treason's monstrous  
     growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell 495  
 Of prison-torture possible ;  
 The cruel lie of caste refute,

Old forms remould, and substitute  
 For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
 For blind routine, wise-handed skill ; 500

A school-house plant on every hill,

Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
 The quick wires of intelligence ;  
 Till North and South together brought  
 Shall own the same electric thought, 505  
 In peace a common flag salute,  
 And, side by side in labor's free  
 And unresentful rivalry,  
 Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night<sup>70</sup> 510  
 Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
 The honeyed music of her tongue  
 And words of meekness scarcely told

A nature passionate and bold, 515  
 Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,  
 Its milder features dwarfed beside

Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
 She sat among us, at the best,

A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest, 520  
 Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
 Our homeliness of words and ways.

A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
 Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the  
     lash,

Lent the white teeth their dazzling  
     flash ; 525

And under low brows, black with night,  
 Rayed out at times a dangerous light ;  
 The sharp heat-lightnings of her face

Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
 Condemned to share her love or hate. 530  
 A woman tropical, intense

In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
 She blended in a like degree  
 The vixen and the devotee,

Revealing with each freak or feint 535  
 The temper of Petruccio's Kate,  
 The raptures of Siena's saint.

Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
 Had facile power to form a fist ;  
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes 540

Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
 Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
 Knew every change of scowl and pout ;

And the sweet voice had notes more high  
 And shrill for social battle-cry. 545

Since then what old cathedral town  
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
 What convent-gate has held its lock  
 Against the challenge of her knock ?

Through Smyrna's plague-hushed  
thoroughfares, 550  
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon <sup>71</sup> 555  
With claims fantastic as her own,  
Her tireless feet have held their way ;  
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies, 559  
With hope each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophesies !

Where'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go !  
The outward wayward life we see, 565  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
The sorrow with the woman born, 570  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
A life-long discord and annoy, 575  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate, 580  
To show what metes and bounds should  
stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events ;  
But He who knows our frame is just, 585  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are dust !

At last the great logs, crumbling low, 590  
Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,  
Ticking its weary circuit through,  
Pointed with mutely warning sign  
Its black hand to the hour of nine. 595  
That sign the pleasant circle broke :  
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,

Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
And laid it tenderly away ;  
Then roused himself to safely cover 600  
The dull red brands with ashes over.  
And while, with care, our mother laid  
The work aside, her steps she stayed  
One moment, seeking to express  
Her grateful sense of happiness 605  
For food and shelter, warmth and health.  
And love's contentment more than wealth,  
With simple wishes (not the weak,  
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
But such as warm the generous heart, 610  
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
That none might lack, that bitter night,  
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock, 616  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost ;  
And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall. 621  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new ;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
Till in the summer-land of dreams 625  
They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
Of merry voices high and clear ; 630  
And saw the teamsters drawing near  
To break the drifted highways out.  
Down the long hillside treading slow  
We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
Shaking the snow from heads upst, 635  
Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
Before our door the straggling train  
Drew up, an added team to gain.  
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes  
From lip to lip ; the younger folks 641  
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,  
rolled,  
Then toiled again the cavalcade  
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
And woodland paths that wound  
between 645

- Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.  
 From every barn a team afoot,  
 At every house a new recruit,  
 Where, drawn by Nature's subtle law,  
 Haply the watchful young men saw 650  
 Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
 And curious eyes of merry girls,  
 Lifting their hands in mock defence  
 Against the snow-ball's compliments,  
 And reading in each missive tost 655  
 The charm with Eden never lost.
- We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;  
 And, following where the teamsters led,  
 The wise old Doctor went his round,  
 Just pausing at our door to say, 660  
 In the brief autocratic way  
 Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
 Was free to urge her claim on all,  
 That some poor neighbor sick abed  
 At night our mother's aid would need. 665  
 For, one in generous thought and deed,  
 What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
 The Quaker matron's inward light,  
 The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?  
 All hearts confess the saints elect 670  
 Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
 And melt not in an acid sect  
 The Christian pearl of charity!
- So days went on: a week had passed  
 Since the great world was heard from last. 675  
 The Almanac we studied o'er,  
 Read and re-read our little store  
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;  
 One harmless novel, mostly hid  
 From younger eyes, a book forbid, 680  
 And poetry, (or good or bad,  
 A single book was all we had,)  
 Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted  
 Muse,  
 A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
 Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine, 685  
 The wars of David and the Jews.  
 At last the floundering carrier bore  
 The village paper to our door.  
 Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
 To warmer zones the horizon spread; 690
- In panoramic length unrolled  
 We saw the marvels that it told.  
 Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
 And daft McGregor on his raids  
 In Costa Rica's everglades. 695  
 And up Taygetos winding slow  
 Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
 A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!  
 Welcome to us its week-old news,  
 Its corner for the rustic Muse, 700  
 Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
 Its record, mingling in a breath  
 The wedding bell and dirge of death:  
 Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
 The latest culprit sent to jail; 705  
 Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
 Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
 And traffic calling loud for gain.  
 We felt the stir of hall and street,  
 The pulse of life that round us beat; 710  
 The chill embargo of the snow  
 Was melted in the genial glow;  
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
 And all the world was ours once more!
- Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715  
 And folded wings of ashen gray  
 And voice of echoes far away,  
 The brazen covers of thy book;  
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past; 720  
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
 The characters of joy and woe;  
 The monographs of outlived years,  
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears, 724  
 Green hills of life that slope to death,  
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
 Shade off to mournful cypresses  
 With the white amaranths underneath.  
 Even while I look, I can but heed  
 The restless sands' incessant fall, 730  
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
 Each clamorous with its own sharp  
 need,  
 And duty keeping pace with all.  
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
 I hear again the voice that bids 735  
 The dreamer leave his dream midway  
 For larger hopes and graver fears:  
 Life greatens in these later years,  
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740  
Some Truce of God which breaks its  
strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,  
Dreaming in throngful city ways  
Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;  
And dear and early friends—the few 745  
Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures of old days ; 72  
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
And stretch the hand : of memory forth  
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze !  
And thanks untraced to lips unknown 751  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ;  
The traveller owns the grateful sense 756  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.

1866.

# MY TRIUMPH.

THE autumn-time has come ;  
On woods that dream of bloom,  
And over purpling vines,  
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing, 5  
The hazel's gold is paling ;  
Yet overhead more near  
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude 10  
Insures the future's good,  
And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod,  
And the long days of God,  
My feet shall still be led, 15  
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !  
O dear ones gone above me !  
Careless of other fame,  
I leave to you my name. 20

Hide it from idle praises,  
Save it from evil phrases :  
Why, when dear lips that spake it  
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ; 25  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted  
Let life be banned or sainted : 30  
Deeper than written scroll  
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung  
My songs that found no tongue ;  
Nobler than any fact 35  
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win. 40

What matter, I or they ?  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail to the coming singers ! 45  
Hail to the brave light-bringers !  
Forward I reach and share  
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;  
A glory shines before me 50  
Of what mankind shall be,—  
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman  
Diviner but still human,  
Solving the riddle old, 55  
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbor ;  
An equal-handed labor ;  
The richer life, where beauty  
Walks hand in hand with duty. 60

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,  
The joy of unborn peoples !  
Sound, trumpets far off blown,  
Your triumph is my own !



Parcel and part of all,  
I keep the festival,  
Fore-reach the good to be,  
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,  
I join the great march onward,  
And take, by faith, while living,  
My freehold of thanksgiving.

1870.

### IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sleeping ;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official ;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescos on its wall ;  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting ;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled :  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered ;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

65 'I'm sorry that I spelt the word :  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,'—the brown eyes lower fell,— 35  
'Because, you see, I love you !'

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
70 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing ! 40

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

1870.

### MY BIRTHDAY.

5 BENEATH the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year ;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind 5  
As if a loss befell ;  
10 Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well !

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within,— 10  
15 The patience of immortal love  
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears 15  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss. 20

25 The years no charm from Nature take ;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways, 25  
30 Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will !  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun !

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
The clamor of the throng !  
How old, harsh voices of debate  
Flow into rhythmic song !

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air ;  
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle ears  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,  
Dear Lord, the languid air ;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn !

1871.

# RED RIDING-HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;  
The wind that through the pine-trees sung  
The naked elm-boughs tossed and swung ;  
While, through the window, frosty-  
starred,

Against the sunset purple barred,  
We saw the sombre crow flap by,  
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,  
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel poising on the drift,  
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,  
With flattened face against the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :  
'Oh, see,' she cried, 'the poor blue-  
jays !

What is it that the black crow says ?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs  
Because he has no hands, and begs :  
He's asking for my nuts, I know :  
May I not feed them on the snow ?'

Half lost within her boots, her head  
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,  
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale ;  
Now sinking in a drift so low  
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid guests bespoke :  
'Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—  
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-  
jay,

Before your supper's blown away !  
Don't be afraid, we all are good ;  
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood !'

O Thou whose care is over all,  
Who hearest even the sparrow's fall,  
Keep in the little maiden's breast  
The pity which is now its guest !  
Let not her cultured years make less  
The childhood charm of tenderness,  
But let her feel as well as know,  
Nor harder with her polish grow !  
Unmoved by sentimental grief  
That waits along some printed leaf,

But, prompt with kindly word and deed  
To own the claims of all who need,  
Let the grown woman's self make good  
The promise of Red Riding-Hood ! 55

1877.

### RESPONSE.

On the occasion of my seventieth birthday, in 1877, I was the recipient of many tokens of esteem. The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* gave a dinner in my name, and the editor of *The Literary World* gathered in his paper many affectionate messages from my associates in literature and the cause of human progress. The lines which follow were written in acknowledgment.

BESIDE that milestone where the level sun,  
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low  
rays

On word and work irrevocably done,  
Life's blending threads of good and ill  
outspun,

I hear, O friends ! your words of cheer  
and praise, 5  
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.

Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,  
A beggar slept and crown'd Caliph  
woke.

Thanks not the less. With not unglad  
surprise

I see my life-work through your partial  
eyes ; 10

Assured, in giving to my home-taught  
songs

A higher value than of right belongs,  
You do but read between the written  
lines

The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

### AT EVENTIDE.

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play  
Of gain and loss, of waking and of  
dream,

Against life's solemn background needs  
must seem

At this late hour. Yet, not unthankfully,

I call to mind the fountains by the  
way, 5

The breath of flowers, the bird-song on  
the spray,

Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy  
of giving

And of receiving, the great boon of  
living

In grand historic years when Liberty  
Had need of word and work, quick  
sympathies 10

For all who fail and suffer, song's  
relief,

Nature's unclinging loveliness ; and chief,  
The kind restraining hand of Provi-  
dence,

The inward witness, the assuring sense  
Of an Eternal Good which overlies 15

The sorrow of the world, Love which  
outlives

All sin and wrong, Compassion which  
forgives

To the uttermost, and Justice whose clear  
eyes

Through lapse and failure look to the  
intent,

And judge our frailty by the life we  
meant. 20

1878.

### VOYAGE OF THE JETTIE.

The picturesquely situated Wayside Inn at West Ossipee, N. H., is now in ashes ; and to its former guests these somewhat careless rhymes may be a not unwelcome reminder of pleasant summers and autumns on the banks of the Bearcamp and Chocorua. To the author himself they have a special interest from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend, whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich.

A SHALLOW stream, from fountains  
Deep in the Sandwich mountains,

Ran lakeward Bearcamp River ;  
And between its flood-torn shores,

Sped by sail or urged by oars, 5  
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding  
To the dull axe Time is wielding,  
The shy mink and the otter,  
And golden leaves and red, 10  
By countless autumns shed,  
Had floated down its water.

From the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
Came a skilled seafaring man,  
With his dory, to the right place; 15  
Over hill and plain he brought her,  
Where the boatless Bearcamp water  
Comes winding down from White-Face.

Quoth the skipper: 'Ere she floats forth,  
I'm sure my pretty boat's worth, 20  
At least, a name as pretty.'  
On her painted side he wrote it,  
And the flag that o'er her floated  
Bore aloft the name of Jettie.

On a radiant morn of summer, 25  
Elder guest and latest comer  
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water;  
Heard the name the skipper gave her,  
And the answer to the favor  
From the Bay State's graceful daughter.<sup>78</sup>

Then a singer, richly gifted, 31  
Her charmed voice uplifted;  
And the wood-thrush and song-sparrow  
Listened, dumb with envious pain,  
To the clear and sweet refrain 35  
Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,  
And from off the shelving shore,  
Glided out the strange explorer;  
Floating on, she knew not whither,— 40  
The tawny sands beneath her,  
The great hills watching o'er her.

On, where the stream flows quiet  
As the meadows' margins by it,  
Or widens out to borrow a 45  
New life from that wild water,  
The mountain giant's daughter,  
The pine-besung Chocorua.

Or, mid the tangling cumber  
And pack of mountain lumber 50  
That spring floods downward force,

Over sunken snag, and bar  
Where the grating shallows are,  
The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands, 55  
Around the vine-hung islands,  
She ploughed her crooked furrow;  
And her rippling and her lurches  
Scared the river eels and perches,  
And the musk-rat in his burrow. 60

Every sober clam below her,  
Every sage and grave pearl-grower,  
Shut his rusty valves the tighter;  
Crow called to crow complaining,  
And old tortoises sat craning 65  
Their leathern necks to sight her.

So, to where the still lake glasses  
The misty mountain masses  
Rising dim and distant northward,  
And, with faint-drawn shadow pictures,  
Low shores, and dead pine spectres, 71  
Blends the skyward and the earthward,

On she glided, overladen,  
With merry man and maiden  
Sending back their song and laughter,—  
While, perchance, a phantom crew, 76  
In a ghostly birch canoe,  
Paddled dumb and swiftly after!

And the bear on Ossipee  
Climbed the topmost crag to see 80  
The strange thing drifting under;  
And, through the haze of August,  
Passaconaway and Paugus  
Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung 85  
In mimic sea-tones sung  
The song familiar to her;  
And the maples leaned to screen her,  
And the meadow-grass seemed greener,  
And the breeze more soft to woo her. 90

The lone stream mystery-haunted  
To her the freedom granted  
To scan its every feature,  
Till new and old were blended,  
And round them both extended 95  
The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel Henceforth is part and parcel ; And on Bearcamp shall her log Be kept, as if by George's Or Grand Menàn, the surges Tossed her skipper through the fog.	100	I wait, in His good time to see That as my mother dealt with me So with His children dealeth He.	15
And I, who, half in sadness, Recall the morning gladness Of life, at evening time, By chance, onlooking idly, Apart from all so widely, Have set her voyage to rhyme.	105	I bow myself beneath His hand : That pain itself was wisely planned I feel, and partly understand.	
Dies now the gay persistence Of song and laugh, in distance ; Alone with me remaining The stream, the quiet meadow, The hills in shine and shadow, The sombre pines complaining.	110	The joy that comes in sorrow's guise, The sweet pains of self-sacrifice, I would not have them otherwise.	20
And, musing here, I dream Of voyagers on a stream From whence is no returning, Under sealed orders going, Looking forward little knowing, Looking back with idle yearning.	115	And what were life and death if sin Knew not the dread rebuke within, The pang of merciful discipline ?	
And I pray that every venture The port of peace may enter, That, safe from snag and fall And siren-haunted islet, And rock, the Unseen Pilot May guide us one and all.	120	Not with thy proud despair of old, Crowned stoic of Rome's noblest mould ! Pleasure and pain alike I hold.	25
1880.		I suffer with no vain pretence Of triumph over flesh and sense, Yet trust the grievous providence,	30
		How dark soe'er it seems, may tend, By ways I cannot comprehend, To some unguessed benignant end ;	
		That every loss and lapse may gain The clear-aired heights by steps of pain, And never cross is borne in vain.	36
		1880.	

## MY TRUST.

A PICTURE memory brings to me :  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight  
A child still groping for the light  
To read His works and ways aright.

## A NAME.

Addressed to my grand-nephew, Greenleaf Whittier Pickard. Jonathan Greenleaf, in *A Genealogy of the Greenleaf Family*, says briefly : 'From all that can be gathered, it is believed that the ancestors of the Greenleaf family were Huguenots, who left France on account of their religious principles some time in the course of the sixteenth century, and settled in England. The name was probably translated from the French Feuillevert.'

THE name the Gallic exile bore,  
St. Malo ! from thy ancient mart,  
Became upon our Western shore  
Greenleaf for Feuillevert.

A name to hear in soft accord 5  
Of leaves by light winds overrun,  
Or read, upon the greening sward  
Of May, in shade and sun.

The name my infant ear first heard  
Breathed softly with a mother's kiss ; 10  
His mother's own, no tenderer word  
My father spake than this.

No child have I to bear it on ;  
Be thou its keeper ; let it take  
From gifts well used and duty done 15  
New beauty for thy sake.

The fair ideals that outran  
My halting footsteps seek and find—  
The flawless symmetry of man,  
The poise of heart and mind. 20

Stand firmly where I felt the sway  
Of every wing that fancy flew,  
See clearly where I groped my way,  
Nor real from seeming knew.

And wisely choose, and bravely hold 25  
Thy faith unswerved by cross or crown,  
Like the stout Huguenot of old  
Whose name to thee comes down.

As Marot's songs made glad the heart  
Of that lone exile, haply mine 30  
May in life's heavy hours impart  
Some strength and hope to thine.

Yet when did Age transfer to Youth  
The hard-gained lessons of its day ?  
Each lip must learn the taste of truth, 35  
Each foot must feel its way.

We cannot hold the hands of choice  
That touch or shun life's fateful keys ;  
The whisper of the inward voice  
Is more than homilies. 40

Dear boy ! for whom the flowers are born,  
Stars shine, and happy song-birds sing,  
What can my evening give to morn,  
My winter to thy spring !

A life not void of pure intent, 45  
With small desert of praise or blame,  
The love I felt, the good I meant,  
I leave thee with my name.

1880.

GREETING.

Originally prefixed to the volume. *The King's  
Missive and other Poems.* [Entitled there, *The  
Prelude.*]

I SPREAD a scanty board too late ;  
The old-time guests for whom I wait  
Come few and slow, methinks, to-day.  
Ah ! who could hear my messages  
Across the dim unsounded seas 5  
On which so many have sailed away !

Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,  
And let us meet, as we have met,  
Once more beneath this low sunshine ;  
And grateful for the good we've known,  
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown, 11  
Shake hands upon the border line.

The favor, asked too oft before,  
From your indulgent ears, once more  
I crave, and, if belated lays 15  
To slower, feebler measures move,  
The silent sympathy of love  
To me is dearer now than praise.

And ye, O younger friends, for whom  
My hearth and heart keep open room, 20  
Come smiling through the shadow long,  
Be with me while the sun goes down,  
And with your cheerful voices drown  
The minor of my even-song,

For, equal through the day and night, 25  
The wise Eternal oversight  
And love and power and righteous will  
Remain : the law of destiny  
The best for each and all must be,  
And life its promise shall fulfil. 30  
1881.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

I WRITE my name as one,  
On sands by waves o'errun  
Or winter's frosted pane,  
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims 5  
Wiser and better names,  
And well my own may pass  
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time! Melt, noons, the frosty rime! Welcome the shadow vast, The silence that shall last!	10	'To all who dumbly suffered, His tongue and pen he offered; His life was not his own, Nor lived for self alone.	55
When I and all who know And love me vanish so, What harm to them or me Will the lost memory be?	15	'Hater of din and riot He lived in days unquiet; And, lover of all beauty, Trode the hard ways of duty.	60
If any words of mine, Through right of life divine, Remain, what matters it Whose hand the message writ?	20	'He meant no wrong to any He sought the good of many, Yet knew both sin and folly,— May God forgive him wholly!	1882.
Why should the 'crowners' quest' Sit on my worst or best? Why should the showman claim The poor ghost of my name?		<b>ABRAM MORRISON.</b>	
Yet, as when dies a sound Its spectre lingers round, Haply my spent life will Leave some faint echo still.	25	'MIDST the men and things which will Haunt an old man's memory still, Drollest, quaintest of them all, With a boy's laugh I recall Good old Abram Morrison.	5
A whisper giving breath Of praise or blame to death, Soothing or saddening such As loved the living much.	30	When the Grist and Rolling Mill Ground and rumbled by Po Hill, And the old red school-house stood Midway in the Powow's flood, Here dwelt Abram Morrison.	10
Therefore with yearnings vain And fond I still would fain A kindly judgment seek, A tender thought bespeak.	35	From the Beach to far beyond Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond, Marvellous to our tough old stock, Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block, Seemed the Celtic Morrison.	15
And, while my words are read, Let this at least be said: 'Whate'er his life's defeatures, He loved his fellow-creatures.	40	Mudknock, Bahnawhistle, all Only knew the Yankee drawl, Never brogue was heard till when, Foremost of his countrymen, Hither came Friend Morrison;	20
'If, of the Law's stone table, To hold he scarce was able The first great precept fast, He kept for man the last.		Yankee born, of alien blood, Kin of his had well withstood Pope and King with pike and ball Under Derry's leaguered wall, As became the Morrisons.	25
'Through mortal lapse and dulness What lacks the Eternal Fulness, If still our weakness can Love Him in loving man?	45	Wandering down from Nutfield woods With his household and his goods, Never was it clearly told How within our quiet fold Came to be a Morrison.	30
'Age brought him no despairing 'Of the world's future faring; In human nature still He found more good than ill.	50		

Once a soldier, blame him not That the Quaker he forgot, When, to think of battles won, And the red-coats on the run, Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.	35	When, on calm and fair First Days, Rattled down our one-horse chaise, Through the blossomed apple-boughs To the old brown meeting-house, There was Abram Morrison.	80
From gray Lewis over sea Bore his sires their family tree, On the rugged boughs of it Grafting Irish mirth and wit, And the brogue of Morrison.	40	Underneath his hat's broad brim Peered the queer old face of him ; And with Irish jauntiness Swung the coat-tails of the dress Worn by Abram Morrison.	85
Half a genius, quick to plan, Blundering like an Irishman, But with canny shrewdness lent By his far-off Scotch descent, Such was Abram Morrison.	45	Still, in memory, on his feet, Leaning o'er the elders' seat, Mingling with a solemn drone, Celtic accents all his own, Rises Abram Morrison.	90
Back and forth to daily meals, Rode his cherished pig on wheels, And to all who came to see : 'Aisier for the pig an' me, Sure it is,' said Morrison.	50	'Don't,' he's pleading, 'don't ye go, Dear young friends, to sight and show ; Don't run after elephants, Learned pigs and presidents And the likes !' said Morrison.	95
Simple-hearted, boy o'er-grown, With a humor quite his own, Of our sober-stepping ways, Speech and look and cautious phrase, Slow to learn was Morrison.	55	On his well-worn theme intent, Simple, child-like, innocent, Heaven forgive the half-checked smile Of our careless boyhood, while Listening to Friend Morrison !	100
Much we loved his stories told Of a country strange and old, Where the fairies danced till dawn, And the goblin Leprecaun Looked, we thought, like Morrison.	60	We have learned in later days Truth may speak in simplest phrase ; That the man is not the less For quaint ways and home-spun dress, Thanks to Abram Morrison !	105
Or wild tales of feud and fight, Witch and troll and second sight Whispered still where Stornoway Looks across its stormy bay, Once the home of Morrisons.	65	Not to pander nor to please Come the needed homilies, With no lofty argument Is the fitting message sent, Through such lips as Morrison's.	110
First was he to sing the praise Of the Powow's winding ways ; And our straggling village took City grandeur to the look • Of its poet Morrison.	70	Dead and gone ! But while its track Powow keeps to Merrimac, While Po Hill is still on guard, Looking land and ocean ward, They shall tell of Morrison !	115
All his words have perished. Shame On the saddle-bags of Fame, That they bring not to our time One poor couplet of the rhyme Made by Abram Morrison !	75	After half a century's lapse, We are wiser now, perhaps, But we miss our streets amid Something which the past has hid, Lost with Abram Morrison.	120



Gone forever with the queer  
 Characters of that old year !  
 Now the many are as one ;  
 Broken is the mould that run  
     Men like Abram Morrison. 125  
 1884.

### A LEGACY.

FRIEND of my many years !  
 When the great silence falls, at last, on me,  
 Let me not leave, to pain and sadden thee,  
     A memory of tears,  
     But pleasant thoughts alone 5  
 Of one who was thy friendship's honored  
     guest  
 And drank the wine of consolation pressed  
     From sorrows of thy own.

I leave with thee a sense  
 Of hands upheld and trials rendered  
     less— 10  
 The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness  
     Its own great recompense ;

The knowledge that from thine,  
 As from the garments of the Master,  
     stole  
 Calmness and strength, the virtue which  
     makes whole 15  
 And heals without a sign ;

Yea more, the assurance strong  
 That love, which fails of perfect utterance  
     here,  
 Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere  
     With its immortal song. 20  
 1887.

## Religious Poems

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours  
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,  
And, like a young bride crowned with  
flowers,  
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone, 5  
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,  
Less sweet than those his thoughts have  
sown  
In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the shade  
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay, 10  
While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,  
Strange odors filled the sultry air,  
Strange birds upon the branches swung, 15  
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone  
around,  
Turned sunward from the shadowy  
bowers,  
As if the Gheber's soul had found  
A fitting home in Iran's flowers. 20

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,  
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes  
glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones, 25  
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in  
view,

And graybeard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,  
Like tempting fiends, were such as  
they 30

Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy veil, 35  
The Sun's hot glances smote him  
through.

'Ah me !' the lonely stranger said,  
'The hope which led my footsteps on,  
And light from heaven around them shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone ! 40

'Where are the harvest fields all white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in ?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,  
From the dark hiding-place of sin ?

'A silent horror broods o'er all,— 45  
The burden of a hateful spell,—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell !

'And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear ? 50  
Dear Lord, uphold me with Thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness  
share !'

He ceased ; for at his very feet  
 In mild rebuke a floweret smiled ;  
 How thrilled his sinking heart to greet 55  
 The Star-flower of the Virgin's child !

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew  
 Its life from alien air and earth,  
 And told to Paynim sun and dew  
 The story of the Saviour's birth. 60

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,  
 The Persian plants its beauty screened,  
 And on its pagan sisterhood,  
 In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt 65  
 The darkness of his long despair  
 Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
 Which God's dear love had nurtured  
 there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
 The lines of sin and sadness swept ; 70  
 And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
 In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
 Looked holy through the sunset air ;  
 And, angel-like, the Muezzin told 75  
 From tower and mosque the hour of  
 prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
 From Shiraz saw the stranger part ;  
 The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born  
 Still blooming in his hopeful heart ! 80  
 1830.

#### THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

'GET ye up from the wrath of God's  
 terrible day !  
 Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away !  
 'Tis the vintage of blood, 't is the fulness  
 of time,  
 And vengeance shall gather the harvest  
 of crime !'

The warning was spoken—the righteous  
 had gone, 5  
 And the proud ones of Sodom were feast-  
 ing alone ;  
 All gay was the banquet—the revel was  
 long,  
 With the pouring of wine and the breath-  
 ing of song.

'T was an evening of beauty ; the air was  
 perfume,  
 The earth was all greenness, the trees were  
 all bloom ; 10  
 And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
 Like the murmur of love or the notes of  
 a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in  
 the dance,  
 With the magic of motion and sunshine  
 of glance ;  
 And white arms wreathed lightly, and  
 tresses fell free 15  
 As the plumage of birds in some tropical  
 tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were  
 lighted on high,  
 And wantonness tempted the lust of the  
 eye ;  
 Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loath-  
 some, abhorred,  
 The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the  
 Lord. 20

Hark ! the growl of the thunder,—the  
 quaking of earth !  
 Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the  
 mirth !  
 The black sky has opened ; there's flame  
 in the air ;  
 The red arm of vengeance is lifted and  
 bare !

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild  
 where the song 25  
 And the low tone of love had been  
 whispered along ;  
 For the fierce flames went lightly o'er  
 palace and bower,  
 Like the red tongues of demons, to blast  
 and devour !

Down, down on the fallen the red ruin  
 rained,  
 And the reveller sank with his wine-cup  
 undrained ; 30  
 The foot of the dancer, the music's loved  
 thrill,  
 And the shout and the laughter grew  
 suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully  
given;  
The last eye glared forth in its madness  
on Heaven!  
The last groan of horror rose wildly and  
vain, 35  
And death brooded over the pride of the  
Plain!  
1831.

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Nor always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came 5  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gift of fearful words,—  
  
Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire or voice from Heaven, 10  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God is given!  
Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right,—  
Zeal for the Christian's better part, 15  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
The holy influence steals:  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels!  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
The Saviour's errand sought,—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom 25  
Rome's gathered grandeur saw:  
Or those who in their Alpine home  
Braved the Crusader's war,  
When the green Vaudois, trembling,  
heard,  
Through all its vales of death, 30  
The martyr's song of triumph poured  
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
Which o'er our spirits pass,  
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings, 35  
Or vapors o'er a glass,  
Leaving their token strange and new  
Of music or of shade,  
Thine summons to the right and true  
And merciful is made. 40

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human-kind;  
If, brooding over human grief, 45  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own;

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
Or outward sign or show; 50  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low;  
Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,— 55  
Thy Father's call of love!  
1833.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills!  
And on the waves of Galilee;  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!  
Most freshly from the green wood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings; 6  
And gayly quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours,—a change hath  
come!  
The sky is dark without a cloud! 10  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,  
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helméd watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes 15  
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him,—  
 The Christ of God, the holy One!  
 Well may the conscious Heaven grow  
 dim,  
 And blacken the beholding Sun. 20  
 The wonted light hath fled away,  
 Night settles on the middle day,  
 And earthquake from his caverned bed  
 Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath! 25  
 Their prison door is rent away!  
 And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
 They wander in the eye of day!  
 The temple of the Cherubim,  
 The House of God is cold and dim; 30  
 A curse is on its trembling walls,  
 Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
 Be shaken, and her mountains nod;  
 Well may the sheeted dead come forth 35  
 To see the suffering Son of God!  
 Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
 And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
 When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
 A sacrifice for guilt is given! 40

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
 Behold unmoved the fearful hour,  
 When Nature trembled on her throne,  
 And Death resigned his iron power?  
 Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness 45  
 Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
 And added to His tears of blood—  
 Refuse its trembling gratitude!

1834.

## PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa! thrice hallowed of  
 song,  
 Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like  
 throng;  
 In the shade of thy palms, by the shores  
 of thy sea,  
 On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is  
 with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that  
 shore 5  
 Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered  
 before;  
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse the  
 sod  
 Made bright by the steps of the angels of  
 God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear  
 Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my  
 ear; 10  
 Where the Lowly and Just with the  
 people sat down,  
 And thy spray on the dust of His sandals  
 was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of  
 green,  
 And the desolate hills of the wild  
 Gadarene;  
 And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor  
 to see 15  
 The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where,  
 swollen and strong,  
 Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;  
 Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah  
 in vain,  
 And thy torrent grew dark with the  
 blood of the slain. 20

There down from his mountains stern  
 Zebulon came,  
 And Naphthali's stag, with his eyeballs  
 of flame,  
 And the chariots of Jabin rolled harm-  
 lessly on,  
 For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's  
 son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns  
 which rang 25  
 To the song which the beautiful pro-  
 phetess sang,  
 When the princes of Issachar stood by  
 her side,  
 And the shout of a host in its triumph  
 replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,	Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between; 30	In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there	And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea 55
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.	In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!
And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw	And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;	Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet 35	Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?	Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer. 60
I tread where the twelve in their wayfar- ing trod;	Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—	To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,	And the voice of Thy love is the same even now
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought. 40	As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.
Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came:	Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power, 65
These hills He toiled over in grief are the same;	The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
The founts where He drank by the way- side still flow,	Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!	On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!
And throned on her hill sits Jerusalem yet, But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet; 46	1837.
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,	
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.	
But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode	
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God? 50	
Were my spirit but turned from the out- ward and dim,	
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!	

## HYMNS.

## FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

## I.

'Encore un hymne, O ma lyre!  
Un hymne pour le Seigneur,  
Un hymne dans mon délire,  
Un hymne dans mon bonheur.'

One hymn more, O my lyre!  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh, who the speed of bird and wind  
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
 That, soaring upward, I may find  
 My resting-place and home in Thee?  
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and  
 gloom, 5  
 Adoreth with a fervent flame,—  
 Mysterious spirit! unto whom  
 Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go  
 Up from the cold and joyless earth, 10  
 Back to the God who bade them flow,  
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
 But as for me, O God! for me,  
 The lowly creature of Thy will,  
 Linger and sad, I sigh to Thee, 15  
 An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine  
 Where yonder stars and suns are  
 glowing?  
 To breathe with them the light divine  
 From God's own holy altar flowing? 20  
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—  
 A portion of heaven's glorious whole  
 Of loveliness and song?

Oh, watchers of the stars at night, 25  
 Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—  
 Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
 Oh, say, is He, the Eternal, there?  
 Bend there around His awful throne  
 The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
 Or are thy inmost depths His own, 31  
 O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
 Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
 Or arrows from the archer's bow, 35  
 To the far aim of your desire!  
 Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
 Like spring-doves from the startled  
 wood,

Bearing like them your sacrifice  
 Of music unto God! 40

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
 Come back again no more to me?  
 Returning like the patriarch's dove  
 Wing-weary from the eternal sea,

To bear within my longing arms 45  
 The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
 Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
 Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit! freely forth  
 At Thy command the strong wind goes:  
 Its errand to the passive earth, 51  
 Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
 Until it folds its weary wing  
 Once more within the hand divine;  
 So, weary from its wandering, 55  
 My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
 From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
 Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
 By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
 Until at last it sinks to rest, 61  
 O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
 And moans upon its mother's breast,—  
 So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bidst the torrent flow, 65  
 Who lendest wings unto the wind,—  
 Mover of all things! where art Thou?  
 Oh, whither shall I go to find  
 The secret of Thy resting-place?  
 Is there no holy wing for me, 70  
 That, soaring, I may search the space  
 Of highest heaven for Thee?

Oh, would I were as free to rise  
 As leaves on autumn's whirlwind  
 borne,—  
 The arrowy light of sunset skies, 75  
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
 Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free  
 Through earth and heaven; that I might  
 lose  
 Myself in finding Thee! 80

## II.

## LE CRI DE L'ÂME.

'Quand le souffle divin qui flotte sur le monde.'

WHEN the breath divine is flowing,  
 Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
 And, as the touch of viewless fingers,  
 Softly on my soul it lingers,

Open to a breath the lightest,  
 Conscious of a touch the slightest,—  
 As some calm, still lake, whereon  
 Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,  
 And the glistening water-rings  
 Circle round her moving wings : 10  
 When my upward gaze is turning  
 Where the stars of heaven are burning  
 Through the deep and dark abyss,—  
 Flowers of midnig it's wilderness,  
 Blowing with the evening's breath 15  
 Sweetly in their Maker's path :  
 When the breaking day is flushing  
 All the east, and light is gushing  
 Upward through the horizon's haze,  
 Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,  
 Spreading, until all above 20  
 Overflows with joy and love,  
 And below, on earth's green bosom,  
 All is changed to light and blossom :

When my waking fancies over  
 Forms of brightness flit and hover  
 Holy as the seraphs are,  
 Who by Zion's fountains wear  
 On their foreheads, white and broad,  
 'Holiness unto the Lord !' 30  
 When, inspired with rapture high,  
 It would seem a single sigh  
 Could a world of love create ;  
 That my life could know no date,  
 And my eager thoughts could fill 35  
 Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still !

Then, O Father ! Thou alone,  
 From the shadow of Thy throne,  
 To the sighing of my breast  
 And its rapture answerest. 40  
 All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
 Bathe where Thy own light is springing,—  
 All my yearnings to be free  
 Are as echoes answering Thee !

Seldom upon lips of mine,  
 Father ! rests that name of Thine ;  
 Deep within my inmost breast,  
 In the secret place of mind,  
 Like an awful presence shrined,  
 Doth the dread idea rest ! 50  
 Hushed and holy dwells it there,  
 Prompter of the silent prayer,

Lifting up my spirit's eye  
 And its faint, but earnest cry,  
 From its dark and cold abode,  
 Unto Thee, my Guide and God ! 55  
 1837.

# THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

The Puritans of New England, even in their wilderness home, were not exempted from the sectarian contentions which agitated the mother country after the downfall of Charles the First, and of the established Episcopacy. The Quakers, Baptists, and Catholics were banished, on pain of death, from the Massachusetts Colony. One Samuel Gorton, a bold and eloquent declaimer, after preaching for a time in Boston against the doctrines of the Puritans, and declaring that their churches were mere human devices, and their sacrament and baptism an abomination, was driven out of the jurisdiction of the colony and compelled to seek a residence among the savages. He gathered round him a considerable number of converts, who, like the primitive Christians, shared all things in common. His opinions, however, were so troublesome to the leading clergy of the colony, that they instigated an attack upon his 'Family' by an armed force, which seized upon the principal men in it, and brought them into Massachusetts, where they were sentenced to be kept at hard labor in several towns (one only in each town), during the pleasure of the General Court, they being forbidden, under severe penalties, to utter any of their religious sentiments, except to such ministers as might labor for their conversion. They were unquestionably sincere in their opinions, and, whatever may have been their errors, deserve to be ranked among those who have in all ages suffered for the freedom of conscience.

FATHER ! to Thy suffering poor  
 Strength and grace and faith impart,  
 And with Thy own love restore  
 Comfort to the broken heart !  
 Oh, the failing ones confirm 5  
 With a holier strength of zeal !  
 Give Thou not the feeble worm  
 Helpless to the spoiler's heel !

Father ! for Thy holy sake  
 We are spoiled and hunted thus ; 10  
 Joyful, for Thy truth we take  
 Bonds and burthens unto us :



Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
 Weary with our daily task,  
 That Thy truth may never fall 15  
 Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
 Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
 And at noon the wild beast comes  
 Where our frugal meal was shared; 20  
 For the song of praises there  
 Shrieks the crow the livelong day;  
 For the sound of evening prayer  
 Howls the evil beast of prey.

Sweet the songs we loved to sing 25  
 Underneath Thy holy sky;  
 Words and tones that used to bring  
 Tears of joy in every eye;  
 Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
 When we gathered knee to knee, 30  
 Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
 Bowed, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,  
 Shared their wealth and daily bread,  
 Even so, with one accord, 35  
 We, in love, each other fed.  
 Not with us the miser's hoard,  
 Not with us his grasping hand;  
 Equal round a common board,  
 Drew our meek and brother band! 40

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
 When the war-whoop stirred the land  
 And the Indian turned away  
 From our home his bloody hand.  
 Well that forest-ranger saw, 45  
 That the burthen and the curse  
 Of the white man's cruel law  
 Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
 To our toiling hard and long, 50  
 Father! from the dust of earth  
 Lift we still our grateful song!  
 Grateful, that in bonds we share  
 In Thy love which maketh free;  
 Joyful, that the wrongs we bear, 55  
 Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee!

Grateful! that where'er we toil,—  
 By Wachuset's wooded side,  
 On Nantucket's sea-worn isle, 60  
 Or by wild Neponset's tide,—  
 Still, in spirit, we are near,  
 And our evening hymns, which rise  
 Separate and discordant here,  
 Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock, 65  
 Let the proud and evil priest  
 Rob the needy of his flock,  
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—  
 Redden not Thy bolts in store  
 Through the blackness of Thy skies? 70  
 For the sighing of the poor  
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and wasted, oh! how long  
 Shall Thy trodden poor complain?  
 In Thy name they bear the wrong, 75  
 In Thy cause the bonds of pain!  
 Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
 Let the haughty priesthood see,  
 And their blinded followers feel,  
 That in us they mock at Thee! 80

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
 Stretch abroad that hand to save  
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!  
 Lead us from this evil land, 85  
 From the spoiler set us free,  
 And once more our gathered band,  
 Heart to heart, shall worship Thee!  
 1838.

### EZEKIEL.

Also, thou son of man, the children of thy  
 people still are talking against thee by the walls  
 and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to  
 another, every one to his brother, saying, Come,  
 I pray you, and hear what is the word that  
 cometh forth from the Lord. And they come  
 unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit  
 before thee as my people, and they hear thy  
 words, but they will not do them: for with their  
 mouth they shew much love, but their heart  
 goeth after their covetousness. And, lo, thou art  
 unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath

a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not. And when this cometh to pass, (lo, it will come,) then shall they know that a prophet hath been among them.—EZEKIEL, xxxiii. 30-33.

THEY hear Thee not, O God! nor see;  
Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;  
The princes of our ancient line  
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;  
The priests around Thy altar speak 5  
The false words which their hearers seek;  
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton  
maids

Have sung in Dura's idol-shades  
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,  
With Zion's holiest anthems blending! 10

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
The heathen heel is crushing yet;  
The towers upon our holy hill  
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for them?  
Who mourneth for Jerusalem? 16  
Who turneth from his gains away?  
Whose knee with mine is bowed to  
pray?  
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
Takes Zion's lamentation up? 20

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
With Israel's early banishment;  
And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
The ritual of my fathers kept.  
The water for the trench I drew, 25  
The firstling of the flock I slew,  
And, standing at the altar's side,  
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,  
That still, amidst her mocking foes,  
The smoke of Zion's offering rose. 30

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
The Spirit of the Highest came!  
Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
A glory terrible and vast;  
With dreadful eyes of living things, 35  
And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
With circling light and sapphire throne,  
And flame-like form of One thereon,  
And voice of that dread Likeness sent  
Down from the crystal firmament! 40

The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour;  
From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose;  
I saw far down the coming time 45  
The fiery chastisement of crime;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain 51  
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.  
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;  
And heard the low, expiring moan 55  
Of Edom on his rocky throne;  
And, woe is me! the wild lament  
From Zion's desolation sent;  
And felt within my heart each blow  
Which laid her holy places low. 60

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
Before the pictured tile I lay;  
And there, as in a mirror, saw  
The coming of Assyria's war;  
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass 65  
Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;  
I saw them draw their stormy hem  
Of battle round Jerusalem;  
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail  
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal! 70

Who trembled at my warning word?  
Who owned the prophet of the Lord?  
How mocked the rude, how scoffed the  
vile,  
How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow, 75  
The shadow crept of Israel's woe  
As if the angel's mournful roll  
Had left its record on my soul,  
And traced in lines of darkness there  
The picture of its great despair! 80

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
My lips in prophecy unseal.  
Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,  
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
On Chebar's waste and alien shore, 85  
The harp of Judah swept once more.

They listen, as in Babel's throng  
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,  
As careless and as vain as they.

90

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,  
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !  
The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
Have felt in all succeeding years.  
Sport of the changeful multitude,  
Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
Their warnings but the actor's part.  
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
The world requites its prophets still.

95

100

So was it when the Holy One  
The garments of the flesh put on !  
Men followed where the Highest led  
For common gifts of daily bread,  
And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
Owned not the Godlike power of Him.  
Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
His wail above Jerusalem,  
And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples slept.

105

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far-discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies !  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,  
Through Heaven's vast spaces angel-trod,  
And through the eternal years of God !  
Thy audience, worlds !—all things to be  
The witness of the Truth in thee !

115

120

1844.

#### WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,  
'Lord !' I cried in sudden ire,  
'From Thy right hand, clothed with  
thunder,  
Shake the bolted fire !

'Love is lost, and Faith is dying ;  
With the brute the man is sold ;  
And the dropping blood of labor  
Hardens into gold.

5

'Here the dying wail of Famine,  
There the battle's groan of pain :  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.

10

"Where is God, that we should fear  
Him ?"

Thus the earth-born Titans say :  
'God ! if Thou art living, hear us !'  
Thus the weak ones pray.

15

'Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,'  
Spake a solemn Voice within ;  
'Weary of our Lord's forbearance,  
Art thou free from sin ?

20

'Fearless brow to Him uplifting,  
Canst thou for His thunders call,  
Knowing that to guilt's attraction  
Evermore they fall ?

'Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time ?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

25

'Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness !  
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,  
Were their strong temptations planted  
In thy path of life ?

30

'Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing  
From one fountain, clear and free,  
But by widely varying channels  
Searching for the sea.

35

'Glideth one through greenest valleys,  
Kissing them with lips still sweet ;  
One, mad roaring down the mountains,  
Stagnates at their feet.

40

'Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire ?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire ?

'He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill.

45

'For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel.

50

'Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity 55  
For the wronged, by turns.

'But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own. 60

'Not the less shall tern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
Wailings of regret.'

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking, 65  
Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day's cool silence,  
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil-doers  
Waken scorn, or hatred move, 70  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love.  
1847.

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes :  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love, our dear 5  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
But ills and woes he may not cure 11  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear, 15  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ; 20  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind.  
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !'  
1847.

### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall  
The city towers rise black and tall,  
Where Zorah, on its rocky height,  
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain 5  
Falls like a cloud the night amain,  
And up the hillsides climbing slow  
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest ! how our fair child's head  
The sunset light hath hallow'd, 10  
Where at this olive's foot he lies,  
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh, while beneath the fervent heat  
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,  
I've watched, with mingled joy and dread,  
Our child upon his grassy bed. 16

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,  
When to her bosom, over-blessed,  
A dearer life than hers is pressed. 20

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
Which shapes our dear one to its will ;  
Forever in his large calm eyes,  
I read a tale of sacrifice.

The same foreboding awe I felt 25  
When at the altar's side we knelt,  
And he, who as a pilgrim came,  
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade, 30  
And on me the warm-fingered hours  
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—  
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,  
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere. 36

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
I saw their hands His ark assail,  
Their feet profane His holy veil. 40

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
No thunder from the still sky broke;  
But in their midst, in power and awe,  
Like God's waked wrath, our child I saw!

A child no more!—harsh-browed and  
strong, 45  
He towered a giant in the throng,  
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,  
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm—he smote amain;  
As round the reaper falls the grain, 50  
So the dark host around him fell,  
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
The towers and domes of Askelon;  
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd 55  
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,  
His arms the massive pillars twined,—  
An eyeless captive, strong with hate  
He stood there like an evil Fate. 60

The red shrines smoked,—the trumpets  
pealed:  
He stooped,—the giant columns reeled;  
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and  
wall,  
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan 65  
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of him, who at our side  
Sat through the golden eventide; 70  
Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,  
Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise.

'Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
Gray mother of the mighty slain!  
Rejoice!' it cried, 'he vanquisheth! 75  
The strong in life is strong in death!

'To him shall Zorah's daughters raise  
Through coming years their hymns of  
praise,  
And gray old men at evening tell  
Of all he wrought for Israel. 80

'And they who sing and they who hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
O mother of the mighty dead!'

It ceased; and though a sound I heard 85  
As if great wings the still air stirred,  
I only saw the barley sheaves  
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
On the dear child who slumbered near; 90  
'With me, as with my only son,  
O God,' I said, 'Thy will be done!'  
1847.

#### MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here? 5  
Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year?  
'Nay, none of these!'

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
Whose eye looks still 10  
And steadily on thee through the night:  
'To do His will!'

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,  
That thou tremblest so?  
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept  
the line 15  
He bade thee go?

What, silent all! art sad of cheer?  
Art fearful now?  
When God seemed far and men were near,  
How brave wert thou! 20

Aha ! thou tremblest !—well I see  
Thou'rt craven grown.  
Is it so hard with God and me  
To stand alone ?

Summon thy sunshine bravery back, 25  
O wretched sprite !  
Let me hear thy voice through this deep  
and black  
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and  
Truth,  
For God and Man, 30  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed  
youth  
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear 35  
They come and go.

'I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,  
And borne the Right  
From beneath the footfall of the throng  
To life and light. 40

'Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,  
God speed, quoth I ;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
I gave the lie.'

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine ! 45  
Thy deeds are well :  
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for  
thine ?  
My soul, pray tell.

'Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
Beneath the sky, 50  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
No gain have I.'

Go to, go to ! for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done :  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf, 55  
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of mine ?  
Canst see the end ?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend ? 60

What daunts thee now ? what shakes  
thee so ?

My sad soul, say.  
'I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o'er my way.

'Whither I go I cannot tell : 65  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as hell  
Across my track.

'I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before. 70  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

'They shrink, they shudder, dear God !  
they kneel  
To Thee in prayer.  
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel  
That it still is there. 76

'In vain they turn from the dread Before  
To the Known and Gone ;  
For while gazing behind them evermore  
Their feet glide on. 80

'Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces  
A light begin  
To tremble, as if from holy places  
And shrines within.

'And at times methinks their cold lips  
move 85  
With hymn and prayer,  
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love  
And hope were there.

'I call on the souls who have left the light  
To reveal their lot ; 90  
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
And they answer not.

'But I hear around me sighs of pain  
And the cry of fear,  
And a sound like the slow sad dropping  
of rain, 95  
Each drop a tear !

'Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day  
I am moving thither :  
I must pass beneath it on my way—  
God pity me !—whither ?' 100

Ah, soul of mine ! so brave and wise In the life-storm loud, Fronting so calmly all human eyes In the sunlit crowd !	Peopling the shadows we turn from Him And from one another ; All is spectral and vague and dim Save God and our brother !
Now standing apart with God and me 105 Thou art weakness all, Gazing vainly after the things to be Through Death's dread wall.	Like warp and woof all destinies 145 Are woven fast, Linked in sympathy like the keys Of an organ vast.
But never for this, never for this Was thy being lent ; 110 For the craven's fear is but selfishness, Like his merriment.	Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ; Break but one 150 Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar Through all will run.
Folly and Fear are sisters twain : One closing her eyes, The other peopling the dark inane 115 With spectral lies.	O restless spirit ! wherefore strain Beyond thy sphere ? Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain, Are now and here. 156
Know well, my soul, God's hand controls Whate'er thou fearest ; Round Him in calmest music rolls Whate'er thou hearest. 120	Back to thyself is measured well All thou hast given ; Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell, His bliss, thy heaven. 160
What to thee is shadow, to Him is day, And the end He knoweth, And not on a blind and aimless way The spirit goeth.	And in life, in death, in dark and light, All are in God's care : Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night, And He is there !
Man sees no future,—a phantom show 125 Is alone before him ; Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow, And flowers bloom o'er him.	All which is real now remaineth, 165 And fadeth never : The hand which upholds it now sustaineth The soul forever.
Nothing before, nothing behind ; The steps of Faith 130 Fall on the seeming void, and find The rock beneath.	Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness His own thy will, 170 And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness Life's task fulfil ;
The Present, the Present is all thou hast For thy sure possessing ; Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast 135 Till it gives its blessing.	And that cloud itself, which now before thee Lies dark in view, Shall with beams of light from the inner glory 175 Be stricken through.
Why fear the night? why shrink from Death, That phantom wan? There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath Save God and man. 140	

And like meadow mist through autumn's  
dawn  
Upolling thin,  
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn  
Let sunlight in. 180

Then of what is to be, and of what is  
done,  
Why queriest thou?  
The past and the time to be are one,  
And both are now !  
1847.

# WORSHIP.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and  
the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and  
widows in their affliction, and to keep himself  
unspotted from the world.—JAMES i. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips  
are spoken,

And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and  
moan

Round fane and altar overthrown and  
broken,

O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring  
of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old  
high places, 5

The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's  
wood,

With mothers offering, to the Fiend's  
embraces,

Bone of their bone, and blood of their  
own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night  
of error,

Smoked with warm blood beneath the  
cruel eye 10

Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,  
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over-  
casting

All heaven above, and blighting earth  
below,

The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale  
with fasting, 15

And man's oblation was his fear and  
woe !

Then through great temples swelled the  
dismal moaning

Of dirge-like music and sepulchral  
prayer ;

Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols  
droning,

Swung their white censers in the bur-  
dened air : 20

As if the pomp of rituals, and the  
savor

Of gums and spices could the Unseen  
One please ;

As if His ear could bend, with childish  
favor,

To the poor flattery of the organ keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the church  
aisles holy, 25

With trembling reverence : and the  
oppressor there,

Kneeling before his priest, abased and  
lowly,

Crushed human hearts beneath his knee  
of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant  
Father

Requireth at His earthly children's  
hands : 30

Not the poor offering of vain rites, but  
rather

The simple duty man from man de-  
mands.

For Earth He asks it : the full joy of  
heaven

Knoweth no change of waning or in-  
crease ;

The great heart of the Infinite beats  
even, 35

Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high sur-  
rounding

The priestly altar and the saintly  
grave,

No dolorous chant nor organ music sound-  
ing,

Nor incense clouding up the twilight  
nave. 40



For he whom Jesus loved hath truly  
spoken :  
The holier worship which he deigns to  
bless  
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit  
broken,  
And feeds the widow and the father-  
less !  
Types of our human weakness and our  
sorrow ! 45  
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones  
dead ?  
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to  
borrow  
From stranger eyes the home lights  
which have fled ?  
O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy  
brother ;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is  
there ; 50  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed  
a prayer.  
Follow with reverent steps the great  
example  
Of Him whose holy work was 'doing  
good ;'  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's  
temple, 55  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.  
Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy  
clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall  
cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of  
anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of  
peace ! 60  
1848.

## THE HOLY LAND.

Paraphrased from the lines in Lamartine's  
*Adieu to Marseilles*, beginning

'Je n'ai pas navigué sur l'océan de sable.'

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark ;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark ;

Nor pitched my tent at even-fall, 5  
On dust where Job of old has lain,  
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread ;  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky, 10  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,  
How beats the heart with God so  
nigh !  
How round gray arch and column lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan 15  
Along the sandy solitudes !

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nations' cries,  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies. 20  
The Christian's prayer I have not said  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide, 25  
O Jordan ! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side  
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent !  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone  
Where, deep in night, the Bard of  
Kings 30  
Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious  
strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,  
And left His trace of tears as yet 35  
By angel eyes unwept away ;  
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn  
time,  
The garden where His prayer and  
groan,  
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone. 40

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot  
Where in His mother's arms He lay,  
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
Where last His footsteps pressed the  
clay ;

Nor looked on that sad mountain head, 45  
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide  
His arms to fold the world He spread,  
And bowed His head to bless—and died!

1848.

### THE REWARD.

WHO, looking backward from his man-  
hood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?  
And, through the shade

Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the  
wind

From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?  
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?

Who does not cast

On the thronged pages of his memory's  
book,

At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,  
Regretful of the past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun  
We do, and leave the wished-for good  
undone:

Our strength to-day

Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to  
fall;

Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his  
years,

Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful  
tears,

If he hath been

Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in 25  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;

If he hath lent

Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of  
need,

Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
Or home, hath bent;

30

He has not lived in vain, and while he  
gives

The praise to Him, in whom he moves and  
lives,

With thankful heart;

He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from his works he nevermore  
Can henceforth part.

36

1848.

### THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above, 5  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away;  
Oh, sweet, fond dream of human Love!  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known; 10  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to Thine own!

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in Thy hand to lie, 15  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath. 20

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan,  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home, 25  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away, 30  
In mercy lend Thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day!

1848.

## ALL 'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
 Our thirsty souls with rain ;  
 The blow most dreaded falls to break  
 From off our limbs a chain ;  
 And wrongs of man to man but make 5  
 The love of God more plain.  
 As through the shadowy lens of even  
 The eye looks farthest into heaven  
 On gleams of star and depths of blue  
 The glaring sunshine never knew ! 10  
 1850.

## INVOCATION.

THROUGH Thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,  
 Formless and void the dead earth rolled ;  
 Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music, blind  
 To the great lights which o'er it shined ;  
 No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath,—  
 A dumb despair, a wandering death. 6

To that dark, weltering horror came  
 Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—  
 A breath of life electrical,  
 Awakening and transforming all, 10  
 Till beat and thrilled in every part  
 The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and sea ;  
 Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree ;  
 From flower to moth, from beast to man,  
 The quick creative impulse ran ; 16  
 And earth, with life from Thee renewed,  
 Was in Thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold  
 And formless as that earth of old ; 20  
 A wandering waste of storm and night,  
 Midst spheres of song and realms of light ;  
 A blot upon Thy holy sky,  
 Untouched, unwarned of Thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep 25  
 Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !  
 Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,  
 The lost restore, the ill transform,  
 That flower and fruit henceforth may be  
 Its grateful offering, worthy Thee. 30  
 1851.

## QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose  
 name was Uriel, gave me an answer,  
 And said, Thy heart hath gone too far in this  
 world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way  
 of the Most High ?

Then said I, Yea, my Lord. . .  
 Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me  
 the weight of the fire or measure me the blast of  
 the wind, or call me again the hour that is past.

2 ESDRAS, ch. iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,  
 A feeble faith I would not shake,  
 Nor even rashly pluck away  
 The error which some truth may stay,  
 Whose loss might leave the soul without  
 A shield against the shafts of doubt. 6

And yet, at times, when over all  
 A darker mystery seems to fall,  
 (May God forgive the child of dust,  
 Who seeks to know, where Faith should  
 trust !) 10

I raise the questions, old and dark,  
 Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,  
 And, speech-confounded, build again  
 The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know ! 15  
 Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?  
 A centred self, which feels and is ;  
 A cry between the silences ;  
 A shadow-birth of clouds at strife  
 With sunshine on the hills of life ; 20  
 A shaft from Nature's quiver cast  
 Into the Future from the Past ;  
 Between the cradle and the shroud,  
 A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all, 25  
 I see the great stars rise and fall,  
 The rounding seasons come and go,  
 The tided oceans ebb and flow ;  
 The tokens of a central force,  
 Whose circles, in their widening course,  
 O'erlap and move the universe ; 31  
 The workings of the law whence springs  
 The rhythmic harmony of things,  
 Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,  
 And orbs in heaven the morning star. 35

Of all I see, in earth and sky,—  
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part  
have I?

This conscious life,—is it the same  
Which thrills the universal frame,  
Whereby the pavèrned crystal shoots, 40  
And mounts the sap from forest roots,  
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells  
When Spring makes green her native  
dells?

How feels the stone the pang of birth,  
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?  
The forest-tree the throb which gives 46  
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?  
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,  
Life's many-folded mystery,—  
The wonder which it is to be? 50  
Or stand I severed and distinct,  
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?  
Allied to all, yet not the less  
Prisoned in separate consciousness,  
Alone o'erburdened with a sense 55  
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
The riddle of her sights and sounds;  
Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
The echoed question it receives. 60  
What sings the brook? What oracle  
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?  
What may the wind's low burden be?  
The meaning of the moaning sea?  
The hieroglyphics of the stars? 65  
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?  
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,  
I ask the stylus and the pen; 70  
What sang the bards of old? What meant  
The prophets of the Orient?  
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid  
In painted tomb and pyramid?  
What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines, 75  
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs?  
How speaks the primal thought of man  
From the grim carvings of Copan?  
Where rests the secret? Where the keys  
Of the old death-bolted mysteries? 80  
Alas! the dead retain their trust;  
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,  
Unanswered the eternal quest;  
I gather up the scattered rays 85  
Of wisdom in the early days,  
Faint gleams and broken, like the light  
Of meteors in a northern night,  
Betraying to the darkling earth  
The unseen sun which gave them birth;  
I listen to the sibyl's chant, 91  
The voice of priest and hierophant;  
I know what Indian Kreesna saith,  
And what of life and what of death  
The demon taught to Socrates; 95  
And what, beneath his garden-trees  
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,  
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;  
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,  
Of God's clear light in each and all, 100  
While holding with more dear regard  
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,  
The starry pages promise-lit  
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,  
Thy miracle of life and death, 105  
O Holy One of Nazareth!

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,  
The circling serpent coils in stone,—  
Type of the endless and unknown; 110  
Whereof we seek the clue to find,  
With groping fingers of the blind!  
Forever sought, and never found,  
We trace that serpent-symbol round  
Our resting-place, our starting bound!  
Oh, thriftlessness of dream and guess! 115  
Oh, wisdom which is foolishness!  
Why idly seek from outward things  
The answer inward silence brings?  
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere  
And age, for that which lies so near? 120  
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,  
A nearer view of heaven to gain?  
In lowliest depths of bosky dells  
The hermit Contemplation dwells.  
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat, 125  
And lotus-twined his silent feet,  
Whence, piercing heaven, with screenèd  
sight,  
He sees at noon the stars, whose light  
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego; 130

Enough for me to feel and know  
 That He in whom the cause and end,  
 The past and future, meet and blend,—  
 Who, girt with His Immensities,  
 Our vast and star-hung system sees, 135  
 Small as the clustered Pleiades,—  
 Moves not alone the heavenly quires,  
 But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,  
 Guards not archangel feet alone,  
 But deigns to guide and keep my own ;  
 Speaks not alone the words of fate 141  
 Which worlds destroy, and worlds create,  
 But whispers in my spirit's ear,  
 In tones of love, or warning fear,  
 A language none beside may hear. 145

To Him, from wanderings long and wild,

I come, an over-wearied child,  
 In cool and shade His peace to find,  
 Like dew-fall settling on my mind.  
 Assured that all I know is best, 150  
 And humbly trusting for the rest,  
 I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,  
 Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream  
 Of power, impersonal and cold,  
 Controlling all, itself controlled, 155  
 Maker and slave of iron laws,  
 Alike the subject and the cause ;  
 From vain philosophies, that try  
 The sevenfold gates of mystery,  
 And, baffled ever, babble still, 160  
 Word-prodigo of fate and will ;  
 From Nature, and her mockery, Art,  
 And book and speech of men apart,  
 To the still witness in my heart ;  
 With reverence waiting to behold 165  
 His Avatâr of love untold,  
 The Eternal Beauty new and old !

1852.

#### FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

In calm and cool and silence, once again  
 I find my old accustomed place among  
 My brethren, where, perchance, no  
 human tongue  
 Shall utter words ; where never hymn  
 is sung,  
 Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer  
 swung, 5

Nor dim light falling through the pic-  
 tured pane !

There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
 The still small voice which reached the  
 prophet's ear ;

Read in my heart a still diviner law  
 Than Israel's leader on his tables saw ! 10  
 There let me strive with each besetting  
 sin,

Recall my wandering fancies, and re-  
 strain

The sore disquiet of a restless brain ;  
 And, as the path of duty is made plain,  
 May grace be given that I may walk  
 therein, 15

Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,  
 With backward glances and reluctant  
 tread,

Making a merit of his coward dread,  
 But, cheerful, in the light around me  
 thrown, 19

Walking as one to pleasant service led ;  
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His  
 strength alone !

1852.

#### TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions ! O my  
 friend,

I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
 My soul into the dark, where never burn  
 The lamps of science, nor the natural  
 light

Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot  
 learn 5

Their great and solemn meanings, nor  
 discern

The awful secrets of the eyes which turn  
 Evermore on us through the day and  
 night

With silent challenge and a dumb  
 demand,

Proffering the riddles of the dread un-  
 known, 10

Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes  
 of stone,

Questioning the centuries from their  
 veils of sand !

I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned beside my mother's  
knee;

'All is of God that is, and is to be; 15  
And God is good.' Let this suffice us  
still,

Resting in childlike trust upon His  
will

Who moves to His great ends unthwarted  
by the ill.

1853.

### TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, 'I fain would see  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me.'

I wandered forth, the sun and air  
I saw bestowed with equal care 5  
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;  
Alike the righteous and profane  
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, 'Is it meet 10  
That blindfold Nature thus should treat  
With equal hand the tares and wheat?'

A presence melted through my mood,—  
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,  
Like sunshine through a winter wood. 15

I saw that presence, mailed complete  
In her white innocence, pause to greet  
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure 20  
The lost one clung, as if secure  
From inward guilt or outward lure.

'Beware!' I said; 'in this I see  
No gain to her, but loss to thee:  
Who touches pitch defiled must be.'

I passed the haunts of shame and sin, 25  
And a voice whispered, 'Who therein  
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace  
win?'

'Who there shall hope and health dis-  
pense,

And lift the ladder up from thence  
Whose rounds are prayers of penitence?'

I said, 'No higher life they know; 31  
These earth-worms love to have it so.  
Who stoops to raise them sinks as low.'

That night with painful care I read  
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said; 35  
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I turned, in weary quest,  
Old pages, where (God give them rest!)  
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and  
guessed.

And still I prayed, 'Lord, let me see 40  
How Three are One, and One is Three;  
Read the dark riddle unto me!'

Then something whispered, 'Dost thou  
pray 5  
For what thou hast? This very day  
The Holy Three have crossed thy way. 45

'Did not the gifts of sun and air  
To good and ill alike declare  
The all-compassionate Father's care?

'In the white soul that stooped to raise  
The lost one from her evil ways, 50  
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels  
praise!

'A bodiless Divinity,  
The still small Voice that spake to thee  
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

'O blind of sight, of faith how small! 55  
Father, and Son, and Holy Call;  
This day thou hast denied them all!

'Revealed in love and sacrifice,  
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,  
One and the same, in threefold guise. 60

'The equal Father in rain and sun,  
His Christ in the good to evil done,  
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three are  
One!'

I shut my grave Aquinas fast ;  
The monkish gloss of ages past,  
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, 'Lord, I see  
How Three are One, and One is Three ;  
Thy riddle hath been read to me !'

1858.

### THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee  
The lingering sunshine still ;  
As, smiling, to the silent stream  
Comes down the singing rill.

So come to me, my little one, —  
My years with thee I share,  
And mingle with a sister's love  
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,  
The trust upon thy brow ;  
Since for the dear one God hath called  
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven  
Shall still her ear incline ;  
Nor need we fear her human love  
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath  
The trees of life so fair,  
But sweetest of the songs of heaven  
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,  
And teach my heart to lean  
With thy sweet trust upon the arm  
Which folds us both unseen !

1858.

### 'THE ROCK' IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,  
Her stones of emptiness remain ;  
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps  
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft 5  
The bow of vengeance turns not back ;  
Of all her myriads none are left  
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day  
Her arches spring, her statues climb ; 10  
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay  
No tribute to the spoiler, Time !

Unchanged the awful lithograph  
Of power and glory undertrod ;  
Of nations scattered like the chaff 15  
Blown from the threshing-floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn  
From Petra's gates with deeper awe,  
To mark afar the burial urn  
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor ; 20

And where upon its ancient guard  
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet, —  
Looks from its turrets desertward,  
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud 25  
It heard the voice of God to man,  
As when it saw in fire and cloud  
The angels walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way  
It saw the long procession file, 30  
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play  
The music of the lordly Nile ;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,  
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's  
wells,

While Moses graved the sacred laws, 35  
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !  
How grew its shadowing pile at length,  
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,  
Of God's eternal love and strength. 40

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,  
From age to age went down the name,  
Until the Shiloh's promised year,  
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came !

The path of life we walk to-day 45  
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;  
We need the shadowing rock, as they, —  
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels, Cloud and Fire,  
To lead us o'er the desert sand ! 50  
God give our hearts their long desire,  
His shadow in a weary land !  
1859.

THE OVER-HEART.

For of Him, and through Him, and to Him  
are all things: to whom be glory forever !  
ROMANS, xi. 36.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan. 5

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall. 10

God is: and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of Nature owns;  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,  
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear  
Of blood appeases and atones. 15

Guilt shapes the Terror: deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities;  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise ! 20

And what is He? The ripe grain nods,  
The sweet dew drops fall, the sweet flowers  
blow;  
But darker signs His presence show:  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow. 25

O hearts of love! O souls that turn  
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!  
To you the truth is manifest:  
For they the mind of Christ discern  
Who lean like John upon His breast ! 30

In him of whom the sibyl told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,  
Whose need the sage and magian owned,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groaned ! 35

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride!  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side ! 40

What doth that holy Guide require?  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To Him, the beautiful and good. 45

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain;  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain. 50

How fall the idols false and grim!  
And lo! their hideous wreck above  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!  
Man turns from God, not God from him;  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ, 56  
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated;  
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
Transform its very dust to gold. 60

The theme befitting angel tongues  
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
O heart of mine! with reverence own  
The fulness which to it belongs, 64  
And trust the unknown for the known.  
1859.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

'And I sought, whence is Evil: I set before the  
eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever  
we see therein,—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral  
creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not  
see,—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil,  
and whence comes it, since God the Good hath  
created all things? Why made He anything at  
all of evil, and not rather by His Almightyness  
cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in  
my miserable heart, overcharged with most  
gnawing cares.' 'And, admonished to return to  
myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou  
being my guide, and beheld even beyond my  
soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He



who knows the Truth, knows what that Light is,  
and he that knows it knows Eternity ! O Truth,  
who art Eternity ! Love, who art Truth ! Eter-  
nity, who art Love ! And I beheld that Thou  
madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing  
whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm,  
from the first motion to the last, Thou settest  
each in its place, and everything is good in its  
kind. Woe is me !—how high art Thou in the  
highest, how deep in the deepest ! and Thou  
never departest from us, and we scarcely return  
to Thee.'—*AUGUSTINE'S Soliloquies*, Book VII.

THE fourteen centuries fall away  
Between us and the Afric saint,  
And at his side we urge, to-day,  
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,— 5  
From sea or earth comes no reply ;  
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven  
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—  
From all we grasp the meaning slips ;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life, 11  
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet  
Of fear before, and guilt behind ;  
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat 15  
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked  
The sad bequest of sire to son,  
The body's taint, the mind's defect ; 19  
Through every web of life the dark threads  
run.

Oh, why and whither ? God knows all ;  
I only know that He is good,  
And that whatever may befall  
Or here or there, must be the best that  
could.

Between the dreadful cherubim 25  
A Father's face I still discern,  
As Moses looked of old on Him,  
And saw His glory into goodness turn !

For He is merciful as just ;  
And so, by faith correcting sight, 30  
I bow before His will, and trust  
Howe'er they seem He doeth all things  
right.

And dare to hope that He will make  
The rugged smooth, the doubtful  
plain ;

His mercy never quite forsake ; 35  
His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not His revenge  
Upon His creatures weak and frail,  
Sent on a pathway new and strange  
With feet that wander and with eyes that  
fail ; 40

That, o'er the crucible of pain,  
Watches the tender eye of Love  
The slow transmuting of the chain  
Whose links are iron below to gold above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies, 45  
Seen through our shadows of offence,  
And drown with our poor childish cries  
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,  
And of the just effect complain : 50  
We tread upon life's broken laws,  
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn us from the light, and find  
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,  
As they who leave the sun behind 55  
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours  
We set our faces to the day ;  
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal  
Powers

Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin, 61  
But love must needs be stronger far,  
Outreaching all and gathering in  
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years ;  
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,  
Looks upward from her graves, and  
hears, 67  
'The Resurrection and the Life am I.'

O Love Divine !—whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us because we turn from  
thee ! 72

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit ;  
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries  
sit. 76

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou  
know'st,  
Wide as our need thy favors fall ;  
The white wings of the Holy Ghost  
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads  
of all. 80

O Beauty, old yet ever new !<sup>74</sup>  
Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,  
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,  
The old sphere-music which the Samian  
heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,  
Long sought without, but found  
within, 86

The Law of Love beyond all law,  
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and  
sin !

Shine on us with the light which glowed  
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's  
way, 90

Who saw the Darkness overflowed  
And drowned by tides of everlasting  
Day.<sup>75</sup>

Shine, light of God!—make broad thy  
scope

To all who sin and suffer ; more  
And better than we dare to hope 95  
With Heaven's compassion make our  
longings poor !

1860.

### THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

Lieutenant Herndon's *Report of the Exploration of the Amazon* has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it 'The Cry of a Lost Soul' ! Among the numerous translations of this poem is one by the Emperor of Brazil.<sup>76</sup>

IN that black forest, where, when day  
is done,  
With a snake's stillness glides the  
Amazon  
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,  
The long, despairing moan of solitude 5  
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so  
drear,  
So full of hopeless agony and fear,  
His heart stands still and listens like his  
ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,  
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's  
thole, 11  
Crosses himself, and whispers, 'A lost  
soul !'

'No, Señor, not a bird. I know it well,—  
It is the pained soul of some infidel  
Or cursèd heretic that cries from hell. 15

'Poor fool ! with hope still mocking his  
despair,  
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight  
air

For human pity and for Christian prayer.

'Saints strike him dumb ! Our Holy  
Mother hath

No prayer for him who, sinning unto  
death, 20

Burns always in the furnace of God's  
wrath !'

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,  
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,  
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp ; shadows  
deepen round, 25  
From giant trees with snake-like creepers  
wound,

And the black water glides without a  
sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense  
Of nature plastic to benign intents,  
And an eternal good in Providence, 30

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;  
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous  
cries,  
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic  
skies!

'Father of all!' he urges his strong plea,  
'Thou lovest all: Thy erring child may be  
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee! 36

'All souls are Thine; the wings of morn-  
ing bear  
None from that Presence which is every-  
where,  
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art  
there.

'Through sins of sense, perversities of  
will, 40  
Through doubt and pain, through guilt  
and shame and ill,  
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

'Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and  
Goal!  
In Thy long years, life's broken circle  
whole,  
And change to praise the cry of a lost  
soul?' 45  
1862.

#### ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

ANDREW RYKMAN's dead and gone;  
You can see his leaning slate  
In the graveyard, and thereon  
Read his name and date.

'*Trust is truer than our fears,*  
Runs the legend through the moss,  
'*Gain is not in added years,*  
*Nor in death is loss.*'

Still the feet that thither trod,  
All the friendly eyes are dim;  
Only Nature, now, and God  
Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,  
Singing birds and soft winds stray:  
Shall the tender Heart of all 15  
Be less kind than they?

What he was and what he is  
They who ask may haply find,  
If they read this prayer of his  
Which he left behind. 20

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare  
Shape in words a mortal's prayer!  
Prayer, that, when my day is done,  
And I see its setting sun,  
Shorn and beamless, cold and dim, 25  
Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—  
When this ball of rock and clay  
Crumbles from my feet away,  
And the solid shores of sense  
Melt into the vague immense, 30  
Father! I may come to Thee  
Even with the beggar's plea,  
As the poorest of Thy poor,  
With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home 35  
With a step assured I come;  
Still behind the tread I hear  
Of my life-companion, Fear;  
Still a shadow deep and vast  
From my westerling feet is cast, 40  
Wavering, doubtful, undefined,  
Never shapen nor outlined:  
From myself the fear has grown,  
And the shadow is my own.  
Yet, O Lord, through all a sense 45  
Of Thy tender providence  
Stays my failing heart on Thee,  
And confirms the feeble knee;  
And, at times, my worn feet press  
Spaces of cool quietness, 50  
Lilied whiteness shone upon  
Not by light of moon or sun.

Hours there be of inmost calm,  
Broken but by grateful psalm,  
When I love Thee more than fear Thee, 55  
And Thy blessed Christ seems near me,  
With forgiving look, as when  
He beheld the Magdalen.  
Well I know that all things move  
To the spherical rhythm of love,— 60  
That to Thee, O Lord of all!  
Nothing can of chance befall:  
Child and seraph, mote and star,  
Well Thou knowest what we are!  
Through Thy vast creative plan 65

Looking, from the worm to man,  
There is pity in Thine eyes,  
But no hatred nor surprise.  
Not in blind caprice of will,  
Not in cunning sleight of skill, 70  
Not for show of power, was wrought  
Nature's marvel in Thy thought.  
Never careless hand and vain  
Smites these chords of joy and pain ;  
No immortal selfishness 75  
Plays the game of curse and bless :  
Heaven and earth are witnesses  
That Thy glory goodness is.  
Not for sport of mind and force  
Hast Thou made Thy universe,  
But as atmosphere and zone 80  
Of Thy loving heart alone.  
Man, who walketh in a show,  
Sees before him, to and fro,  
Shadow and illusion go ;  
All things flow and fluctuate,  
Now contract and now dilate.  
In the welter of this sea,  
Nothing stable is but Thee ;  
In this whirl of swooning trance, 90  
Thou alone art permanence ;  
All without Thee only seems,  
All beside is choice of dreams.  
Never yet in darkest mood  
Doubted I that Thou wast good,  
Nor mistook my will for fate, 95  
Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—  
Never dreamed the gates of pearl  
Rise from out the burning marl,  
Or that good can only live  
Of the bad conservative,  
And through counterpoise of hell  
Heaven alone be possible.

For myself alone I doubt ;  
All is well, I know, without ;  
I alone the beauty mar,  
I alone the music jar.  
Yet, with hands by evil stained,  
And an ear by discord pained,  
I am groping for the keys  
Of the heavenly harmonies ;  
Still within my heart I bear  
Love for all things good and fair.  
Hands of want or souls in pain

Have not sought my door in vain ; 115  
I have kept my fealty good  
To the human brotherhood ;  
Scarcely have I asked in prayer  
That which others might not share.  
I, who hear with secret shame 120  
Praise that paineth more than blame,  
Rich alone in favors lent,  
Virtuous by accident,  
Doubtful where I vain would rest,  
Frailest where I seem the best, 125  
Only strong for lack of test,—  
What am I, that I should press  
Special pleas of selfishness,  
Coolly mounting into heaven 80  
On my neighbor unforgiven ?  
Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,  
Comes a saint unrecognized ;  
Never fails my heart to greet 85  
Noble deed with warmer beat ;  
Halt and maimed, I own not less 135  
All the grace of holiness ;  
Nor, through shame or self-distrust,  
Less I love the pure and just.  
Lord, forgive these words of mine :  
What have I that is not Thine ? 140  
Whatsoe'er I fain would boast  
Needs Thy pitying pardon most.  
Thou, O Elder Brother ! who  
In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
Thou, who hast been touched by these 145  
Our most sad infirmities,  
Thou alone the gulf canst span  
In the dual heart of man,  
And between the soul and sense 100  
Reconcile all difference,  
Change the dream of me and mine 150  
For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,  
Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
Haply, thus by Thee renewed, 155  
In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
Some sweet morning yet in God's  
Dim, æonian periods,  
Joyful I shall wake to see  
Those I love who rest in Thee, 160  
And to them in Thee allied  
Shall my soul be satisfied.  
  
Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me  
What the future life may be.

Other lips may well be bold ;  
 Like the publican of old,  
 I can only urge the plea,  
 ' Lord, be merciful to me !'  
 Nothing of desert I claim,  
 Unto me belongeth shame.  
 Not for me the crowns of gold,  
 Palms, and harpings manifold ;  
 Not for erring eye and feet  
 Jasper wall and golden street.  
 What Thou wilt, O Father, give !  
 All is gain that I receive.  
 If my voice I may not raise  
 In the elders' song of praise,  
 If I may not, sin-defiled,  
 Claim my birthright as a child,  
 Suffer it that I to Thee  
 As an hired servant be ;  
 Let the lowliest task be mine,  
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;  
 Let me find the humblest place  
 In the shadow of Thy grace :  
 Blest to me were any spot  
 Where temptation whispers not.  
 If there be some weaker one,  
 Give me strength to help him on ;  
 If a blinder soul there be,  
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
 Make my mortal dreams come true  
 With the work I fain would do ;  
 Clothe with life the weak intent,  
 Let me be the thing I meant ;  
 Let me find in Thy employ  
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
 Out of self to love be led  
 And to heaven acclimated,  
 Until all things sweet and good  
 Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him  
 Who, with John of Labadie,  
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim  
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.  
 Are we wiser, better grown,  
 That we may not, in our day,  
 Make his prayer our own ?

1863.

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### THE ANSWER.

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,  
 And let the sunshine weave to-day  
 Its gold-threads in the warp and woof  
 Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile ; the flesh is weak. 5  
 These lingering feet, that fain would  
 stray

Among the flowers, shall some day seek  
 The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,  
 The awe of thy rebuking frown ; 10  
 The dullest slave at times must sigh  
 To fling his burdens down ;

To drop his galley's straining oar,  
 And press, in summer warmth and calm,  
 The lap of some enchanted shore 15  
 Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,  
 My heart its taste of long desire ;  
 This day be mine : be those to come 20  
 As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,  
 Smiting my selfish prayers away ;  
 ' To-morrow is with God alone,  
 And man hath but to-day.

' Say not, thy fond, vain heart within, 25  
 The Father's arm shall still be wide,  
 When from these pleasant ways of sin  
 Thou turn'st at eventide.

" Cast thyself down," the tempter saith,  
 " And angels shall thy feet upbear." 30  
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,  
 And blasphemy of prayer.

' Though God be good and free be heaven,  
 No force divine can love compel ;  
 And, though the song of sins forgiven 35  
 May sound through lowest hell,

' The sweet persuasion of His voice  
 Respects thy sanctity of will.  
 He giveth day : thou hast thy choice 40  
 To walk in darkness still ;

'As one who, turning from the light,  
Watches his own gray shadow fall,  
Doubting, upon his path of night,  
If there be day at all!

'No word of doom may shut thee out, 45  
No wind of wrath may downward whirl,  
No swords of fire keep watch about  
The open gates of pearl;

'A tenderer light than moon or sun,  
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn, 50  
May shine and sound forever on,  
And thou be deaf and dim.

'Forever round the Mercy-seat  
The guiding lights of Love shall burn;  
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet 55  
Shall lack the will to turn?

'What if thine eye refuse to see,  
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,  
And thou a willing captive be,  
Thyself thy own dark jail? 60

'Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess,  
As the long years of God unroll,  
To make thy dreary selfishness  
The prison of a soul! 64

'To doubt the love that fain would break  
The fetters from thy self-bound limb;  
And dream that God can thee forsake  
As thou forsakest Him!' 1863.

# THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument; 5  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds: 10  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God! He needeth not 15  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not mix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God. 20

Ye praise His justice; even such  
His pitying love I deem:  
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods 25  
A world of pain and loss;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
Myself, alas! I know: 30  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust, 35  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin. 40

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim 45  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below 5  
I dare not throne above, 50  
I know not of His hate,—I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right. 56

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong. 60

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak 65  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove ; 70  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar ;  
No harm from Him can come to me 75  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift 80  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen 85  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee !  
1865.

#### THE COMMON QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal  
The gray bird ate his fill,  
Swung downward by a single claw,  
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail, 5  
And set his head aslant,  
And, in his sharp, impatient way,  
Asked, 'What does Charlie want?'

'Fie, silly bird !' I answered, 'tuck  
Your head beneath your wing, 10  
And go to sleep ;'—but o'er and o'er  
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :  
How like are men and birds !  
We all are saying what he says, 15  
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,  
The girl with hoop and doll,  
And men with lands and houses, ask 20  
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more  
We fain the bag would cram ;  
We sigh above our crowded nets  
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven 25  
The vague desire can stay ;  
Self-love is still a Tartar mill  
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all ;  
He knoweth all our wants ; 30  
And what we blindly ask of Him  
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers  
Might well be merged in one ;  
And nest and perch and hearth and 35  
church  
Repeat, 'Thy will be done.'  
1866.

#### OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name 5  
All other names above ;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow 10  
The mists of earth away !  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book, The strife of tongues forbear ; Why forward reach, or backward look, 15 For love that clasps like air?	Through Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame, The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name. 60
We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down : In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown. 20	Our Lord and Master of us all ! Whate'er our name or sign, We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.
Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape, The lineaments restore Of Him we know in outward shape And in the flesh no more.	Thou judgest us ; Thy purity 65 Doth all our lusts condemn ; The love that draws us nearer Thee Is hot with wrath to them.
He cometh not a king to reign ; 25 The world's long hope is dim ; The weary centuries watch in vain The clouds of heaven for Him.	Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight : And, naked to Thy glance, 70 Our secret sins are in the light Of Thy pure countenance.
Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye And ear are answerless ; 30 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky Is sad with silentness.	Thy healing pains, a keen distress Thy tender light shines in ; Thy sweetness is the bitterness, 75 Thy grace the pang of sin.
The letter fails, and systems fall, And every symbol wanes ; The Spirit over-brooding all Eternal Love remains. 35	Yet, weak and blinded though we be, Thou dost our service own ; We bring our varying gifts to Thee, And Thou rejectest none. 80
And not for signs in heaven above Or earth below they look, Who know with John His smile of love, With Peter His rebuke. 40	To Thee our full humanity, Its joys and pains, belong ; The wrong of man to man on Thee Inflicts a deeper wrong.
In joy of inward peace, or sense Of sorrow over sin, He is His own best evidence, His witness is within.	Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes Therein to Thee allied ; 86 All sweet accords of hearts and homes In Thee are multiplied.
No fable old, nor mythic lore, 45 Nor dream of bards and seers, No dead fact stranded on the shore Of the oblivious years ;—	Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine, Within our earthly sod, 90 Most human and yet most divine, The flower of man and God !
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help is He ; 50 And faith has still its Olivet, And love its Galilee.	O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight Thy presence maketh one As through transfigured clouds of white We trace the noon-day sun. 96
The healing of His seamless dress Is by our beds of pain ; We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again. 56	So, to our mortal eyes subdued, Flesh-veiled, but not concealed, We know in Thee the fatherhood And heart of God revealed. 100



We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render Thee 105  
Is still our Father's own ;  
No jealous claim or rivalry  
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,  
As words are less than deeds, 110  
And simple trust can find Thy ways  
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,  
No place for me and mine ;  
Our human strength is weakness, death  
Our life, apart from Thine. 116

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labor vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun. 120

Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all Thou art, 125  
Our noisy championship !  
The sighing of the contrite heart  
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,  
Nor Thine the zealot's ban ; 130  
Thou wilt canst spare a love of Thee  
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be?—  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word, 135  
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,  
We pile no graven stone ;  
He serves Thee best who loveth most  
His brothers and Thy own. 140

Thy litanies, sweet offices  
Of love and gratitude ;  
Thy sacramental liturgies,  
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift 145  
The vaulted nave around,  
In vain the minster turret lift  
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise ; 150  
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise !  
1866.

### THE MEETING.

The two speakers in the meeting referred to in this poem were Avis Keene, whose very presence was a benediction, a woman lovely in spirit and person, whose words seemed a message of love and tender concern to her hearers ; and Sibyl Jones, whose inspired eloquence and rare spirituality impressed all who knew her. In obedience to her apprehended duty she made visits of Christian love to various parts of Europe, and to the West Coast of Africa and Palestine.

THE elder folks shook hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnized and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my  
guest 5  
His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside, the hills lay warm in sun ;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep ; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred. 10  
'What part or lot have you,' he said,  
'In these dull rites of drowsy-head ?  
Is silence worship ? Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer air,  
Not in this close and rude-benched hall, 15  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers !  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart, 20  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord !  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men ;  
His service liberty indeed, 25  
He built no church, He framed no creed ;

But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene 30  
Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk, 34  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with His gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee.'

'Thy words are well, O friend,' I said;  
'Unmeasured and unlimited, 40  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.  
Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small 45  
Of its unseen confessional.  
He needs no special place of prayer  
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;  
He brings not back the childish days 49  
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
Still less He owns the selfish good  
And sickly growth of solitude, —  
The worthless grace that, out of sight, 55  
Flowers in the desert anchorite;  
Discovered from the suffering whole,  
Love hath no power to save a soul.  
Not out of Self, the origin  
And native air and soil of sin, 60  
The living waters spring and flow,  
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

'Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
This quiet shelter twice a week,  
I better deem its pine-laid floor 65  
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;  
But nature is not solitude:  
She crowds us with her thronging wood;  
Her many hands reach out to us,  
Her many tongues are garrulous; 70  
Perpetual riddles of surprise  
She offers to our ears and eyes;  
She will not leave our senses still,  
But drags them captive at her will:  
And, making earth too great for heaven,  
She hides the Giver in the given. 76

'And so I find it well to come  
For deeper rest to this still room,  
For here the habit of the soul  
Feels less the outer world's control; 80  
The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
More earnestly our common needs;  
And from the silence multiplied  
By these still forms on either side,  
The world that time and sense have known  
Falls off and leaves us God alone. 86

'Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
A flavor of its many springs,  
The tints of earth and sky it brings; 90  
In the still waters needs must be  
Some shade of human sympathy;  
And here, in its accustomed place,  
I look on memory's dearest face;  
The blind by-sitter guesseth not 95  
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;  
No eyes save mine alone can see  
The love wherewith it welcomes me!  
And still, with those alone my kin,  
In doubt and weakness, want and sin, 100  
I bow my head, my heart I bare,  
As when that face was living there,  
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)  
The peace of simple trust to gain,  
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay 105  
The idols of my heart away.

'Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —  
Such golden words as hers for whom  
Our autumn flowers have just made room;  
Whose hopeful utterance through and 111  
through  
The freshness of the morning blew;  
Who loved not less the earth that light  
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
But saw in all fair forms more fair 115  
The Internal beauty mirrored there.  
Whose eighty years but added grace  
And saintlier meaning to her face, —  
The look of one who bore away  
Glad tidings from the hills of day, 120  
While all our hearts went forth to meet  
The coming of her beautiful feet!  
Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread  
Is in the paths where Jesus led;

Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream 125	'God should be most where man is least : So, where is neither church nor priest, And never rag of form or creed 175 To clothe the nakedness of need,— Where farmer-folk in silence meet,— I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ; I lay the critic's glass aside, I tread upon my lettered pride, 180 And, lowest-seated, testify To the oneness of humanity ; Confess the universal want, And share whatever Heaven may grant. He findeth not who seeks his own, 185 The soul is lost that's saved alone. Not on one favored forehead fell Of old the fire-tongued miracle, But flamed o'er all the thronging host The baptism of the Holy Ghost ; 190 Heart answers heart : in one desire The blending lines of prayer aspire ; "Where, in My name, meet two or three," Our Lord hath said, "I there will be !"
'I ask no organ's soulless breath 135 To drone the themes of life and death, No altar candle-lit by day, No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play, No cool philosophy to teach Its bland audacities of speech 140 To double-tasked idolaters Themselves their gods and worshippers, No pulpit hammered by the fist Of loud-asserting dogmatist, Who borrows for the Hand of love 145 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove. I know how well the fathers taught, What work the later schoolmen wrought ; I reverence old-time faith and men, But God is near us now as then ; 150 His force of love is still unspent, His hate of sin as imminent ; And still the measure of our needs Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ; The manna gathered yesterday 155 Already savors of decay ; Doubts to the world's child-heart un- known Question us now from star and stone ; Too little or too much we know, And sight is swift and faith is slow ; 160 The power is lost to self-deceive With shallow forms of make-believe. We walk at high noon, and the bells Call to a thousand oracles, But the sound deafens, and the light 165 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ; The letters of the sacred Book Glimmer and swim beneath our look ; Still struggles in the Age's breast With deepening agony of quest 170 The old entreaty : "Art Thou He, Or look we for the Christ to be ?"	'So sometimes comes to soul and sense 195 The feeling which is evidence That very near about us lies The realm of spiritual mysteries. The sphere of the supernal powers Impinges on this world of ours. 200 The low and dark horizon lifts, To light the scenic terror shifts ; The breath of a diviner air Blows down the answer of a prayer : That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt 205 A great compassion clasps about, And law and goodness, love and force, Are wedded fast beyond divorce. Then duty leaves to love its task, The beggar Self forgets to ask ; 210 With smile of trust and folded hands, The passive soul in waiting stands To feel, as flowers the sun and dew, The One true Life its own renew. "So to the calmly gathered thought 215 The innermost of truth is taught, The mystery dimly understood, That love of God is love of good, And, chiefly, its divinest trace In Him of Nazareth's holy face ; 220 That to be saved is only this,— Salvation from our selfishness,

From more than elemental fire,  
The soul's unsanctified desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain 225  
That warns us of its chafing chain;  
That worship's deeper meaning lies  
In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
Not proud humilities of sense  
And posturing of penitence, 230  
But love's unforced obedience;  
That Book and Church and Day are given  
For man, not God,—for earth, not  
heaven,—  
The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends; 235  
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The king of some remoter star,  
Listening, at times, with flattered ear  
To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
But here, amidst the poor and blind, 240  
The bound and suffering of our kind,  
In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
Life of our life, He lives to-day.'

1868

### THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore.  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow 5  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.  
Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see? 10  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?  
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street?  
Was ever yet a sound by half 15  
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?  
O Earth! with gladness overfraught,  
No added charm thy face hath found;  
Within my heart the change is wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted ground. 20  
From couch of pain and curtained room  
Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon 25  
Shall blow the warm west-winds of  
spring,  
To set the unbound rills in tune  
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.  
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods  
Grow misty green with leafing buds, 30  
And violets and wind-flowers sway  
Against the throbbing heart of May.  
Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind;  
Since, richer for its chastening grown, 35  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father! hath not wronged  
With loss the life by Thee prolonged;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful Thy works appear! 40  
As Thou hast made Thy world without,  
Make Thou more fair my world within;  
Shine through its lingering clouds of  
doubt;  
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span 45  
Of life with love to Thee and man;  
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best!

2d mo., 1868.

### DIVINE COMPASSION.

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,  
And still the vision haunts me oft;  
I see the saints in white robes clad,  
The martyrs with their palms aloft;  
But hearing still, in middle song, 5  
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;  
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the  
strain  
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse  
and pain.  
The glad song falters to a wail,  
The harping sinks to low lament; 10  
Before the still unlifted veil  
I see the crown'd foreheads bent,  
Making more sweet the heavenly air  
With breathings of unselfish prayer;  
And a Voice saith: 'O Pity which is pain,  
O Love that weeps, fill up My sufferings  
which remain! 16

'Shall souls redeemed by Me refuse  
To share My sorrow in their turn?  
Or, sin-forgiven, My gift abuse  
Of peace with selfish unconcern? 20  
Has saintly ease no pitying care?  
Has faith no work, and love no prayer?  
While sin remains, and souls in darkness  
dwell,  
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look  
unmoved on hell?'

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,  
A wind of heaven blows coolly in; 26  
Fainter the awful discords seem,  
The smoke of torment grows more thin,  
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence  
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence:  
And through the dreary realm of man's  
despair, 31  
Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo!  
God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high  
That pity cannot breathe its air?  
Its happy eyes forever dry, 35  
Its holy lips without a prayer!  
My God! my God! if thither led  
By Thy free grace unmerited,  
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me  
keep  
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that  
still can weep. 40  
1868.

### THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made,  
A woman, all in black arrayed,  
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,  
With gliding motion of a ghost,  
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon 5  
A scroll which bore these words alone,  
*Pray for me!*

Back from the place of worshipping  
She glided like a guilty thing:  
The rustle of her draperies, stirred 10  
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;  
While, full of awe, the preacher read,  
As out into the dark she sped:  
*Pray for me!*

Back to the night from whence she  
came, 15  
To unimagined grief or shame!  
Across the threshold of that door  
None knew the burden that she bore;  
Alone she left the written scroll,  
The legend of a troubled soul,— 20  
*Pray for me!*

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!  
Thou leav'st a common need within;  
Each bears, like thee, some nameless  
weight,  
Some misery inarticulate, 25  
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,  
Some household sorrow all unsaid.  
*Pray for us!*

Pass on! The type of all thou art,  
Sad witness to the common heart! 30  
With face in veil and seal on lip,  
In mute and strange companionship,  
Like thee we wander to and fro,  
Dumbly imploring as we go:  
*Pray for us!* 35

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads  
Our want perchance hath greater needs?  
Yet they who make their loss the gain  
Of others shall not ask in vain,  
And Heaven bends low to hear the  
prayer 40  
Of love from lips of self-despair:  
*Pray for us!*

In vain remorse and fear and hate  
Beat with bruised hands against a fate  
Whose walls of iron only move 45  
And open to the touch of love.  
He only feels his burdens fall  
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.  
*Pray for us!*

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed 50  
The mystery of another's breast.  
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'er-  
flow,  
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.  
Enough to note by many a sign  
That every heart hath needs like thine. 55  
*Pray for us!*

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

'These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra; offer Soma to the drinker of Soma.'—*Vashista*, translated by MAX MÜLLER.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke  
Up through the green wood curled;  
'Bring honey from the hollow oak,  
Bring milky sap,' the brewers spoke,  
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,  
The priests thrust in their rods,  
First tasted, and then drank their fill,  
And shouted, with one voice and will,  
'Behold the drink of gods!'

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain  
A new, glad life began;  
The gray of hair grew young again,  
The sick man laughed away his pain,  
The cripple leaped and ran.

'Drink, mortals, what the gods have sent,  
Forget your long annoy.'  
So sang the priests. From tent to tent  
The Soma's sacred madness went,  
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate  
A winged and glorious birth,  
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,  
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,  
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang;  
On Gihon's banks of shade  
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang;  
In joy of life or mortal pang  
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race  
Sends down these matin psalms;  
And still with wondering eyes we trace  
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,  
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,  
Each after age has striven  
By music, incense, vigils drear,  
And trance, to bring the skies more near,  
Or lift men up to heaven!

Some fever of the blood and brain,  
Some self-exalting spell,  
The scourger's keen delight of pain,  
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,  
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-prown hermit sunk  
The sarer brute below;  
The naked Santon, hashish-drunk,  
The cloister madness of the monk,  
The fakir's torture-show!

And yet the past comes round again,  
And new doth old fulfil;  
In sensual transports wild as vain  
We brew in many a Christian fane  
The heathen Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call,  
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;  
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;  
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and  
 fire,  
 O still, small voice of calm ! 85  
 1872.

### A WOMAN.

OH, dwarfed and wronged, and stained  
 with ill,  
 Behold ! thou art a woman still !  
 And, by that sacred name and dear,  
 I bid thy better self appear.  
 Still, through thy foul disguise, I see 5  
 The rudimental purity,  
 That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
 Thy birthright-claim of womanhood ;  
 An inward loathing, deep, intense ;  
 A shame that is half innocence, 10  
 Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin !  
 Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
 As Mary rose at Jesus' word,  
 Redeemed and white before the Lord !  
 Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His name, 15  
 Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.  
 Art weak ? He's strong. Art fearful ?  
 Hear  
 The world's O'ercomer : ' Be of cheer !'  
 What lip shall judge when He approves ?  
 Who dare to scorn the child He loves ? 20  
 1872.

### THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

The island of Penikese in Buzzard's Bay was given by Mr. John Anderson to Agassiz for the uses of a summer school of natural history. A large barn was cleared and improvised as a lecture-room. Here, on the first morning of the school, all the company was gathered. 'Agassiz had arranged no programme of exercises,' says Mrs. Agassiz, in *Louis Agassiz ; his Life and Correspondence*, 'trusting to the interest of the occasion to suggest what might best be said or done. But, as he looked upon his pupils gathered there to study nature with him, by an impulse as natural as it was unpremeditated, he called upon them to join in silently asking God's blessing on their work together. The pause was broken by the first words of an

address no less fervent than its unspoken prelude.' This was in the summer of 1878, and Agassiz died the December following.

On the isle of Penikese,  
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
 Stood the Master with his school.  
 Over sails that not in vain 5  
 Wooed the west-wind's steady strain,  
 Line of coast that low and far  
 Stretched its undulating bar,  
 Wings aslant across the rim  
 Of the waves they stooped to skim, 10  
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
 Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth :  
 ' We have come in search of truth,  
 Trying with uncertain key 15  
 Door by door of mystery ;  
 We are reaching, through His laws,  
 To the garment-hem of Cause,  
 Him, the endless, unbegun,  
 The Unnamable, the One 20  
 Light of all our light the Source,  
 Life of life, and Force of force.  
 As with fingers of the blind,  
 We are groping here to find  
 What the hieroglyphics mean 25  
 Of the Unseen in the seen,  
 What the Thought which underlies  
 Nature's masking and disguise,  
 What it is that hides beneath  
 Blight and bloom and birth and death. 30  
 By past efforts unavailing,  
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
 Of our weakness made aware,  
 On the threshold of our task  
 Let us light and guidance ask, 35  
 Let us pause in silent prayer !'

Then the Master in his place  
 Bowed his head a little space,  
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird, 40  
 Left the solemn hush unbroken  
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken,  
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
 Rose to heaven interpreted.  
 As, in life's best hours, we hear 45  
 By the spirit's finer ear

His low voice within us, thus  
 The All-Father heareth us ;  
 And His holy ear we pain  
 With our noisy words and vain.  
 Not for Him our violence  
 Storming at the gates of sense,  
 His the primal language, His  
 The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,  
 And the doubting gaze assent,  
 With a gesture reverent,  
 To the Master well-beloved.  
 As thin mists are glorified  
 By the light they cannot hide,  
 All who gazed upon him saw,  
 Through its veil of tender awe,  
 How his face was still uplit  
 By the old sweet look of it,  
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
 And the love that casts out fear.  
 Who the secret may declare  
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer?  
 Did the shade before him come  
 Of th' inevitable doom,  
 Of the end of earth so near,  
 And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
 Rest: the isle of Penikese ;  
 But the lord of the domain  
 Comes not to his own again :  
 Where the eyes that follow fail,  
 On a vaster sea his sail  
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail.  
 Other lips within its bound  
 Shall the laws of life expound ;  
 Other eyes from rock and shell  
 Read the world's old riddles well :  
 But when breezes light and bland  
 Blow from Summer's blossomed land,  
 When the air is glad with wings,  
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,  
 Many an eye with his still face  
 Shall the living ones displace,  
 Many an ear the word shall seek  
 He alone could fitly speak.  
 And one name forevermore  
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
 By the waves that kiss the shore,  
 By the curlew's whistle sent  
 Down the cool, sea-scented air ;

In all voices known to her,  
 Nature owns her worshipper,  
 Half in triumph, half lament.  
 Thither Love shall tearful turn,  
 Friendship pause uncovered there,  
 And the wisest reverence learn  
 From the Master's silent prayer.  
 1873.

## IN QUEST.

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved, with  
 thee  
 On the great waters of the unsounded sea,  
 Momently listening with suspended ear  
 For the low rote of waves upon a shore  
 Changeless as heaven, where never fog-  
 cloud drifts  
 Over its windless wood, nor mirage lifts  
 The steadfast hills ; where never birds of  
 doubt  
 Sing to mislead, and every dream dies  
 out,  
 And the dark riddles which perplex us  
 here  
 In the sharp solvent of its light are clear?  
 Thou knowest how vain our quest ; how,  
 soon or late,  
 The baffling tides and circles of debate  
 Swept back our bark unto its starting-  
 place,  
 Where, looking forth upon the blank,  
 gray space,  
 And round about us seeing, with sad eyes,  
 The same old difficult hills and cloud-cold  
 skies,  
 We said : ' This outward search availeth  
 not  
 To find Him. He is farther than we  
 thought,  
 Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot  
 Whereon we wait, this commonplace of  
 home,  
 As to the well of Jacob, He may come  
 And tell us all things.' As I listened  
 there,  
 Through the expectant silences of prayer,  
 Somewhat I seemed to hear, which hath  
 to me  
 Been hope, strength, comfort, and I give  
 it thee.



'The riddle of the world is understood  
Only by him who feels that God is good,  
As only he can feel who makes his love  
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
On th' rounds of his best instincts ; draws  
no line 30  
Between mere human goodness and divine,  
But, judging God by what in him is best,  
With a child's trust leans on a Father's  
breast,  
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble  
still  
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,  
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse, 36  
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.  
Can Hatred ask for love? Can Selfishness  
Invite to self-denial? Is He less  
Than man in kindly dealing? Can He  
break 40  
His own great law of fatherhood, forsake  
And curse His children? Not for earth  
and heaven  
Can separate tables of the law be given.  
No rule can bind which He himself denies;  
The truths of time are not eternal lies.' 45  
So heard I; and the chaos round me  
spread  
To light and order grew; and, 'Lord,'  
I said,  
'Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all  
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not  
call  
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set  
A strange god up, but Thou remainest  
yet. 51  
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known  
Before I was; my best is all Thy own.  
From Thy great heart of goodness mine  
but drew  
Wishes and prayers; but Thou, O Lord,  
wilt do, 55  
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,  
All that I feel when I am nearest Thee !'  
1873.

## THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,  
Where, wept by many tears,  
To-day my mother's friend lays down  
The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise 5  
Of death with her is seen,  
And on her simple casket lies  
No wreath of bloom and green.  
Oh, not for her the florist's art,  
The mocking weeds of woe; 10  
Dear memories in each mourner's heart  
Like heaven's white lilies blow.  
And all about the softening air  
Of new-born sweetness tells,  
And the ungathered May-flowers wear 15  
The tints of ocean shells.  
The old, assuring miracle  
Is fresh as heretofore;  
And earth takes up its parable  
Of life from death once more. 20  
Here organ-swell and church-bell toll  
Methinks but discord were;  
The prayerful silence of the soul  
Is best befitting her.  
No sound should break the quietude 25  
Alike of earth and sky;  
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,  
Breathe but a half-heard sigh !  
Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake;  
And thou not distant sea, 30  
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,  
And thou wert Galilee !  
For all her quiet life flowed on  
As meadow streamlets flow,  
Where fresher green reveals alone 35  
The noiseless ways they go.  
From her loved place of prayer I see  
The plain-robed mourners pass,  
With slow feet treading reverently  
The graveyard's springing grass. 40  
Make room, O mourning ones, for me,  
Where, like the friends of Paul,  
That you no more her face shall see  
You sorrow most of all.  
Her path shall brighten more and more 45  
Unto the perfect day;  
She cannot fail of peace who bore  
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear  
The look of sins forgiven ! 50  
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear  
Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,  
Or knelt in grateful praise !  
What grace of Christian womanhood 55  
Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant  
No duty left undone ;  
The heavenly and the human blent 60  
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found  
For feasting ear and eye,  
And Pleasure, on her daily round,  
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense 65  
Of all things sweet and fair,  
And Beauty's gracious providence  
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude  
With love's unconscious ease ; 70  
Her kindly instincts understood  
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness  
Made sweet her smile and tone,  
And glorified her farm-wife dress 75  
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters  
Are humble human souls ;  
The Gospel of a life like hers 80  
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,  
The saintly fact survives ;  
The blessed Master none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.  
1873.

**A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.**

**I.**

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all  
lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasping of  
hands ;

Sing hymns that were sung by the stars  
of the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was  
born !

With glad jubilations 5  
Bring hope to the nations !  
The dark night is ending and dawn has  
began :  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts  
beat as one !

**II.**

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals  
of love 10  
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the  
dove,  
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time  
in accord,  
And the voice of the world is the voice of  
the Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations  
In strong gratulations : 15  
The dark night is ending and dawn has  
begun ;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat  
as one !

**III.**

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of  
peace ;  
East, west, north, and south let the long  
quarrel cease : 20  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels  
began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to  
man !

Hark ! joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us !  
The dark night is ending and dawn has  
begun ; 25  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the  
sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat  
as one !

1873.

## VESTA.

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death

Our own have reconciled,  
Most quietly, most tenderly  
Take home Thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,  
Thy words are on her tongue ;  
The very silence round her seems  
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's  
Who hears its mother call ;  
The lilies of Thy perfect peace  
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms  
To rest herself in Thine ;  
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we  
Our well-beloved resign !

Oh, less for her than for ourselves  
We bow our heads and pray ;  
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,  
To Thee shall point the way !  
1874.

## CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time  
And on our Saxon tongue  
The echoes of the home-born hymns  
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies  
In every age and clime ;  
The earliest cradles of the race  
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,  
Nor green earth's virgin sod,  
So moved the singer's heart of old  
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life  
Was more than dawning morn,  
Than opening flower or crescent moon  
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal  
The heart of genius turns,  
And more than all the sages teach  
From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang,  
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,  
That sound to-day on all the winds  
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Teuton's household songs,  
And folk-lore of the Finn,  
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths  
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still  
The heart in reverence kneels ;  
The wonder of the primal birth  
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught  
As only weakness can ;  
God hath His small interpreters ;  
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,  
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;  
But he is freshest from His hands  
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him  
For sin-sick hearts and cold,  
The angels of our childhood still  
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom !—Teach Thou us,  
O Master most divine,  
To feel the deep significance  
Of these wise words of Thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain  
What innocence beholds ;  
No cunning finds the key of heaven,  
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love  
That gate shall open fall ;  
The mind of pride is nothingness,  
The childlike heart is all !

1875.

THE HEALER.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH DORÉ'S  
PICTURE OF CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

So stood of old the holy Christ  
Amidst the suffering throng ;  
With whom His lightest touch sufficed  
To make the weak est strong.

That healing gift He lends to them 5  
Who use it in His name ;  
The power that filled His garment's hem  
Is evermore the same.

For lo ! in human hearts unseen  
The Healer dwelleth still, 10  
And they who make His temples clean  
The best subserve His will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,  
An errand all divine,  
The burden of our common need 15  
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth  
With patience, trust, and hope ;  
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth  
Shall give thee ample scope. 20

Beside the unveiled mysteries  
Of life and death go stand,  
With guarded lips and reverent eyes  
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued 25  
From Him who went about  
The Syrian hillsides doing good,  
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet  
Thy friend and guide to be ; 30  
The Healer by Gennesaret  
Shall walk the rounds with thee.  
1875.

THE TWO ANGELS.

GOD called the nearest angels who dwell  
with Him above :  
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest  
one was Love.

'Arise,' He said, 'My angels ! a wail of  
woe and sin  
Steals through the gates of heaven, and  
saddens all within.

'My harps take up the mournful strain  
that from a lost world swells, 5  
The smoke of torment clouds the light  
and blights the asphodels.

'Fly downward to that under world, and  
on its souls of pain  
Let I owe drop smiles like sunshine, and  
Pity tears like rain !'

Two faces bowed before the Throne, veiled  
in their golden hair ;  
Four white wings lessened swiftly down  
the dark abyss of air. 10

The way was strange, the flight was long ;  
at last the angels came  
Where swung the lost and nether world,  
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but Love,  
with faith too strong for fear,  
Took heart from God's almightiness and  
smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched the  
flame whereon it fell, 15  
And, with the sunshine of that smile,  
hope entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked  
upward to the Throne,  
Four white wings folded at the feet of  
Him who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas, more  
soft than falling flake,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song the  
Voice Eternal spake : 20

'Welcome, My angels ! ye have brought  
a holier joy to heaven ;  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the  
song of sin forgiven !'

1875.

## OVERRULED.

THE threads our hands in blindness spin  
No self-determined plan weaves in ;  
The shuttle of the unseen powers  
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah ! small the choice of him who sings 5  
What sound shall leave the smitten  
strings ;

Fate holds and guides the hand of art ;  
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone  
That through its trembling threads is  
blown ; 10

The patient organ cannot guess  
What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;  
And no man measures in advance 15  
His strength with untried circumstance.

As streams take hue from shade and sun,  
As runs the life the song must run ;  
But, glad or sad, to His good end  
God grant the varying notes may tend ! 20  
1877.

## HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA (1738).

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA *sings*.

WAKE, sisters, wake ! the day-star shines ;  
Above Ephrata's eastern pines  
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.

Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm !

Praised be the Lord for shade and light, 5  
For toil by day, for rest by night !  
Praised be His name who deigns to bless  
Our Kedar of the wilderness !

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand  
Was heavy on our native land ; 10  
And freedom, to her children due,  
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,  
We owned Him when the stake blazed  
red ;

We knew, whatever might befall, 15  
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers ; with outstretched  
arm

He led us forth from cruel harm ;  
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,  
His cloud and fire before us went ! 20

The watch of faith and prayer He set,  
We kept it then, we keep it yet.  
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,  
He cometh sure, He cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy, 25  
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.  
At last, at last shall all confess  
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,  
The scarlet sin be white as wool ; 30  
No discord mar below, above,  
The music of eternal love !

Sound, welcome trumpet, the last alarm !  
Lord God of hosts, make bare Thine arm,  
Fulfil this day our long desire, 35  
Make sweet and clean the world with fire !

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight  
The lies of time ; be swift to smite,  
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,  
Genevan creed and Roman crown. 40

Quake, earth, through all thy zones,  
till all

The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall ;  
And lift thou up in place of them  
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !

Lo ! rising from baptismal flame, 45  
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,  
Within the heavenly city's bound  
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon ! at dawn or noon  
Or set of sun, He cometh soon. 50  
Our prayers shall meet Him on His way ;  
Wake, sisters, wake ! arise and pray !

1877.

## GIVING AND TAKING.

I have attempted to put in English verse  
a prose translation of a poem by Tinnevaluva,  
a Hindoo poet of the third century of our era.

Who gives and hides the giving hand,  
Nor counts on favor, fame, or praise,  
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been  
given, 5  
His gift in need, though small indeed  
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,  
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom  
A gift shall fall, while yet on earth; 10  
Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth  
Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought  
Sins much; but greater sin is his  
Who, fed and clothed with kindnesses,  
Shall count the holy alms as naught. 16

Who dares to curse the hands that bless  
Shall know of sin the deadliest cost;  
The patience of the heavens is lost  
Beholding man's unthankfulness. 20

For he who breaks all laws may still  
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven;  
But none can save, in earth or heaven,  
The wretch who answers good with ill.  
1877.

## THE VISION OF ECHARD.

THE Benedictine Echard  
Sat by the wayside well,  
Where Marsberg sees the bridal  
Of the Sarre and the Moselle.

Fair with its sloping vineyards 5  
And tawny chestnut bloom,  
The happy vale Ausonius sung  
For holy Treves made room. -

On the shrine Helena builded  
To keep the Christ coat well, 10  
On minster tower and kloster cross,  
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles  
O'erlooked the Roman's game,  
The veil of sleep fell on him, 15  
And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence  
Throb with a soundless word,  
And by the inward ear alone  
A spirit's voice he heard. 20

And the spoken word seemed written  
On air and wave and sod,  
And the bending walls of sapphire  
Blazed with the thought of God:

'What lack I, O My children? 25  
All things are in My hand;  
The vast earth and the awful stars  
I hold as grains of sand.

'Need I your alms? The silver  
And gold are Mine alone; 30  
The gifts ye bring before Me  
Were evermore My own.

'Heed I the noise of viols,  
Your pomp of masque and show?  
Have I not dawns and sunsets? 35  
Have I not winds that blow?

'Do I smell your gums of incense?  
Is My ear with chantings fed?  
Taste I your wine of worship,  
Or eat your holy bread? 40

'Of rank and name and honors  
Am I vain as ye are vain?  
What can Eternal Fulness  
From your lip-service gain?

'Y. make Me not your debtor 45  
Who serve yourselves alone;  
Ye boast to Me of homage  
Whose gain is all your own.

'For you I gave the prophets,  
For you the Psalmist's lay: 50  
For you the law's stone tables,  
And holy book and day.

<p>'Ye change to weary burdens The helps that should uplift; Ye lose in form the spirit, The Giver in the gift.</p>	55	<p>'His love all love exceeding The heart must needs recall, Its self-surrendering freedom, Its loss that gaineth all.</p>	100
<p>'Who called ye to self-torment, To fast and penance vain? Dream ye Eternal Goodness Has joy in mortal pain?</p>	60	<p>'Climb not the holy mountains, Their eagles know not Me; Seek not the Blessed Islands, I dwell not in the sea.</p>	
<p>'For the death in life of Nitria, For your Chartreuse ever dumb, What better is the neighbor, Or happier the home?</p>		<p>'Gone is the mount of Meru, The triple gods are gone, And, deaf to all the lama's prayers, The Buddha slumbers on.</p>	105
<p>'Who counts his brother's welfare As sacred as his own, And loves, forgives, and pities, He serveth Me alone.</p>	65	<p>'No more from rocky Horeb The smitten waters gush; Fallen is Bethel's ladder, Quenched is the burning bush.</p>	110
<p>'I note each gracious purpose, Each kindly word and deed; Are ye not all My children? Shall not the Father heed?</p>	70	<p>'The jewels of the Urim And Thummim all are dim; The fire has left the altar, The sign the teraphim.</p>	115
<p>'No prayer for light and guidance Is lost upon Mine ear: The child's cry in the darkness Shall not the Father hear?</p>	75	<p>'No more in ark or hill grove The Holiest abides; Not in the scroll's dead letter The eternal secret hides.</p>	120
<p>'I loathe your wrangling councils, I tread upon your creeds; Who made ye Mine avengers, Or told ye of My needs;</p>	80	<p>'The eye shall fail that searches For Me the hollow sky; The far is even as the near, The low is as the high.</p>	
<p>'I bless men and ye curse them, I love them and ye hate; Ye bite and tear each other, I suffer long and wait.</p>		<p>'What if the earth is hiding Her old faiths, long outworn? What is it to the changeless truth That yours shall fail in turn?</p>	125
<p>'Ye bow to ghastly symbols, To cross and scourge and thorn; Ye seek His Syrian manger Who in the heart is born.</p>	85	<p>'What if the o'erturned altar Lays bare the ancient lie? What if the dreams and legends Of the world's childhood die?</p>	130
<p>'For the dead Christ, not the living, Ye watch His empty grave, Whose life alone within you Has power to bless and save.</p>	90	<p>'Have ye not still My witness Within yourselves alway, My hand that on the keys of life For bliss or bale I lay?</p>	135
<p>'O blind ones, outward groping, The idle quest forego; Who listens to His inward voice Alone of Him shall know.</p>	95	<p>'Still, in perpetual judgment, I hold assize within, With sure reward of holiness, And dread rebuke of sin.</p>	140

'A light, a guide, a warning,  
A presence ever near,  
Through the deep silence of the flesh  
I reach the inward ear.

'My Gerizim and Ebal 145  
Are in each human soul,  
The still, small voice of blessing,  
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

'The stern behest of duty,  
The doom-book open thrown. 150  
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,  
Are with yourselves alone.'

A gold and purple sunset  
Flowed down the broad Moselle ;  
On hills of vine and meadow lands 155  
The peace of twilight fell.

A slow, cool wind of evening  
Blew over leaf and bloom ;  
And, faint and far, the Angelus  
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb. 160

Then up rose Master Echard,  
And marvelled : 'Can it be  
That here, in dream and vision,  
The Lord hath talked with me ?'

He went his way ; behind him 165  
The shrines of saintly dead,  
The holy coat and nail of cross,  
He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Eltzbach  
His burdened soul to free, 170  
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel  
Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, in his Order's kloster,  
He sat, in night-long parle,  
With Tauler of the Friends of God, 175  
And Nicolas of Basel

And lo ! the twain made answer :  
'Yea, brother, even thus  
The Voice above all voices  
Hath spoken unto us. 180

'The world will have its idols,  
And flesh and sense their sign :  
But the blinded eyes shall open,  
And the gross ear be fine.

'What if the vision tarry ? 185  
God's time is always best ;  
The true Light shall be witnessed,  
The Christ within confessed.

'In mercy or in judgment  
He shall turn and overturn, 190  
Till the heart shall be His temple  
Where all of Him shall learn.'  
1878.

# INSCRIPTIONS.

## ON A SUN-DIAL.

FOR DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid  
flight  
From life's glad morning to its solemn  
night ;  
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also  
show  
There's Light above me by the Shade  
below.  
1879.

## ON A FOUNTAIN.

FOR DOROTHEA L. DIX.

STRANGER and traveller,  
Drink freely and bestow  
A kindly thought on her  
Who bade this fountain flow,  
Yet hath no other claim 5  
Than as the minister  
Of blessing in God's name.  
Drink, and in His peace go !  
1879.

## THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the minister's morning sermon  
He had told of the primal fall,  
And how thenceforth the wrath of God  
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure, 5  
All souls, save a chosen few,  
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,  
And held in the way thereto.



Yet never by faith's unreason A saintlier soul was tried, And never the harsh old lesson A tenderer heart belied.		
And, after the painful service On that pleasant Sabbath day, He walked with his little daughter Through the apple-bloom of May.		
Sweet in the fresh green meadows Sparrow and blackbird sung ; Above him their tinted petals The blossoming orchards hung.		
Around on the wonderful glory The minister looked and smiled ; 'How good is the Lord who gives us These gifts from His hand, my child !		
'Behold in the bloom of apples And the violets in the sward A hint of the old, lost beauty Of the Garden of the Lord !'		
Then up spake the little maiden, Treading on snow and pink : 'O father ! these pretty blossoms Are very wicked, I think.		
'Had there been no Garden of Eden There never had been a fall ; And if never a tree had blossomed God would have loved us all.'		
'Hush, child !' the father answered, 'By His decree man fell ; His ways are in clouds and darkness, But He doeth all things well.		
'And whether by His ordaining To us cometh good or ill, Joy or pain, or light or shadow, We must fear and love Him still.'		
'Oh, I fear Him !' said the daughter, 'And I try to love Him, too ; But I wish He was good and gentle, Kind and loving as you.'		
The minister groaned in spirit As the tremulous lips of pain And wide, wet eyes uplifted Questioned his own in vain.		
	10	Bowing his head he pondered The words of the little one ; Had he erred in his life-long teaching ? 55 Had he wrong to his Master done ?
	15	To what grim and dreadful idol Had he lent the holiest name ? Did his own heart, loving and human, The God of his worship shame ? 60
	20	And lo ! from the bloom and greenness, From the tender skies above, And the face of his little daughter, He read a lesson of love.
		No more as the cloudy terror 65 Of Sinai's mount of law, But as Christ in the Syrian lilies The vision of God he saw.
	25	And, as when, in the clefts of Horeb, Of old was His presence known, 70 The dread Ineffable Glory Was Infinite Goodness alone.
		Thereafter his hearers noted In his prayers a tenderer strain, And never the gospel of hatred 75 Burned on his lips again.
	30	And the scoffing tongue was prayerful, And the blinded eyes found sight, And hearts, as flint aforetime, Grew soft in his warmth and light. 80
	35	1880.
<b>BY THEIR WORKS.</b>		
	40	CALL him not heretic whose works attest His faithing goodness by no creed confessed. Whatever in love's name is truly done To free the bound and lift the fallen one Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and word 5
	45	Is not against Him labors for our Lord. When He, who, sad and weary, longing sore For love's sweet service, sought the sisters' door, One saw the heavenly, one the human guest,
	50	But who shall say which loved the Master best ? 10 1881.

THE WORD.

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making known  
 Man to himself, a witness swift and  
 sure,  
 Warning, approving, true and wise and  
 pure,  
 Counsel and guidance that misleadeth  
 none!  
 By thee the mystery of life is read; 5  
 The picture-writing of the world's gray  
 seers,  
 The myths and parables of the primal  
 years,  
 Whose letter kills, by thee interpreted  
 Take healthful meanings fitted to our  
 needs,  
 And in the soul's vernacular express 10  
 The common law of simpler righteousness.  
 Hatred of cant and doubt of human  
 creeds  
 May well be felt: the unpardonable sin  
 Is to deny the Word of God within!  
 1881.

THE BOOK.

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,  
 A minster rich in holy effigies,  
 And bearing on entablature and frieze  
 The hieroglyphic oracles of old.  
 Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit; 5  
 And the low chancel side-lights half  
 acquaint  
 The eye with shrines of prophet, bard,  
 and saint,  
 Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubt-  
 ful writ!  
 But only when on form and word obscure  
 Falls from above the white supernal  
 light 10  
 We read the mystic characters aright,  
 And life informs the silent portraiture,  
 Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
 The One ineffable Face, love, wonder,  
 and adore.  
 1881.

REQUIREMENT.

WE live by Faith; but Faith is not the  
 slave  
 Of text and legend. Reason's voice and  
 God's,  
 Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.  
 What asks our Father of His children.  
 save  
 Justice and mercy and humility. 5  
 A reasonable service of good deeds,  
 Pure living, tenderness to human needs,  
 Reverence and trust, and prayer for light  
 to see  
 The Master's footprints in our daily ways?  
 No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,  
 But the calm beauty of an ordered life  
 Whose very breathing is unworded  
 praise!— 12  
 A life that stands as all true lives have  
 stood,  
 Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.  
 1881.

HELP.

DREAM not, O Soul, that easy is the task  
 Thus set before thee. If it proves at  
 length  
 As well it may, beyond thy natural  
 strength,  
 Faint not, despair not. As a child may  
 ask  
 A father, pray the Everlasting Good 5  
 For light and guidance midst the subtle  
 snares  
 Of sin thick planted in life's thorough-  
 fares,  
 For spiritual strength and moral hardi-  
 hood;  
 Still listening, through the noise of time  
 and sense,  
 To the still whisper of the Inward  
 Word; 10  
 Bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard,  
 Its own confirming evidence:  
 To health of soul a voice to cheer and  
 please,  
 To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides.  
 1881.

## UTTERANCE.

BUT what avail inadequate words to reach  
 The innermost of Truth? Who shall  
 essay,  
 Blinded and weak, to point and lead  
 the way,  
 Or solve the mystery in familiar speech?  
 Yet, if it be that something not thy own, 5  
 Some shadow of the Thought to which  
 our schemes,  
 Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best but  
 dreams,  
 Is even to thy unworthiness made known,  
 Thou mayst not hide what yet thou  
 shouldst not dare  
 To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine 10  
 The real seem false, the beauty un-  
 divine.  
 So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,  
 Give what seems given thee. It may  
 prove a seed  
 Of goodness dropped in fallow-grounds of  
 need.  
 1881.

## ORIENTAL MAXIMS.

PARAPHRASE OF SANSKRIT TRANSLA-  
TIONS.

## THE INWARD JUDGE.

From *Institutes of Manu*.

THE soul itself its awful witness is.  
 Say not in evil doing, 'No one sees,'  
 And so offend the conscious One within,  
 Whose ear can hear the silences of sin  
 Ere they find voice, whose eyes unsleep-  
 ing see  
 The secret motions of iniquity. 5  
 Nor in thy folly say, 'I am alone.'  
 For, seated in thy heart, as on a throne,  
 The ancient Judge and Witness liveth still,  
 To note thy act and thought; and as thy  
 ill 10  
 Or good goes from thee, far beyond thy  
 reach,  
 The solemn Doomsman's seal is set on each.  
 1878.

## LAYING UP TREASURE.

From the *Mahābhārata*.

BEFORE the Ender comes, whose charioteer  
 Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each year  
 Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth that  
 kings  
 Nor thieves can take away. When all the  
 things  
 Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures,  
 honors fall, 5  
 Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them all.  
 1881.

## CONDUCT.

From the *Mahābhārata*.

HEED how thou livest. Do no act by day  
 Which from the night shall drive thy  
 peace away.  
 In months of sun so live that months of  
 rain  
 Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain  
 Evil and cherish good, so shall there be 5  
 Another and a happier life for thee.  
 1881.

## AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT.

O DEAREST bloom the seasons know,  
 Flowers of the Resurrection, blow,  
 Our hope and faith restore;  
 And through the bitterness of death  
 And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath 5  
 Of life forevermore!

The thought of Love Immortal blends  
 With fond remembrances of friends;  
 In you, O sacred flowers,  
 By human love made doubly sweet, 10  
 The heavenly and the earthly meet,  
 The heart of Christ and ours!  
 1882.

## THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

'ALL hail!' the bells of Christmas rang,  
'All hail!' the monks at Christmas sang,  
The merry monks who kept with cheer  
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,  
A pious elder brother sat  
Silent, in his accustomed place,  
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

'Whysit'st thou thus?' his brethren cried.  
'It is the blessed Christmas-tide;  
The Christmas lights are all aglow,  
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

'Above our heads the joy-bells ring,  
Without the happy children sing,  
And all God's creatures hail the morn  
On which the holy Christ was born!

'Rejoice with us; no more rebuke  
Our gladness with thy quiet look.'  
The gray monk answered: 'Keep, I pray,  
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

'Let heathen Yule fires flicker red  
Where thronged refectory feasts are  
spread;  
With mystery-play and masque and mime  
And wait-songs speed the holy time!

'The blindest faith may haply save;  
The Lord accepts the things we have;  
And reverence, howsoever it strays,  
May find at last the shining ways.

'They needs must grope who cannot see,  
The blade before the ear must be;  
As ye are feeling I have felt,  
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

'But now, beyond the things of sense,  
Beyond occasions and events,  
I know, through God's exceeding grace,  
Release from form and time and place.

'I listen, from no mortal tongue,  
To hear the song the angels sung;  
And wait within myself to know  
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

'The outward symbols disappear  
From him whose inward sight is clear;  
And small must be the choice of days  
To him who fills them all with praise!

'Keep while you need it, brothers mine,  
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,  
But judge not him who every morn  
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!

1882.

## AT LAST.

[Recited by one of the little group of relations,  
who stood by the poet's bedside, as the last  
moment of his life approached.]

WHEN on my day of life the night is  
falling,

And, in the winds from unsunned spaces  
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so  
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls  
decay;

O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me  
drifting;

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of  
shade and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy  
spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm  
I merit,

Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abound-  
ing grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many  
mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and  
striving cease,

And flows forever through heaven's green  
expansions

The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me  
stealing, 25

I fain would learn the new and holy  
song,

And find at last, beneath Thy trees of  
healing,

The life for which I long.

1882.

#### WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET.

THE shadows grow and deepen round me,  
I feel the dew-fall in the air;

The muezzin of the darkening thicket,

I hear the night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells, 5  
And loving hands unclasp from mine;

Alone I go to meet the darkness

Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me

I pass with slow, reluctant feet, 10

What waits me in the land of strangeness?

What face shall smile, what voice shall  
greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness  
blind me?

What thunder-roll of music stum?

What vast processions sweep before me 15  
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory.

I dread the myriad-voic'd strain;

Give me the unforgotten faces, 20  
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning

Who is our Brother and our Friend;

In whose full life, divine and human,

The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion, 25

The sense of spiritual strength renewed,

The reverence for the pure and holy,

The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen  
An endless anthem's rise and fall; 30

No curious eye is mine to measure

The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than know-  
ledge:

What matter if I never know \*

Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy, 35

Or warmer Sirius white as snow!

Forgive my human words, O Father!

I go Thy larger truth to prove;

Thy mercy shall transcend my longing:

I seek but love, and Thou art Love! 40

I go to find my lost and mourned for

Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,

And all that hope and faith foreshadow

Made perfect in Thy holy will!

1883.

#### 'THE STORY OF IDA.'

Francesca Alexander, whose pen and pencil  
have so reverently transcribed the simple faith  
and life of the Italian peasantry, wrote the  
narrative published with John Ruskin's intro-  
duction under the title, *The Story of Ida*.

WEARY of jangling noises never stilled,

The skeptic's sneer, the bigot's hate,  
the din

Of clashing texts, the webs of creed  
men spin

Round simple truth, the children grown  
who build

With gilded cards their new Jerusalem, 5

Busy, with sacerdotal tailorings

And tinsel gauds, bedizening holy  
things,

I turn, with glad and grateful heart, from  
them

To the sweet story of the Florentine

Immortal in her blameless maiden-  
hood, 10

Beautiful as God's angels and as  
good;

Feeling that life, even now, may be  
divine

With love no wrong can ever change to  
hate,

No sin make less than all-compassionate!

1884.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.<sup>17</sup>

A TENDER child of summers three,  
 Seeking her little bed at night,  
 Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
 'Oh, mother! Take my hand,' said she,  
 'And then the dark will all be light.' 5

We older children grope our way  
 From dark behind to dark before;  
 And only when our hands we lay,  
 Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
 And there is darkness nevermore. 10

Reach downward to the sunless days  
 Wherein our guides are blind as we  
 And faith is small and hope delays;  
 Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
 And let us feel the light of Thee! 15  
 1884.

## THE TWO LOVES.

SMOOTHING soft the nestling head  
 Of a maiden fancy-led,  
 Thus a grave-eyed woman said:

'Richest gifts are those we make,  
 Dearer than the love we take 5  
 That we give for love's own sake.

'Well I know the heart's unrest;  
 Mine has been the common quest,  
 To be loved and therefore blest.

'Favors undeserved were mine; 10  
 At my feet as on a shrine  
 Love has laid its gifts divine.

'Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet  
 With their sweetness came regret,  
 And a sense of unpaid debt. 15

'Heart of mine unsatisfied,  
 Was it vanity or pride  
 That a deeper joy denied?

'Hands that ope but to receive  
 Empty close; they only live 20  
 Richly who can richly give.

'Still,' she sighed, with moistening eyes,  
 'Love is sweet in any guise;  
 But its best is sacrifice!

'He who, giving, does not crave 25  
 Likest is to Him who gave  
 Life itself the loved to save.

'Love, that self-forgetful gives,  
 Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,  
 Late or soon its own receives.' 30  
 1884.

## ADJUSTMENT.

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs  
 must shed

That nearer heaven the living ones may  
 climb;

The false must fail, though from our  
 shores of time  
 The old lament be heard, 'Great Pan is  
 dead!'

That wail is Error's, from his high place  
 hurled; 5

This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod;  
 Our time's unrest, an angel sent of God  
 Troubling with life the waters of the  
 world.

Even as they list the winds of the Spirit  
 blow

To turn or break our century-rusted  
 vanes; 10

Sands shift and waste; the rock alone  
 remains

Where, led of Heaven, the strong tides  
 come and go,

And storm-clouds, rent by thunderbolt  
 and wind,

Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars  
 behind.

Therefore I trust, although to outward  
 sense 15

Both true and false seem shaken; I will  
 hold

With newer light my reverence for the  
 old,

And calmly wait the births of Providence.  
 No gain is lost; the clear-eyed saints look  
 down

Untroubled on the wreck of schemes  
and creeds ; 20  
Love yet remains, its rosary of good  
deeds  
Counting in task-field and o'erpeopled  
town.  
Truth has charmed life; the Inward Word  
survives,  
And, day by day, its revelation brings ;  
Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever  
things 25  
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still  
holy lives  
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,  
And the new gospel verifies the old.  
1885.

### HYMNS OF THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

I have attempted this paraphrase of the Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj of India, as I find them in Mozoomdar's account of the devotional exercises of that remarkable religious development which has attracted far less attention and sympathy from the Christian world than it deserves, as a fresh revelation of the direct action of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart.

#### I.

THE mercy, O Eternal One !  
By man unmeasured yet,  
In joy or grief, in shade or sun,  
I never will forget.  
I give the whole, and not a part, 5  
Of all Thou gavest me ;  
My goods, my life, my soul and heart,  
I yield them all to Thee !

#### II.

We fast and plead, we weep and pray,  
From morning until even ; 10  
We feel to find the holy way,  
We knock at the gate of heaven !  
And when in silent awe we wait,  
And word and sign forbear,  
The hinges of the golden gate 15  
Move, soundless, to our prayer !  
Who hears the eternal harmonies  
Can heed no outward word ;  
Blind to all else is he who sees  
The vision of the Lord ! 20

#### III.

O soul, be patient, restrain thy tears,  
Have hope, and not despair ;  
As a tender mother heareth her child  
God hears the penitent prayer.  
And not forever shall grief be thine ; 25  
On the Heavenly Mother's breast,  
Washed clean and white in waters of joy  
Shall His seeking child find rest.  
Console thyself with His word of grace,  
And cease thy wail of woe, 30  
For His mercy never an equal hath,  
And His love no bounds can know.  
Lean close unto Him in faith and hope ;  
How many like thee have found  
In Him a shelter and home of peace, 35  
By His mercy compassed round !  
There, safe from sin and the sorrow it  
brings,  
They sing their grateful psalms,  
And rest, at noon, by the wells of God,  
In the shade of His holy palms ! 40  
1885.

### REVELATION.

'And I went into the Vale of Beavor, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said : *All things come by Nature* ; and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true Voice which said : *There is a living God who made all things*. And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life rose over all, and my heart was glad and I praised the living God.'—*Journal of George Fox*, 1690.

STILL, as of old, in Beavor's Vale,  
O man of God ! our hope and faith  
The Elements and Stars assail,  
And the awed spirit holds its breath, 5  
Blown over by a wind of death.  
Takes Nature thought for such as we,  
What place her human atom fills,  
The weed-drift of her careless sea,  
The mist on her unheeding hills ?  
What reck's she of our helpless wills ? 10

Strange god of Force, with fear, not love,  
Its trembling worshipper! Can prayer  
Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move  
Unpitying Energy to spare?  
What doth the cosmic Vastness care? 15

In vain to this dread Unconcern  
For the All-Father's love we look;  
In vain, in quest of it, we turn  
The storied leaves of Nature's book,  
The prints her rocky tablets took. 20

I pray for faith, I long to trust;  
I listen with my heart, and hear  
A Voice without a sound: 'Be just,  
Be true, be merciful, revere  
The Word within thee: God is near! 25

'A light to sky and earth unknown  
Pales all their lights: a mightier force  
Than theirs the powers of Nature own,  
And, to its goal as at its source,  
His Spirit moves the Universe. 30

'Believe and trust. Through stars and  
suns,  
Through life and death, through soul  
and sense,

His wise, paternal purpose runs;  
The darkness of His providence  
Is star-lit with benign intents.' 35

O joy supreme! I know the Voice,  
Like none beside on earth or sea;  
Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice,  
By all that He requires of me,  
I know what God Himself must be. 40

No picture to my aid I call,  
I shape no image in my prayer;  
I only know in Him is all  
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,  
Eternal Goodness here and there! 45

I know He is, and what He is,  
Whose one great purpose is the good  
Of all. I rest my soul on His  
Immortal Love and Fatherhood;  
And trust Him, as His children should.

I fear no more. The clouded face 51  
Of Nature smiles; through all her things  
Of time and space and sense I trace  
The moving of the Spirit's wings,  
And hear the song of hope she sings. 55  
1886.



## At Sundown

### TO E. C. S.

POET and friend of poets, if thy glass  
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,  
Let this slight token of the debt I owe

Outlive for thee December's frozen day,  
And, like the arbutus budding under  
snow, 5

Take bloom and fragrance from some  
morn of May

When he who gives it shall have gone the  
way

Where faith shall see and reverent trust  
shall know.

1890.

### THE CHRISTMAS OF 1888.

Low in the east, against a white, cold  
dawn,

The black-lined silhouette of the woods  
was drawn,

And on a wintry waste

Of frosted streams and hillsides bare and  
brown,

Through thin cloud-films a pallid ghost  
looked down, 5

The waning moon half-faced !

In that pale sky and sere, snow-waiting  
earth,

What sign was there of the immortal  
birth?

What herald of the One?

Lo ! swift as thought the heavenly radi-  
ance came, 10

A rose-red splendor swept the sky like  
flame,

Up rolled the round, bright sun !

And all was changed. From a trans-  
figured world

The moon's ghost fled, the smoke of home-  
hearths curled

Up the still air unblown. 15

In Orient warmth and brightness, did  
that morn

O'er Nain and Nazareth, when the Christ  
was born,

Break fairer than our own ?

The morning's promise noon and eve ful-  
filled

In warm, soft sky and landscape hazy-  
hilled 20

And sunset fair as they ;

A sweet reminder of His holiest time,

A summer-miracle in our winter clime,

God gave a perfect day.

The near was blended with the old and  
far, 25

And Bethlehem's hillside and the Magi's  
star

Seemed here, as there and then,—

Our homestead pine-tree was the Syrian  
palm,

Our heart's desire the angels' midnight  
psalm,

Peace, and good-will to men ! 30

1888.

### THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

Read in New York, April 30, 1889, at the Cen-  
tennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George  
Washington as the first President of the United  
States.

The sword was sheathed : in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by Freedom won ;

And severed sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United  
States.

O City sitting by the Sea! 5  
How proud the day that dawned on  
thee,  
When the new era, long desired, began.  
And, in its need, the hour had found the  
man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke,  
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke  
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing  
halls, 11  
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward  
from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,  
As its great leader gave, with reverent  
awe, 15  
His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him  
heard,  
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;  
In world-wide wonder listening peoples  
bent  
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold 21  
And hopes deceived all history told.  
Above the wrecks that strewed the mourn-  
ful past,  
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was  
just, 25  
The one man equal to his trust,  
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness  
good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release; 30  
Taught prince and serf that power is but  
a trust,  
And rule alone, which serves the ruled,  
is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong, 34  
Pretence that turns her holy truth to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;  
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and  
set,  
And, God be praised, we are one nation  
yet. 40

And still we trust the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,  
Leaving our flag, with all its added stars,  
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars.

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed  
And trained the new-set plant at first, 46  
The widening branches of a stately tree  
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,  
Sitting with none to make afraid, 50  
Were we now silent, through each mighty  
limb,  
The winds of heaven would sing the praise  
of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie  
Beneath his own Virginian sky. 54  
Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
The storm that swept above thy sacred  
grave!

For, ever in the awful strife  
And dark hours of the nation's life,  
Through the fierce tumult pierced his  
warning word,  
Their father's voice his erring children  
heard! 60

The change for which he prayed and  
sought  
In that sharp agony was wrought;  
No partial interest draws its alien line  
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and  
the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond, 65  
His name shall be our Union-bond;  
We lift our hands to Heaven, and here  
and now  
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours ;  
 Chooser and chosen both are powers 70  
 Equal in service as in rights ; the claim  
 Of Duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where  
 Our banner floats in sun and air,  
 From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's  
 cold, 75  
 Repeat with us the pledge a century old !  
 1889.

### THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley, on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added ; but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded.

FROM pain and peril, by land and main,  
 The shipwrecked sailor came back again ;  
 And like one from the dead, the threshold  
 crossed  
 Of his wondering home, that had mourned  
 him lost,

Where he sat once more with his kith and  
 kin, 5  
 And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his  
 spade.

'I must pay my debt to the Lord,' he  
 said.

'Why dig you here ?' asked the passer-by ;  
 'Is there gold or silver the road so nigh ?'

'No, friend,' he answered : 'but under  
 this sod 11

Is the blessed water, the wine of God.'

'Water ! the Powow is at your back,  
 And right before you the Merrimac,

'And look you up, or look you down, 15  
 There's a well-sweep at every door in  
 town.'

'True,' he said, 'we have wells of our  
 own ;  
 But this I dig for the Lord alone.'

Said the other : 'This soil is dry, you  
 know, 19  
 I doubt if a spring can be found below ;

'You had better consult, before you dig,  
 Some water-witch, with a hazel twig.'

'No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,  
 Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

'In the Arab desert, where shade is none,  
 The waterless land of sand and sun, 26

'Under the pitiless, brazen sky  
 My burning throat as the sand was dry ;

'My crazed brain listened in fever dreams  
 For plash of buckets and ripple of streams ;

'And opening my eyes to the blinding  
 glare, 31  
 And my lips to the breath of the blister-  
 ing air,

'Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,  
 I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

'Then something tender, and sad, and  
 mild 35  
 As a mother's voice to her wandering  
 child,

'Rebuked my frenzy ; and bowing my  
 head,  
 I prayed as I never before had prayed :

'Pity me, God ! for I die of thirst ;  
 Take me out of this land accurst ; 40

'And if ever I reach my home again,  
 Where earth has springs, and the sky has  
 rain,

'I will dig a well for the passers-by,  
 And none shall suffer from thirst as I. 44

'I saw, as I prayed, my home once more,  
 The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

'The grass-lined road, that riverward  
 wound,  
 The tall slate stones of the burying-  
 ground,

'The belfry and steeple on meeting-house  
hill,  
The brook with its dam, and gray grist  
mill, 50  
'And I knew in that vision beyond the  
sea,  
The very place where my well must be.  
'God heard my prayer in that evil day;  
He led my feet in their homeward way,  
'From false mirage and dried-up well, 55  
And the hot sand storms of a land of hell,  
'Till I saw at last through the coast-hill's  
gap,  
A city held in its stony lap,  
'The mosques and the domes of scorched  
Muscat,  
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;  
'For there was a ship at anchor lying, 61  
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,  
'And sweetest of sounds to my homesick  
ear  
Was my native tongue in the sailor's  
cheer.  
'Now the Lord be thanked, I am back  
again, 65  
Where earth has springs, and the skies  
have rain,  
'And the well I promised by Oman's Sea,  
I am digging for Him in Amesbury.'  
His kindred wept, and his neighbors said:  
'The poor old captain is out of his head.'  
But from morn to noon, and from noon to  
night, 71  
He toiled at his task with main and might;  
And when at last, from the loosened earth,  
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,  
And fast as he climbed to his deep well's  
brim, 75  
The water he dug for followed him,  
He shouted for joy: 'I have kept my  
word,  
And here is the well I promised the Lord!'

The long years came and the long years  
went, 79  
And he sat by his roadside well content;  
He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,  
Pause by the way to drink and rest,  
And the sweltering horses dip, as they  
drank,  
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank,  
And grateful at heart, his memory went  
Back to that waterless Orient, 86  
And the blessed answer of prayer, which  
came  
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.  
And when a wayfarer weary and hot,  
Kept to the mid road, pausing not 90  
For the well's refreshing, he shook his  
head;  
'He don't know the value of water,' he  
said;  
'Had he prayed for a drop, as I have  
done,  
In the desert circle of sand and sun,  
'He would drink and rest, and go home  
to tell 95  
That God's best gift is the wayside well!'  
1890.

## AN OUTDOOR RECEPTION.

The substance of these lines, hastily pencilled several years ago, I find among such of my unprinted scraps as have escaped the waste-basket and the fire. In transcribing it I have made some changes, additions, and omissions.

On these green banks, where falls too  
soon  
The shade of Autumn's afternoon,  
The south wind blowing soft and sweet,  
The water gliding at my feet,  
The distant northern range uplift 5  
By the slant sunshine over it,  
With changes of the mountain mist  
From tender blush to amethyst,  
The valley's stretch of shade and gleam  
Fair as in Mirza's Bagdad dream, 10

With glad young faces smiling near  
 And merry voices in my ear,  
 I sit, methinks, as Hafiz might  
 In Iran's Garden of Delight.  
 For Persian roses blushing red, 15  
 Aster and gentian bloom instead;  
 For Shiraz wine, this mountain air;  
 For feast, the blueberries which I share  
 With one who proffers with stained hands  
 Her gleanings from yon pasture lands, 20  
 Wild fruit that art and culture spoil,  
 The harvest of an untilled soil;  
 And with her one whose tender eyes  
 Reflect the change of April skies,  
 Midway 'twixt child and maiden yet, 25  
 Fresh as Spring's earliest violet;  
 And one whose look and voice and  
 ways  
 Make where she goes idyllic days;  
 And one whose sweet, still countenance  
 Seems dreamful of a child's romance; 30  
 And others, welcome as are these,  
 Like and unlike, varieties  
 Of pearls on nature's chaplet strung,  
 And all are fair, for all are young.  
 Gathered from seaside cities old, 35  
 From midland prairie, lake, and wold,  
 From the great wheat-fields, which might  
 feed  
 The hunger of a world at need,  
 In healthful change of rest and play  
 Their school-vacations glide away. 40  
 No critics these: they only see  
 An old and kindly friend in me,  
 In whose amused, indulgent look  
 Their innocent mirth has no rebuke.  
 They scarce can know my rugged rhymes,  
 The harsher songs of evil times, 46  
 Nor graver themes in minor keys  
 Of life's and death's solemnities;  
 But haply, as they bear in mind  
 Some verse of lighter, happier kind,— 50  
 Hints of the boyhood of the man,  
 Youth viewed from life's meridian,  
 Half seriously and half in play  
 My pleasant interviewers pay  
 Their visit, with no fell intent 55  
 Of taking notes and punishment.

As yonder solitary pine  
 Is ringed below with flower and vine,

More favored than that lonely tree,  
 The bloom of girlhood circles me. 60  
 In such an atmosphere of youth  
 I half forget my age's truth;  
 The shadow of my life's long date  
 Runs backward on the dial-plate,  
 Until it seems a step might span 65  
 The gulf between the boy and man.

My young friends smile, as if some jay  
 On bleak December's leafless spray  
 Essayed to sing the songs of May.  
 Well, let them smile, and live to know, 70  
 When their brown locks are flecked with  
 snow,

'Tis tedious to be always sage  
 And pose the dignity of age,  
 While so much of our early lives  
 On memory's playground still survives, 75  
 And owns, as at the present hour,  
 The spell of youth's magnetic power.

But though I feel, with Solomon,  
 'Tis pleasant to behold the sun,  
 I would not if I could repeat 80  
 A life which still is good and sweet;  
 I keep in age, as in my prime,  
 A not uncheerful step with time,  
 And, grateful for all blessings sent,  
 I go the common way, content 85  
 To make no new experiment.  
 On easy terms with law and fate,  
 For what must be I calmly wait,  
 And trust the path I cannot see,—  
 That God is good sufficeth me. 90  
 And when at last on life's strange play  
 The curtain falls, I only pray  
 That hope may lose itself in truth,  
 And age in Heaven's immortal youth,  
 And all our loves and longing prove 95  
 The foretaste of diviner love!

The day is done. Its afterglow  
 Along the west is burning low.  
 My visitors, like birds, have flown;  
 I hear their voices, fainter grown, 100  
 And dimly through the dusk I see  
 Their kerchiefs wave good-night to  
 me,—  
 Light hearts of girlhood, knowing naught  
 Of all the cheer their coming brought;

And, in their going, unaware 105  
Of silent-following feet of prayer :  
Heaven make their budding promise good  
With flowers of gracious womanhood !

1892.

**R. S. S., AT DEER ISLAND ON THE  
MERRIMAC.**

MAKE, for he loved thee well, our Merri-  
mac,  
From wave and shore a low and long  
lament  
For him whose last look sought thee, as  
he went  
The unknown way from which no step  
comes back.  
And ye, O ancient pine-trees, at whose  
feet 5  
He watched in life the sunset's reddening glow,  
Let the soft south wind through your  
needles blow  
A fitting requiem tenderly and sweet !  
No fonder lover of all lovely things  
Shall walk where once he walked, no  
smile more glad 10  
Greet friends than his who friends in  
all men had,  
Whose pleasant memory to that Island  
clings,  
Where a dear mourner in the home he left  
Of love's sweet solace cannot be bereft.  
1890.

**BURNING DRIFT-WOOD.**

BEFORE my drift-wood fire I sit,  
And see, with every waif I burn,  
Old dreams and fancies coloring it,  
And folly's unlaid ghosts return.  
O ships of mine, whose swift keels cleft 5  
The enchanted sea on which they sailed,  
Are these poor fragments only left  
Of vain desires and hopes that failed ?  
Did I not watch from them the light  
Of sunset on my towers in Spain, 10  
And see, far off, uploom in sight  
The Fortunate Isles I might not gain ?

Did sudden lift of fog reveal  
Arcadia's vales of song and spring,  
And did I pass, with grazing keel,  
The rocks whereon the sirens sing ?

Have I not drifted hard upon  
The unmapped regions lost to man,  
The cloud-pitched tents of Prester John,  
The palace domes of Kubla Khan ? 20

Did land winds blow from jasmine flowers,  
Where Youth the ageless Fountain fills ?  
Did Love make sign from rose blown  
bowers,  
And gold from Eldorado's hills ?

Alas ! the gallant ships, that sailed 25  
On blind Adventure's errand sent,  
Howe'er they laid their courses, failed  
To reach the haven of Content.

And of my ventures, those alone  
Which Love had freighted, safely sped,  
Seeking a good beyond my own, 31  
By clear-eyed Duty piloted.

O mariners, hoping still to meet  
The luck Arabian voyagers met,  
And find in Bagdad's moonlit street, 35  
Haroun al Raschid walking yet,

Take with you, on your Sea of Dreams,  
The fair, fond fancies dear to youth.  
I turn from all that only seems,  
And seek the sober grounds of truth. 40

What matter that it is not May,  
That birds have flown, and trees are  
bare,  
That darker grows the shortening day,  
And colder blows the wintry air !

The wrecks of passion and desire, 45  
The castles I no more rebuild,  
May fitly feed my drift-wood fire,  
And warm the hands that age has chilled.

Whatever perished with my ships,  
I only know the best remains ; 50  
A song of praise is on my lips  
For losses which are now my gains.

Heap high my hearth ! No worth is lost ;

No wisdom with the folly dies.

Burn on, poor shreds, your holocaust 55

Shall be my evening sacrifice !

Far more than all I dared to dream,

Unsought before my door I see ;

On wings of fire and steeds of steam

The world's great wonders come to me,

And holier signs, unmarked before, 61

Of Love to seek and Power to save,—

The righting of the wronged and poor,

The man evolving from the slave ;

And life, no longer chance or fate, 65

Safe in the gracious Fatherhood.

I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait,

In full assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,

Though brief or long its granted days,

If Faith and Hope and Charity 71

Sit by my evening hearth-fire's blaze.

And with them, friends whom Heaven has  
spared,

Whose love my heart has comforted,

And, sharing all my joys, has shared 75

My tender memories of the dead,—

Dear souls who left us lonely here,

Bound on their last, long voyage, to  
whom

We, day by day, are drawing near,

Where every bark has sailing room. 80

I know the solemn monotone

Of waters calling unto me ;

I know from whence the airs have blown

That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn, 85

I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,

And, fair in sunset light, discern

Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

1890.

#### O. W. HOLMES ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

CLIMBING a path which leads back never  
more

We heard behind his footsteps and his  
cheer ;

Now, face to face, we greet him standing  
here

Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore !

Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened  
day 5

Is closing and the shadows colder grow,

His genial presence, like an afterglow,

Following the one just vanishing away.

Long be it ere the table shall be set

For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,

And love repeat with smiles and tears

thereat 11

His own sweet songs that time shall not  
forget.

Waiting with us the call to come up  
higher,

Life is not less, the heavens are only  
nigher !

1889.

#### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FROM purest wells of English undefiled

None deeper drank than he, the New  
World's child,

Who in the language of their farm-fields  
spoke

The wit and wisdom of New England folk,  
Shaming a monstrous wrong. The world-  
wide laugh 5

Provoked thereby might well have shaken  
half

The walls of Slavery down, ere yet the  
ball

And mine of battle overthrew them all.

1891.

#### HAVERHILL.

1640-1890.

Read at the Celebration of the Two Hundred  
and Fiftieth Anniversary of the City, July 2,  
1890.

O RIVER winding to the sea !

We call the old time back to thee ;

From forest paths and water-ways

The century-woven veil we raise.

The voices of to-day are dumb, 5

Unheard its sounds that go and come ;

We listen, through long-lapsing years,

To footsteps of the pioneers.

Gone steepled town and cultured plain, The wilderness returns again, 10 The drear, untrodden solitude, The gloom and mystery of the wood !	And far and wide it stretches still, Along its southward sloping hill, 30 And overlooks on either hand A rich and many-watered land.
Once more the bear and panther prowl, The wolf repeats his hungry howl, And, peering through his leafy screen, 15 The Indian's copper face is seen.	And, gladdening all the landscape, fair As Pison was to Eden's pair, Our river to its valley brings 55 The blessing of its mountain springs.
We see, their rude-built huts beside, Grave men and women anxious-eyed, And wistful youth remembering still Dear homes in England's Haverhill. 20	And Nature holds with narrowing space, From mart and crowd, her old time grace, And guards with fondly jealous arms The wild growths of outlying farms. 60
We summon forth to mortal view Dark Passaquo and Saggaheew, Wild chiefs, who owned the mighty sway Of wizard Passaconaway.	Her sunsets on Kenoza fall, Her autumn leaves by Saltonstall ; No lavished gold can richer make Her opulence of hill and lake.
Weird memories of the border town, 25 By old tradition handed down, In chance and change before us pass Like pictures in a magic glass,—	Wise was the choice which led oursires 65 To kindle here their household fires, And share the large content of all Whose lines in pleasant places fall.
The terror of the midnight raid, The death-concealing ambuscade, 30 The winter march, through deserts wild, Of captive mother, wife, and child.	More dear, as years on years advance, We prize the old inheritance, 70 And feel, as far and wide we roam, That all we seek we leave at home.
Ah ! bleeding hands alone subdued And tamed the savage habitude Of forests hiding beasts of prey, 35 And human shapes as fierce as they.	Our palms are pines, our oranges Are apples on our orchard trees ; Our thrushes are our nightingales, 75 Our larks the blackbirds of our vales.
Slow from the plough the woods with- drew, Slowly each year the corn-lands grew ; Nor fire, nor frost, nor foe could kill The Saxon energy of will. 40	No incense which the Orient burns Is sweeter than our hillside ferns ; What tropic splendor can outvie Our autumn woods, our sunset sky ? 80
And never in the hamlet's bound Was lack of sturdy manhood found, And never failed the kindred good Of brave and helpful womanhood.	If, where the slow years came and went, And left not affluence, but content, Now flashes in our dazzled eyes The electric light of enterprise ;
That hamlet now a city is, 45 Its log-built huts are palaces ; The wood-path of the settler's cow Is Traffic's crowded highway now.	And if the old idyllic ease 85 Seems lost in keen activities, And crowded workshops now replace The hearth's and farm-field's rustic grace ;



No dull, mechanic round of toil  
 Life's morning charin can quite despoil ;  
 And youth and beauty, hand in hand, 91  
 Will always find enchanted land.

No task is ill where hand and brain  
 And skill and strength have equal gain,  
 And each shall each in honor hold, 95  
 And simple manhood outweigh gold.

Earth shall be near to Heaven when all  
 That severs man from man shall fall,  
 For, here or there, salvation's plan  
 Alone is love of God and man. 100

O dwellers by the Merrimac,  
 The heirs of centuries at your back,  
 Still reaping where you have not sown,  
 A broader field is now your own.

Hold fast your Puritan heritage, 105  
 But let the free thought of the age  
 Its light and hope and sweetness add  
 To the stern faith the fathers had.

Adrift on Time's returnless tide,  
 As waves that follow waves, we glide. 110  
 God grant we leave upon the shore  
 Some waif of good it lacked before ;

Some seed, or flower, or plant of worth,  
 Some added beauty to the earth ;  
 Some larger hope, some thought to  
 make 115  
 The sad world happier for its sake.

As tenants of uncertain stay,  
 So may we live our little day  
 That only grateful hearts shall fill  
 The homes we leave in Haverhill. 120

The singer of a farewell rhyme,  
 Upon whose outmost verge of time  
 The shades of night are falling down,  
 I pray, God bless the good old town !

## TO G. G.

## AN AUTOGRAPH.

The daughter of Daniel Gurteen, Esq., delegate  
 from Haverhill, England, to the two hundred and  
 fiftieth anniversary celebration of Haverhill,  
 Massachusetts. The Rev. John Ward of the  
 former place and many of his old parishioners  
 were the pioneer settlers of the new town on the  
 Merrimac.

GRACEFUL in name and in thyself, our  
 river  
 None fairer saw in John Ward's pilgrim  
 flock,  
 Proof that upon their century-rooted  
 stock  
 The English roses bloom as fresh as  
 ever.

Take the warm welcome of new friends  
 with thee, 5  
 And listening to thy home's familiar  
 chime  
 Dream that thou hearest, with it keep-  
 ing time,  
 The bells on Merrimac sound across the  
 sea.

Think of our thrushes, when the lark sings  
 clear,  
 Of our sweet Mayflowers when the  
 daisies bloom ; 10  
 And bear to our and thy ancestral  
 home  
 The kindly greeting of its children here.

Say that our love survives the severing  
 strain ;  
 That the New England, with the Old,  
 holds fast  
 The proud, fond memories of a common  
 past ; 15  
 Unbroken still the ties of blood remain !  
 1890.

INSCRIPTION.

For the bass-relief by Preston Powers, carved upon the huge boulder in Denver Park, Col., and representing the Last Indian and the Last Bison.

THE eagle, stooping from yon snow-blown peaks,  
For the wild hunter and the bison seeks,  
In the changed world below; and finds alone  
Their graven semblance in the eternal stone.

1891.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Inscription on her Memorial Tablet in Christ Church at Hartford, Conn.

SHE sang alone, ere womanhood had known  
The gift of song which fills the air to-day:  
Tender and sweet, a music all her own  
May fitly linger where she knelt to pray.

1888.

MILTON.

Inscription on the Memorial Window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the gift of George W. Childs, of America.

THE new world honors him whose lofty plea  
For England's freedom made her own more sure,  
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be  
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

1890.

THE BIRTHDAY WREATH.

December 17, 1891.

BLOSSOM and greenness, making all  
The winter birthday tropical  
And the plain Quaker parlors gay,  
Have gone from bracket, stand, and wall;  
We saw them fade, and droop, and fall,  
And laid them tenderly away.

White virgin lilies, mignonette,  
Blown rose, and pink, and violet,  
A breath of fragrance passing by;  
Visions of beauty and decay.  
Colors and shapes that could not stay,  
The fairest, sweetest, first to die.

But still this rustic wreath of mine,  
Of acorned oak and needled pine,  
And lighter growths of forest lands,  
Woven and wound with careful pains,  
And tender thoughts and prayers, remains,  
As when it dropped from love's dear hands.

And not unfitly garlanded,  
Is he, who, country-born and bred,  
Welcomes the sylvan ring which gives  
A feeling of old summer days,  
The wild delight of woodland ways,  
The glory of the autumn leaves.

And, if the flowery meed of song  
To other bards may well belong,  
Be his, who from the farm-field spoke  
A word for Freedom when her need  
Was not of dulcimer and reed,  
This Isthmian wreath of pine and oak.

THE WIND OF MARCH.

Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing  
Under the sky's gray arch;  
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs,  
Knowing  
It is the wind of March.

Between the passing and the coming  
 season, 5  
 This stormy interlude  
 Gives to our winter-wearied hearts a  
 reason  
 For trustful gratitude.

Welcome to waiting ears its harsh fore-  
 warning  
 Of light and warmth to come, 10  
 The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter  
 morning,  
 The earth arisen in bloom !

In the loud tumult winter's strength is  
 breaking ;  
 I listen to the sound,  
 As to a voice of resurrection, waking 15  
 To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I  
 hearken  
 Of rivulets on their way ;  
 I see these tossed and naked tree-tops  
 darken  
 With the fresh leaves of May. 20

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and  
 lowering  
 Invite the airs of Spring,  
 A warmer sunshine over fields of flower-  
 ing,  
 The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes  
 follow 25  
 This northern hurricane,  
 And, borne thereon, the bobolink and  
 swallow  
 Shall visit us again.

And, in green wood-paths, in the kine-  
 fed pasture  
 And by the whispering rills, 30  
 Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the  
 Master,  
 Taught on His Syrian hills.

Blow, then, wild wind ! thy roar shall  
 end in singing,  
 Thy chill in blossoming ;  
 Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel,  
 bringing 35  
 The healing of the Spring.  
 1892.

### BETWEEN THE GATES.

BETWEEN the gates of birth and death  
 An old and saintly pilgrim passed,  
 With look of one who witnesseth  
 The long-sought goal at last.

'O thou whose reverent feet have found 5  
 The Master's footprints in thy way  
 And walked thereon as holy ground,  
 A boon of thee I pray.

'My lack would borrow thy excess,  
 My feeble faith the strength of thine ; 10  
 I need thy soul's white saintliness  
 To hide the stains of mine.

'The grace and favor else denied  
 May well be granted for thy sake.'  
 So, tempted, doubting, sorely tried, 15  
 A younger pilgrim spake.

'Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift ;  
 No power is mine,' the sage replied,  
 'The burden of a soul to lift  
 Or stain of sin to hide. 20

'Howe'er the outward life may seem,  
 For pardoning grace we all must pray ;  
 No man his brother can redeem  
 Or a soul's ransom pay.

'Not always age is growth of good ; 25  
 Its years have losses with their gain ;  
 Against some evil youth withstood  
 Weak hands may strive in vain.

'With deeper voice than any speech  
 Of mortal lips from man to man, 30  
 What earth's unwisdom may not teach  
 The Spirit only can.

Make thou that holy guide thine own,  
And following where it leads the way,  
The known shall lapse in the unknown 35  
As twilight into day.

'The best of earth shall still remain,  
And heaven's eternal years shall prove  
That life and death, and joy and pain,  
Are ministers of Love.' 40  
1891.

### THE LAST EVE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER's last sun nigh unto setting shines  
Through yon columnar pines,  
And on the deepening shadows of the  
lawn  
Its golden lines are drawn.

Dreaming of long gone summer days like  
this, 5

Feeling the wind's soft kiss,  
Grateful and glad that failing ear and  
sight  
Have still their old delight,

I sit alone, and watch the warm, sweet  
day  
Lapse tenderly away; 10  
And, wistful, with a feeling of forecast,  
I ask, 'Is this the last?

'Will nevermore for me the seasons run  
Their round, and will the sun  
Of ardent summers yet to come forget 15  
For me to rise and set?'

Thou shouldst be here, or I should be  
with thee  
Wherever thou mayst be,  
Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of  
speech  
Each answering unto each. 20

For this still hour, this sense of mystery  
far  
Beyond the evening star,  
No words outworn suffice on lip or scroll:  
The soul would fain with soul

Wait, while these few swift-passing days  
fulfil 25

The wise-disposing Will,  
And, in the evening as at morning, trust  
The All-Merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels  
Immortal life reveals; 30  
And human love, its prophecy and sign,  
Interprets love divine.

Come then, in thought, if that alone may  
be,

O friend! and bring with thee  
Thy calm assurance of transcendent  
Spheres 35

And the Eternal Years!

1890.

### TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SAT. MO. 29TH, 1892.

[This, the last of Mr. Whittier's poems, was  
written but a few weeks before his death.]

AMONG the thousands who with hail and  
cheer

Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have  
seen, 5

Our youth and age between,  
Two generations leave us, and to-day  
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must back-  
ward run

To those who, one by one, 10  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories  
still

Their vacant places fill,  
And with the full-voiced greeting of new  
friends 15

A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood  
 Of mingled ill and good,  
 Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,  
 For pity more than blame,— 20

The gift is thine the weary world to make  
 More cheerful for thy sake,  
 Soothing the ears its Miserere pains,  
 With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent 25  
 With smiles for blessing sent.  
 Enough of selfish wailing has been had,  
 Thank God ! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday ; therein  
 Are want, and woe, and sin, 30  
 Death and its nameless fears, and over all  
 Our pitying tears must fall.

Sorrow is real ; but the counterfeit  
 Which folly brings to it,  
 We need thy wit and wisdom to resist, 35  
 O rarest Optimist !

Thy hand, old friend ! the service of our  
 days,  
 In differing moods and ways  
 May prove to those who follow in our train  
 Not valueless nor vain. 40

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
 The songs of boyhood seem,  
 Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with  
 spring,  
 The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed  
 and late, 45  
 When at the Eternal Gate  
 We leave the words and works we call  
 our own,  
 And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
 Brings to that Gate no toll ; 50  
 Giftless we come to Him, who all things  
 gives,  
 And live because He lives.

# APPENDIXES

## I. Early and Uncollected Verses

I AM yielding to what seems, under the circumstances, almost a necessity, in adding to the pieces assigned for one reason or another to the limbo of an appendix, some of my very earliest attempts at verse, which have been kept alive in the newspapers for the last half century. A few of them have even been printed in book form without my consent, and greatly to my annoyance, with all their accumulated errors of the press added to their original defects and crudity. I suppose they should have died a natural death long ago, but their feline tenacity of life seems to contradict the theory of the 'survival of the fittest.' I have consented, at my publishers' request, to take the poor vagrants home and give them a more presentable appearance, in the hope that they may at least be of some interest to those who are curious enough to note the weak beginnings of the graduate of a small country district school, sixty years ago. That they met with some degree of favor at that time may be accounted for by the fact that the makers of verse were then few in number, with little competition in their unprofitable vocation, and that the standard of criticism was not discouragingly high.

The earliest of the author's verses that found their way into print were published in the *Newburyport Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, in 1826. [The poems here collected, with the exception of the last, were written during the years 1826-1833.]

### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.

FOND scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,

With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—  
A lasting adieu! for now, dim in the distance,

The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.

Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,

Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native land;

Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,

The forest-crown'd hill and the water-wash'd strand.

I've fought for my country- I've brav'd all the dangers

That throng round the path of the warrior in strife; 10

I now must depart to a nation of strangers,  
And pass in seclusion the remnant of life;

Far, far from the friends to my bosom most dear,

With none to support me in peril and pain,  
And none but the stranger to drop the sad tear 15

On the grave where the heart-broken Exile is lain.

Friends of my youth! I must leave you forever,

And hasten to dwell in a region unknown:—

Yet time cannot change, nor the broad ocean sever,

Hearts firmly united and tried as our own. 20

Ah, no ! though I wander, all sad and  
forlorn,  
In a far distant land, yet shall memory  
trace,  
When far o'er the ocean's white surges  
I'm borne,  
The scene of past pleasures,—my own  
native place.  
Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of  
my fathers :— 25  
(Once more, and forever, a mournful  
adieu !  
For round thy dim headlands the ocean-  
mist gathers,  
And shrouds the fair isle I no longer  
can view.  
I go—but wherever my footsteps I bend,  
For freedom and peace to my own  
native isle, 30  
And contentment and joy to each warm-  
hearted friend  
Shall be the heart's prayer of the lonely  
Exile !  
1825.

### THE DEITY.

THE Prophet stood  
On the high mount, and saw the tempest  
cloud  
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its reser-  
voir  
Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,  
Torn from the earth, heaved high its  
roots where once 5  
Its branches waved. The fir-tree's shapely  
form,  
Smote by the tempest, lashed the moun-  
tain's side.  
Yet, calm in conscious purity, the Seer  
Beheld the awful desolation, for  
The Eternal Spirit moved not in the  
storm. 10  
The tempest ceased. The caverned earth-  
quake burst  
Forth from its prison, and the mountain  
rocked  
Even to its base. The topmost crags were  
thrown,  
With fearful crashing, down its shudder-  
ing sides.

Unawed, the Prophet saw and heard ; he  
felt 15  
Not in the earthquake moved the God of  
Heaven.  
The murmur died away ; and from the  
height,  
Torn by the storm and shattered by the  
shock,  
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame  
Mighty and vast ; the startled mountain  
deer 20  
Shrank from its glare, and covered within  
the shade ;  
The wild fowl shrieked—but even then  
the Seer  
Untrembling stood and marked the fear-  
ful glow,  
For Israel's God came not within the  
flame !  
The fiery beacon sank. A still, small  
voice, 25  
Unlike to human sound, at once conveyed  
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.  
Then bowed the holy man ; his face he  
veiled  
Within his mantle—and in meekness  
owned  
The presence of his God, discerned not in  
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty  
flame. 31  
1825.

### THE VALE OF THE MERRIMAC.

THERE are streams which are famous in  
history's story,  
Whose names are familiar to pen and to  
tongue,  
Renowned in the records of love and of  
glory,  
Where knighthood has ridden and min-  
strels have sung :—  
Fair streams thro' more populous regions  
are gliding, 5  
Tower, temple, and palace their borders  
adorning,  
With tall-masted ships on their broad  
bosoms riding,  
Their banners stretch'd out in the  
breezes of morning ;

And their vales may be lovely and pleasant—but never Was skiff ever wafted, or wav'd a white sail 10 O'er a lovelier wave than my dear native river, Or brighter tides roll'd than in Merri- mac's vale !	No—dearer to me are the scenes of my childhood, The moss-cover'd bank and the breeze- wafted sail, The age-stinted oak and the green groves of wild-wood 35 That wave round the borders of Merri- mac's vale !
And fair streams may glide where the climate is milder, Where winter ne'er gathers and spring ever blooms, And others may roll where the region is wilder, 15 Their dark waters hid in some forest's deep gloom, Where the thunder-scath'd peaks of Hel- vetia are frowning, And the Rhine's rapid waters encircle their bases, Where the snows of long years are the hoary Alps crowning, And the tempest-charg'd vapor their tall tops embraces :— 20 There sure might be fix'd, amid scenery so frightful, The region of romance and wild fairy- tale,— But such scenes could not be to my heart so delightful As the home of my fathers,—fair Mer- rimac's vale !	Oh, lovely the scene, when the gray misty vapor Of morning is lifted from Merrimac's shore ; When the fire-fly, lighting his wild gleam- ing taper, Thy dimly seen lowlands comes glim- mering o'er ; 40 When on thy calm surface the moonbeam falls brightly, And the dull bird of night is his covert forsaking, When the whippoorwill's notes from thy margin sound lightly, And break on the sound which thy small waves are making, O brightest of visions ! my heart shall forever, 45 Till memory shall perish and reason shall fail, Still preference give to my own native river, The name of my fathers, and Merri- mac's vale ! 1825.
There are streams where the bounty of Providence musters 25 The fairest of fruits by their warm sunny sides, The vine bending low with the grape's heavy clusters, And the orange-tree waving its fruit o'er their tides :— But I envy not him whose lot has been cast there, For oppression is there—and the hand of the spoiler, 30 Regardless of justice or mercy, has past there, And made him a wretched and indigent toiler.	<b>BENEVOLENCE.</b> HAIL, heavenly gift ! within the human breast, Germ of unnumber'd virtues—by thy aid The fainting heart, with riving grief op- prest, Survives the ruin adverse scenes have made : Woes that have wrung the bosom, cares that preyed 5 Long on the spirit, are dissolv'd by thee—



Misfortune's frown, despair's disastrous shade,

Ghastly disease, and pining poverty,  
Thy influence dread, and at thy approach  
they flee.

Thy spirit led th' immortal Howard on; 10  
Nurtur'd by thee, on many a foreign  
shore

Imperishable fame, by virtue won,  
Adorns his memory, tho' his course is  
o'er;

Thy animating smile his aspect wore,  
To cheer the sorrow-desolated soul, 15  
Compassion's balm in grief-worn hearts to  
pour,

And snatch the prisoner from despair's  
control,  
Steal half his woes away, and lighter  
make the whole.

Green be the sod on Cherson's honor'd  
field,

Where wraps the turf around his  
mouldering clay; 20  
There let the earth her choicest beauties  
yield,

And there the breeze in gentlest mur-  
murs play;

There let the widow and the orphan  
stray,

To wet with tears their benefactor's  
tomb;

There let the rescued prisoner bend his  
way, 25

And mourn o'er him, who in the dun-  
geon's gloom

Had sought him and averted misery's  
fearful doom.

His grave perfum'd with heartfelt sighs  
of grief,

And moistened by the tear of gratitude,—  
Oh, how unlike the spot where war's grim  
chief 30

Sinks on the field, in sanguine waves  
imbrued !

Who mourns for him, whose footsteps can  
be viewed

With reverential awe imprinted near

The monument rear'd o'er the man of  
blood?

Or who waste on it sorrow's balmy tear?  
None ! shame and misery rest alone upon  
his bier. 36

Offspring of heaven ! Benevolence, thy  
pow'r

Bade Wilberforce its mighty champion  
be,

And taught a Clarkson's ardent mind to  
soar 39

O'er every obstacle, when serving thee :—  
Theirs was the task to set the sufferer free,  
To break the bonds which bound th'  
unwilling slave,

To shed abroad the light of liberty,  
And leave to all the rights their Maker

gave,  
To bid the world rejoice o'er hated  
slavery's grave. 45

Diffuse thy charms, Benevolence ! let thy  
light

Pierce the dark clouds which ages past  
have thrown

Before the beams of truth—and nature's  
right,

Inborn, let every hardened tyrant own ;  
On our fair shore be thy mild presence

known ; 50  
And every portion of Columbia's land

Be as God's garden with thy blessings  
sown ;

Yea, o'er Earth's regions let thy love  
expand

Till all united are in friendship's sacred  
band ! 54

Then in that hour of joy will be fulfilled  
The prophet's heart-consoling prophecy ;  
Then war's commotion shall on earth be  
stilled,

And men their swords to other use  
apply ; 58

Then Afric's injured sons no more shall try  
The bitterness of slavery's toil and pain,

Nor pride nor love of gain direct the eye  
Of stern oppression to their homes again ;

But peace, a lasting peace, throughout the  
world shall reign.

## OCEAN.

UNFATHOMED deep, unfetter'd waste  
 Of never-silent waves,  
 Each by its rushing follower chas'd,  
 Through unillumin'd caves,  
 And o'er the rocks whose turrets rude, 5  
 E'en since the birth of time,  
 Have heard amid thy solitude  
 The billow's ceaseless chime.

O'er what recesses, depths unknown  
 Dost thou thy waves impel, 10  
 Where never yet a sunbeam shore,  
 Or gleam of moonlight fell?  
 For never yet did mortal eyes  
 Thy gloom-wrapt deeps behold,  
 And naught of thy dread mysteries 15  
 The tongue of man hath told.

What, though proud man presume to hold  
 His course upon thy tide,  
 O'er thy dark billows uncontroll'd  
 His fragile bark to guide— 20  
 Yet who, upon thy mountain waves,  
 Can feel himself secure  
 While sweeping o'er thy yawning caves,  
 Deep, awful, and obscure?

But thou art mild and tranquil now— 25  
 Thy wrathful spirits sleep,  
 And gentle billows, calm and slow,  
 Across thy bosom sweep.  
 Yet where the dim horizon's bound  
 Rests on thy sparkling bed, 30  
 The tempest-cloud, in gloom profound,  
 Prepares its wrath to shed.

Thus, mild and calm in youth's bright  
 hour  
 The tide of life appears,  
 When fancy paints, with magic spell, 35  
 The bliss of coming years;  
 But clouds will rise, and darkness bring  
 O'er life's deceitful way,  
 And cruel disappointment fling  
 Its shade on hope's dim ray. 40

1827.

## THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

SILENCE o'er sea and earth  
 With the veil of evening fell,  
 Till the convent-tower sent deeply forth  
 The chime of its vesper bell.  
 One moment—and that solemn sound 5  
 Fell heavy on the ear;  
 But a sterner echo passed around,  
 And the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks thronged up,  
 In the torchlight cold and dim; 10  
 And the priest let fall his incense-cup,  
 And the virgin hushed her hymn,  
 For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,  
 And a summoning voice were heard,  
 And fretted wall, and dungeon damp, 15  
 To the fearful echo stirred.

The peasant heard the sound,  
 As he sat beside his hearth;  
 And the song and the dance were hushed  
 around,  
 With the fire-side tale of mirth. 20  
 The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,  
 As the sound of fear drew nigh,  
 And the warder shrank from the castle  
 wall,  
 As the gleam of spears went by.

Woe! woe! to the stranger, then, 25  
 At the feast and flow of wine,  
 In the red array of mail'd men,  
 Or bowed at the holy shrine;  
 For the wakened pride of an injured land  
 Had burst its iron thrall, 30  
 From the plumed chief to the pilgrim  
 band;  
 Woe! woe! to the sons of Gaul!

Proud beings fell that hour,  
 With the young and passing fair,  
 And the flame went up from dome and  
 tower, 35  
 The avenger's arm was there!  
 The stranger priest at the altar stood,  
 And clasped his beads in prayer,  
 But the holy shrine grew dim with blood,  
 The avenger found him there! 40

Woe ! woe ! to the sons of Gaul,  
 To the serf and mail'd lord ;  
 They were gathered darkly, one and all,  
 To the harvest of the sword :  
 And the morningsun, with a quiet smile,  
 Shone out o'er hill and glen, 46  
 On ruined temple and smouldering pile,  
 And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,  
 As its early glance came forth, 50  
 It had no sympathy with the wild  
 And terrible things of earth.  
 And the man of blood that day might read,  
 In a language freely given,  
 How ill his dark and midnight deed 55  
 Became the calm of Heaven.  
 1828.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

SPIRIT of the frozen North,  
 Where the wave is chained and still,  
 And the savage bear looks forth  
 Nightly from his caverned hill !  
 Down from thy eternal throne, 5  
 From thy land of cloud and storm,  
 Where the meeting icebergs groan,  
 Sweepeth on thy wrathful form.

Spirit of the frozen wing !  
 Dweller of a voiceless clime, 10  
 Where no coming on of spring  
 Gilds the weary course of time !  
 Monarch of a realm untrod  
 By the restless feet of men,  
 Where alone the hand of God 15  
 'Mid His mighty works hath been !

Throned amid the ancient hills,  
 Piled with undecaying snow,  
 Flashing with the path of rills,  
 Frozen in their first glad flow ; 20  
 Thou hast seen the gloomy north,  
 Gleaming with unearthly light,  
 Spreading its pale banners forth,  
 Checkered with the stars of night.

Thou hast gazed untrembling, where 25  
 Giant forms of flame were driven,  
 Like the spirits of the air,  
 Striding up the vault of heaven !

Thou hast seen that midnight glow,  
 Hiding moon and star and sky, 30  
 And the icy hills below  
 Reddening to the fearful dye.

Dark and desolate and lone,  
 Curtained with the tempest-cloud,  
 Drawn around thy ancient throne 35  
 Like oblivion's moveless shroud,  
 Dim and distantly the sun  
 Glances on thy palace walls,  
 But a shadow cold and dun  
 Broods along its pillared halls. 40

Lord of sunless depths and cold !  
 Chainer of the northern sea !  
 At whose feet the storm is rolled,  
 Who hath power to humble thee ?  
 Spirit of the stormy north ! 45  
 Bow thee to thy Maker's nod ;  
 Bend to Him who sent thee forth,  
 Servant of the living God.  
 1829.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE.

CALMLY the night came down  
 O'er Scylla's shatter'd walls ;  
 How desolate that silent town !  
 How tenantless the halls,  
 Where yesterday her thousands trod, 5  
 And princes graced their proud abode !

Low, on the wet sea sand,  
 Humbled in anguish now,  
 The despot, midst his menial band,  
 Bent down his kingly brow ; 10  
 And prince and peasant knelt in prayer,  
 For grief had made them equal there.

Again as at the morn,  
 The earthquake roll'd its car :  
 Lowly the castle-towers were borne, 15  
 That mock'd the storms of war ;  
 The mountain reeled, its shiver'd brow  
 Went down among the waves below.

Up rose the kneelers then,  
 As the wave's rush was heard : 20  
 The horror of those fated men  
 Was uttered by no word.  
 But closer still the mother prest  
 The infant to her faithful breast.

One long, wild shriek went up, 25  
 Full mighty in despair;  
 As bow'd to drink death's bitter cup,  
 The thousands gathered there;  
 And man's strong wail and woman's cry  
 Blent as the waters hurried by. 30

On swept the whelming sea;  
 The mountains felt its shock,  
 As the long cry of agony  
 Thrills thro' the towers of rock;  
 An echo round that fatal shore 35  
 The death wail of the sufferers bore.

The morning sun shed forth  
 Its light upon the scene,  
 Where tower and palace strew'd the earth  
 With wrecks of what had been. 40  
 But of the thousands who were gone,  
 No trace was left, no vestige shown.  
 1828.

#### JUDITH AT THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES.

NIGHT was down among the mountains,  
 In her dim and quiet manner,  
 Where Bethulia's silver fountains  
 Gushed beneath the Assyrian banner.  
 Moonlight, o'er her meek dominion, 5  
 As a mighty flag unfurled,  
 Like an angel's snowy pinion  
 Resting on a darkened world!

Faintly rose the city's murmur,  
 But the crowded camp was calm;  
 Girded in their battle armor, 10  
 Each a falchion at his arm,  
 Lordly chief and weary vassal  
 In the arms of slumber fell;  
 It had been a day of wassail,  
 And the wine had circled well. 15

Underneath his proud pavilion  
 Lay Assyria's champion,  
 Where the ruby's rich vermilion  
 Shone beside the beryl stone. 20  
 With imperial purple laden,  
 Breathing in the perfumed air,  
 Dreams he of the Jewish maiden,  
 With her dark and jewelled hair.

Who is she, the pale-browed stranger? 25  
 Bending o'er that son of slaughter?  
 God be with thee in thy danger,  
 Israel's lone and peerless daughter!  
 She hath bared her queenly beauty  
 To the dark Assyrian's glance; 30  
 Now a high and sterner duty  
 Bids her to his couch advance.

Beautiful and pale she bendeth  
 In her earnest prayer to Heaven;  
 I look again, that maiden standeth 35  
 In the strength her God has given!  
 Strangely is her dark eye kindled,  
 Hot blood through her cheek is poured;  
 Lo her every fear hath dwindled,  
 And her hand is on the sword! 40

Upward to the flashing curtain,  
 See, that mighty blade is driven,  
 And its fall!—it is swift and certain  
 As the cloud-fire's track in heaven! 45  
 Down, as with a power supernal,  
 Twice the lifted weapon fell;  
 Twice, his slumber is eternal—  
 Who shall wake the infidel?

Sunlight on the mountains streameth  
 Like an air-borne wave of gold; 50  
 And Bethulia's armor gleameth  
 Round Judea's banner-fold.  
 Down they go, the mailed warriors,  
 As the upper torrents sally  
 Headlong from their mountain-barriers 55  
 Down upon the sleeping valley.

Rouse thee from thy couch, Assyrian!  
 Dream no more of woman's smile;  
 Fiercer than the leaguered Tyrian, 60  
 Or the dark-browed sons of Nile,  
 Foes are on thy slumber breaking,  
 Chieftain, to thy battle rise!  
 Vain the call—he will not waken—  
 Headless on his couch he lies. 65

Who hath dimmed your boasted glory? 65  
 What hath woman's weakness done?  
 Whose dark brow is up before ye,  
 Blackening in the fierce-haired sun?  
 Lo! an eye that never slumbers 70  
 Looketh in its vengeance down;  
 And the thronged and mailed numbers  
 Wither at Jehovah's frown!

## METACOM.

Metacom, or Phillip, the chief of the Wampanoags, was the most powerful and sagacious Sachem who ever made war upon the English.

RED as the banner which enshrouds

The warrior-dead, when strife is done,  
A broken mass of crimson clouds

Hung over the departed sun.

The shadow of the western hill  
Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,  
As if a sullen wave of night

Were rushing on the pale twilight;  
The forest-openings grew more dim,  
As glimpses of the arching blue

And waking stars came softly through  
The rifts of many a giant limb.  
Above the wet and tangled swamp

White vapors gathered thick and damp,  
And through their cloudy curtaining

Flapped many a brown and dusky wing—  
Pinions that fan the moonless dun,  
But fold them at the rising sun!

Beneath the closing veil of night,

And leafy bough and curling fog,  
With his few warriors ranged in sight—  
Scarred relics of his latest fight—

Rested the fiery Wampanoag.

He leaned upon his loaded gun,  
Warm with its recent work of death,

And, save the struggling of his breath,  
That, slow and hard and long-repressed,

Shook the damp folds around his breast,  
An eye that was unused to scan

The sterner moods of that dark man  
Had deemed his tall and silent form

With hidden passion fierce and warm,  
With that fixed eye, as still and dark

As clouds which veil their lightning spark,  
That of some forest-champion,

Whom sudden death had passed upon—  
A giant frozen into stone!

Son of the throned Sachem!—Thou,

The sternest of the forest kings.—

Shall the scorned pale-one trample now, 40  
Unambushed on thy mountain's brow,

Yea, drive his vile and hated plough

Among thy nation's holy things,

Crushing the warrior-skeleton

In scorn beneath his armed heel, 45  
And not a hand be left to deal  
A kindred vengeance fiercely back,  
And cross in blood the Spoiler's track?

He turned him to his trustiest one,

The old and war-tried Annawon— 50

'Brother!—The favored warrior stood

In hushed and listening attitude—

'This night the Vision-Spirit hath

Unrolled the scroll of fate before me;

And ere the sunrise cometh, Death 55

Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me!

Nay, start not—well I know thy faith—

Thy weapon now may keep its sheath;

But, when the bodeful morning breaks,

And the green forest widely wakes, 60

Unto the roar of English thunder,

Then trusted brother, be it thine

To burst upon the foeman's line,

And rend his serried strength asunder.

Perchance thyself and yet a few 65

Of faithful ones may struggle through,

And, rallying on the wooded plain,

Strike deep for vengeance once again,

And offer up in pale-face blood

An offering to the Indian's God.' 70

A musket shot—a sharp, quick yell—

And then the stifled groan of pain,

Told that another red man fell,—

And blazed a sudden light again

Across that kingly brow and eye, 75

Like lightning on a clouded sky,—

And a low growl, like that which thrills

The hunter of the Eastern hills,

Burst through clenched teeth and rigid

lip—

And, when the great chief spoke again 80

His deep voice shook beneath its rein,

As wrath and grief held fellowship.

'Brother! methought when as but now

I pondered on my nation's wrong,

With sadness on his shadowy brow 85

My father's spirit passed along!

He pointed to the far south-west,

Where sunset's gold was growing dim,

And seemed to beckon me to him,

And to the forests of the blest!— 90

My father loved the white men, when

They were but children, shelterless,  
For his great spirit at distress  
Melted to woman's tenderness—  
Nor was it given him to know 95

That children whom he cherished  
then

Would rise at length, like armed men,  
To work his people's overthrow.

Yet thus it is;—the God before

Whose awful shrine the pale ones bow  
Hath frowned upon, and given o'er 101

The red man to the stranger now!

A few more moons, and there will be  
No gathering to the council tree;

The scorched earth—the blackened log—

The naked bones of warriors slain, 106

Be the sole relics which remain

Of the once mighty Wampanoag!

The forests of our hunting-land,

With all their old and solemn green, 110

Will bow before the Spoiler's axe—

The plough displace the hunter's tracks,

And the tall prayer-house steeple stand

Where the Great Spirit's shrine hath  
been!

'Yet, brother, from this awful hour 115

The dying curse of Metacom

Shall linger with abiding power

Upon the spoilers of my home.

The fearful veil of things to come,  
By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from 120

The shadows of the embryo years;

And I can see more clearly through

Than ever visioned Powwaw did,

For all the future comes unbid

Yet welcome to my tranced view, 125

As battle-yell to warrior-ears!

From stream and lake and hunting-hill

Our tribes may vanish like a dream,

And even my dark curse may seem

Like idle winds when Heaven is still, 130

No bodeful harbinger of ill;

But, fiercer than the downright thunder,

When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,

And riven pine and knotted oak

Are reeling to the fearful stroke, 135

That curse shall work its master's will!

The bed of yon blue mountain stream

Shall pour a darker tide than rain—

The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,

And broadly on its banks shall gleam 140

The steel of those who should be brothers:

Yea, those whom one fond parent nursed

Shall meet in strife, like fiends accursed,

And trample down the once loved form.

While yet with breathing passion warm,

As fiercely as they would another's! 146

The morning star sat dimly on

The lighted eastern horizon—

The deadly glare of levelled gun

Came streaking through the twilight

haze 150

And naked to its reddest blaze,

A hundred warriors sprang in view;

One dark red arm was tossed on high.

One giant shout came hoarsely through

The clangor and the charging cry, 155

Just as across the scattering gloom,

Red as the naked hand of Doom,

The English volley hurtled by—

The arm—the voice of Metacom!—

One piercing shriek—one vengeful yell,

Sent like an arrow to the sky, 161

Told when the hunter-monarch fell!

1829.

#### MOUNT AGIOCHOOK.

The Indians supposed the White Mountains  
were the residence of powerful spirits, and in  
consequence rarely ascended them.

GRAY searcher of the upper air,

There's sunshine on thy ancient walls,

A crown upon thy forehead bare,

A flash upon thy waterfalls.

A rainbow glory in the cloud 5

Upon thine awful summit bowed,

The radiant ghost of a dead storm!

And music from the leafy shroud

Which swathes in green thy giant form,

Mellowed and softened from above 10

Steals downward to the lowland ear,

Sweet as the first, fond dream of love

That melts upon the maiden's ear.

The time has been, white giant, when

Thy shadows veiled the red man's home,

And over crag and serpent den, 16

And wild gorge where the steps of men  
In chase or battle might not come,  
The mountain eagle bore on high  
The emblem of the free of soul, 20  
And, midway in the fearful sky,  
Sent back the Indian battle cry,  
And answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out,  
The moccasin has left no track ; 25  
Nor wolf nor panther roam about  
The Saco and the Merrimac.  
And thou, that liftest up on high  
Thy mighty barriers to the sky,  
Art not the haunted mount of old, 30  
Where on each crag of blasted stone  
Some dreadful spirit found his throne,  
And hid within the thick cloud fold,  
Heard only in the thunder's crash,  
Seen only in the lightning's flash, 35  
When crumbled rock and riven branch  
Went down before the avalanche!

No more that spirit moveth there ;  
The dwellers of the vale are dead ;  
No hunter's arrow cleaves the air ; 40  
No dry leaf rustles to his tread.  
The pale-face clinbs thy tallest rock,  
His hands thy crystal gates unlock ;  
From steep to steep his maidens call,  
Light laughing, like the streams that  
fall 45  
In music down thy rocky wall,  
And only when their careless tread  
Lays bare an Indian arrow-head,  
Spent and forgetful of the deer,  
Think of the race that perished here. 50

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,  
Gray altar of the men of old !  
Not vainly to the listening ear  
The legends of thy past are told,—  
Tales of the downward sweeping flood, 55  
When bowed like reeds thy ancient  
wood ;  
Of armed hands, and spectral forms ;  
Of giants in their leafy shroud,  
And voices calling long and loud  
In the dread pauses of thy storms. 60  
For still within their caverned home  
Dwell the strange gods of heathendom !

### THE DRUNKARD TO HIS BOTTLE.

I was thinking of the temperance lyrics the  
great poet of Scotland might have written had  
he put his name to a pledge of abstinence, a  
thing unhappily unknown in his day. The  
result of my cogitation was this poor imitation  
of his dialect.

Hoot!—daur ye shaw ye're face again,  
Ye auld black thief o' purse an' brain?  
For foul disgrace, for dool an' pain  
An' shame I ban ye :  
Wae 's me, that e'er my lips have ta'en 5  
Your kiss uncanny !

Nae mair, auld knave, without a shillin'  
To keep a starvin' wight frae stealin'  
Ye 'll sen' me hameward, blin' and reelin',  
Frae nightly swagger, 10  
By wall an' post my pathway feelin',  
Wi' mony a stagger.

Nae mair o' fights that bruise an' mangle,  
Nae mair o' nets my feet to tangle,  
Nae mair o' senseless brawl an' wrangle,  
Wi' frien' an' wife too, 16  
Nae mair o' deavin' din an' jangle  
My feckless life through.

Ye thievin', cheatin' auld Cheap Jack,  
Peddlin' your poison brose, I crack 20  
Your banes against my ingle-back  
Wi' meikle pleasure.  
Deil mend ye i' his workshop black,  
E'en at his leisure !

I'll brak ye're neck, ye foul auld sinner,  
I'll spill ye're bluid, ye vile beginner 26  
O' a' the ills an' aches that winna  
Quat saul an' body !  
Gie me hale breeks an' weel-spread  
dinner—  
Deil tak' ye're toddy ! 30

Nae mair wi' witches' broo gane gyte,  
Gie me ance mair the auld delight  
O' sittin' wi' my bairns in sight,  
The gude wife near,  
The weel-spent day, the peacefu' night, 35  
The mornin' cheer !

Cock a' ye're heids, my bairns fu' gleg,  
My winsome Robin, Jean, an' Meg,  
For food and claes ye shall na beg

A doit-d daddie.

Dance, auld wife, on your girl-day leg,  
Ye've foun' your laddie!

1829.

### THE FAIR QUAKRESS.

SHE was a fair young girl, yet on her brow  
No pale pearl shone, a blemish on the pure  
And snowy lustre of its living light,  
No radiant gem shone beautifully through  
The shadowing of her tresses, as a star  
Through the dark sky of midnight; and  
no wreath

Of coral circled on her queenly neck,  
In mockery of the glowing cheek and lip,  
Whose hue the fairy guardian of the  
flowers

Might never rival when her delicate touch  
Tinges the rose of springtime.

Unadorned,

Save by her youthful charms, and with a  
garb

Simple as Nature's self, why turn to her  
The proud and gifted, and the versed in all  
The pageantry of fashion?

She hath not

Moved down the dance to music, when  
the hall

Is lighted up like sunshine, and the thrill  
Of the light viol and the mellow flute,  
And the deep tones of manhood, softened  
down

To very music melt upon the ear.—  
She has not mingled with the hollow world  
Nor tampered with its mockeries, until all  
The delicate perceptions of the heart,  
The innate modesty, the watchful sense  
(Of maiden dignity, are lost within  
The maze of fashion and the din of crowds.

Yet Beauty hath its homage. Kings have  
bowed

From the tall majesty of ancient thrones  
With a prostrated knee, yea, cast aside  
The awfulness of time-created power  
For the regardful glances of a child.

Yea, the high ones and powerful of Earth,  
The helmed sons of victory, the grave  
And schooled philosophers, the giant men  
Of overmastering intellect, have turned  
Each from the separate idol of his high  
And vehement ambition for the low  
Idolatriy of human loveliness;  
And bartered the sublimity of mind,  
The godlike and commanding intellect  
Which nations knelt to, for a woman's  
smile,

A soft-toned answer, or a wanton's smile.

And in the chastened beauty of that eye,  
And in the beautiful play of that red lip,  
And in the quiet smile, and in the voice  
Sweet as the tuneful greeting of a bird  
To the first flowers of springtime, there is  
more

Than the perfection of the painter's skill  
Or statuary's moulding. *Mind* is there,  
The pure and holy attributes of soul,  
The seal of virtue, the exceeding grace  
Of meekness blended with a maiden pride;  
Nor deem ye that beneath the gentle smile,  
And the calm temper of a chastened mind  
No warmth of passion kindles, and no tide  
Of quick and earnest feeling courses on  
From the warm heart's pulsations. There  
are springs

Of deep and pure affection, hidden now,  
Within that quiet bosom, which but wait  
The thrilling of some kindly touch, to  
flow

Like waters from the Desert-rock of old.

1830.

### BOLIVAR.

A DIRGE is wailing from the Gulf of storm-  
vexed Mexico,

To where through Pampas' solitudes the  
mighty rivers flow;

The dark Sierras hear the sound, and  
from each mountain rift,

Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful  
summits lift,

Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly  
upon heaven,

And Chimborazo's shattered peak the  
upper sky has riven;



From mount to mount, from wave to wave,  
a wild and long lament,  
A sob that shakes like her earthquakes  
the startled continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped—the hero's  
at whose word

The nations started as from sleep, and  
girded on the sword; 10

The victor of a hundred fields where blood  
was poured like rain,

And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled  
down the hosts of Spain,

The eagle's soul on Junin's slope who showed  
his shouting men

A grander sight than Balboa saw from  
wave-washed Darien,

As from the snows with battle red died  
out the sinking sun, 15

And broad and vast beneath him lay a  
world for freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with  
banners o'er him thrown,

With trumpets in his failing ear, by  
charging squadrons blown,

With scattered foemen flying fast and  
fearfully before him,

With shouts of triumph swelling round  
and brave men bending o'er him? 20

Not on his fields of victory, nor in his  
council hall,

The worn and sorrowing leader heard the  
inevitable call.

Alone he perished in the land he saved  
from slavery's ban,

Maligned and doubted and denied, a  
broken-hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop  
above the fallen chief, 25

And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be  
wet with tears of grief!

For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for  
friendship hatred grown,

Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and  
priestly mass atone?

Better to leave unmourned, the dead than  
wrong men while they live;

What if the strong man failed or erred,  
could not his own forgive? 30

O people freed by him, repent above your  
hero's bier:

The sole resource of late remorse is now  
his tomb to rear!

1830.

### ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of  
Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, im-  
mediately after her marriage with the Emperor.  
Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and  
Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she  
believed that Heaven had given her a view of  
the future, and that her child, the namesake of  
the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her.  
Her prediction was fulfilled.

'MIDST the palace bowers of Hungary,  
imperial Presburg's pride,

With the noble born and beautiful assem-  
bled at her side,

She stood beneath the summer heavens,  
the soft wind sighing on,

Stirring the green and arching boughs  
like dancers in the sun.

The beautiful pomegranate flower, the  
snowy orange bloom, 5

The lotus and the trailing vine, the rose's  
meek perfume,

The willow crossing with its green some  
statue's marble hair,

All that might charm the fresh young  
sense, or light the soul, was there!

But she, a monarch's treasured one, leaned  
gloomily apart,

With her dark eyes tearfully cast down,  
and a shadow on her heart. 10

Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what  
sorrow hath she known?

Are not the hearts and swords of all held  
sacred as her own?

Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field  
or tower?

The wisest in the council-hall, the gayest  
in the bower?

Is not his love as full and deep as his own  
Danube's tide? 15

And wherefore in her princely home weeps  
Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jewelled hand, and flung  
 her veiling tresses back,  
 Bathing its snowy tapering within their  
 glossy black.  
 A tear fell on the orange leaves, rich gem  
 and mimic blossom,  
 And fringed robe shook fearfully upon  
 her sighing bosom. 20  
 'Smile on, smile on,' she murmured low,  
 'for all is joy around,  
 Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft  
 airs, and blossomed ground.  
 'Tis meet the light of heart should smile,  
 when nature's smile is fair,  
 And melody and fragrance meet, twin  
 sisters of the air.

'But ask me not to share with you the  
 beauty of the scene, 25  
 The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and  
 breadths of tender green;  
 And point not to the mild blue sky, or  
 glorious summer sun,  
 I know how very fair is all the hand of  
 God has done.  
 The hills, the sky, the sunlit cloud, the  
 waters leaping forth,  
 The swaying trees, the scented flowers,  
 the dark green robes of earth,— 30  
 I love them well, but I have learned to  
 turn aside from all,  
 And nevermore my heart must own their  
 sweet but fatal thrall.

'And I could love the noble one whose  
 mighty name I bear,  
 And closer to my breaking heart his  
 princely image wear,  
 And I could love our sweet young flower,  
 unfolding day by day, 35  
 And taste of that unearthly joy which  
 mothers only may,—  
 But what am I to cling to these?—A voice  
 is in my ear,  
 A shadow lingers at my side, the death-  
 wail and the bier!  
 The cold and starless night of Death  
 where day may never beam,  
 The silence and forgetfulness, the sleep  
 that hath no dream! 40

'O God, to leave this fair bright world,  
 and more than all to know  
 The moment when the Spectral One shall  
 strike his fearful blow;  
 To know the day, the very hour, to feel  
 the tide roll on,  
 To shudder at the gloom before and weep  
 the sunshine gone;  
 To count the days, the few short days, of  
 light and love and breath 45  
 Between me and the noisome grave, the  
 voiceless home of death!  
 Alas!—if feeling, knowing this, I murmur  
 at my doom,  
 Let not Thy frowning, O my God! lend  
 darkness to the tomb.

'Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and  
 smiled amidst the chill  
 Remembrance of my certain doom which  
 lingers with me still; 50  
 I would not cloud my fair child's brow,  
 nor let a tear-drop dim  
 The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest  
 it should sadden him;  
 But there are moments when the strength  
 of feeling must have way;  
 That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor  
 fear nor love can stay.  
 Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones!  
 Your sun of joy is high: 55  
 Smile on, and leave the doomed of Heaven  
 alone to weep and die!'

A funeral chant was wailing through  
 Vienna's holy pile,  
 A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne  
 along the aisle;  
 The drooping flags of many lands waved  
 slow above the dead,  
 A mighty band of mourners came, a king  
 was at its head,— 60  
 A youthful king, with mournful tread,  
 and dim and tearful eye;  
 He scarce had dreamed that one so pure  
 as his fair bride could die.  
 And sad and long above the throng the  
 funeral anthem rung:  
 'Mourn for the hope of Austria! Mourn  
 for the loved and young!'

The wail went up from other lands, the  
valleys of the Hun, 65  
Fair Parua with its orange bowers, and  
hills of vine and sun :  
The lilies of imperial France drooped as  
the sound went by,  
The long lament of cloistered Spain was  
mingled with the cry.  
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak  
at his cave,  
The bowed at the Escorial, the Magyar  
stoutly brave, 70  
All wept the early stricken flower; and  
still the anthem rung :  
' Mourn for the pride of Austria ! Mourn  
for the loved and young !'  
1831.

#### THE FRATRICIDE.

He stood on the brow of the well-known  
hill,  
Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still ;  
The last of that forest which cast the  
gloom  
Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's  
home ;  
And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
With its quivering leaves, and its streams  
at play, 6  
And the sunshine over it all the while  
Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.  
He knew the rock with its fingering vine,  
And its gray top touch'd by the slant  
sunshine, 10  
And the delicate stream which crept  
beneath  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath ;  
And the flowers which lean'd to the West  
wind's sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by ;  
And he knew every valley and wooded  
swell, 15  
For the visions of childhood are treasured  
well.  
Why shook the old man as his eye glanced  
down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs  
frown,

With their shaggy brows and their teeth  
of stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sun-  
light thrown ? 20  
What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of  
men,  
And the great owl sat on the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on  
him ?  
Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old  
man's eye, 25  
As if a spectre were stealing by,  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight  
fell ;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape  
o'er, 31  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.  
Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which  
ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray  
old man ?  
His childhood's home, and his father's  
toil, 35  
And his sister's kiss, and his mother's  
smile,  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome  
mirth,  
At the village school and the winter  
hearth ;  
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later  
crime. 40  
And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly feud and the midnight  
flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter  
red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,  
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful  
hour 45  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in  
power,  
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning  
eye  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-  
storm—

With a brother's shaker and kneeling  
form, 50

And his prayer for life when a brother's  
arm

Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of  
death,

And the welling of blood, and the gurgling  
breath,

And the scalp torn off while each nerve  
could feel 55

The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd—for he saw,  
again,

The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,  
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!  
And it rose erect, with the death-pang  
grim, 61

And pointed its bloodied finger at him!  
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of  
Cain

Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise 65  
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?  
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient  
wood,

It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
And glared by night through the wigwam  
door; 70

And here, on his own familiar hill,  
It rose on his haunted vision still!

Whose corse was that which the morrow's  
sun,

Through the opening boughs, look'd calm-  
ly on?

There were those who bent o'er that rigid  
face 75

Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
The features of him who, a traitor, fled  
From a brother whose blood himself had  
shed,

And there, on the spot where he strangely  
died, 79

They made the grave of the Fratricide!  
1831.

### ISABEL.

I do not love thee, Isabel, and yet thou  
art most fair!

I know the tempting of thy lips, the  
witchcraft of thy hair,  
The winsome smile that might beguile the  
shy Lord from his tree;

But from their spell I know so well, I shake  
my manhood free.

I might have loved thee, Isabel; I know  
I should if aught 5

Of all thy words and ways had told of one  
unselfish thought;

If through the cloud of fashion, the  
pictured veil of art,  
One casual flash had broken warm, earnest  
from the heart.

But words are idle, Isabel, and if I praise  
or blame,

Or cheer or warn, it matters not; thy life  
will be the same; 10

Still free to use, and still abuse, unmin-  
dful of the harm,

The fatal gift of beauty, the power to  
choose and charm.

Then go thy way, fair Isabel, nor heed  
that from thy train

A doubtful follower falls away, enough  
will still remain.

But what the long-rebuking years may  
bring to them or thee 15

No prophet and no prophet's son am I to  
guess or see.

I do not love thee, Isabel; I would as soon  
put on

A crown of slender frost-work beneath the  
heated sun,

Or chase the winds of summer, or trust  
the sleeping sea,

Or lean upon a shadow as think of loving  
thee. 20

1832.

## STANZAS.

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the  
sun!

Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian  
stone;

Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft  
wreathing curls. 6

Smile, for thy glance on the mirror is  
thrown,

And the face of an angel is meeting thine  
own!

Beautiful creature. I marvel not  
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;  
And the kindling light of thine eye hath  
told 11

Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away, there is danger here!  
A terrible phantom is bending near:  
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye 15  
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully,  
With no human look, with no human  
breath,  
He stands beside thee, the haunter, Death!

Fly! but, alas! he will follow still,  
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy  
will; 20

In thy noonday walk, in thy midnight  
sleep,

Close at thy hand will that phantom keep;  
Still in thine ear shall his whispers be;  
Woe, that such phantom should follow  
thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro; 26  
When thy fair arms glance in their stain-  
less white,

Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;  
And not one star in the holy sky  
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue  
eye! 30

Oh, then, even then, he will follow thee,  
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;  
In the soften'd light, in the turning dance,  
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance;  
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall  
linger, 35  
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy  
finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
While thy soul is open as thy brow;  
While thy heart is fresh, while its feelings  
still

Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-rill;  
And thy smiles are free as the airs of  
spring, 41  
Greeting and blessing each breathing  
thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,  
When the bud shall wither before its  
bloom;

When thy soul is sick of the emptiness 45  
And changeful fashion of human bliss;  
When the weary torpor of blighted feeling  
Over thy heart as ice is stealing;

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,  
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's  
love; 50

When the hope of that joy in thy heart is  
stirr'd,

Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath  
heard,

Then will that phantom of darkness be  
Gladness, and promise, and bliss to thee.  
1832.

## MOGG MEGONE.

This poem was commenced in 1830, but did not assume its present shape until four years after. It deals with the border strife of the early settlers of eastern New England and their savage neighbors; but its personages and incidents are mainly fictitious. Looking at it, at the present time, it suggests the idea of a big Indian in his war-paint strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid.

## PART I.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of  
stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the  
sky.

Where the spray of the cataract sparkles  
on high,

Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone?<sup>78</sup>  
Close to the verge of the rock is he, 5

While beneath him the Saco its work is  
doing,

Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,  
And slow through the rock its pathway  
hewing!

Far down, through the mist of the falling  
river,

Which rises up like an incense ever, 10  
The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
With water howling and vexed between,  
While the scooping whirl of the pool  
beneath

Seems an open throat, with its granite  
teeth!

But Mogg Megone never trembled yet 15  
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.

He is watchful: each form in the moon-  
light dim.

Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:  
He listens; each sound from afar is  
caught,

The faintest shiver of leaf and limb: 20  
But he sees not the waters, which foam  
and fret,

Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin  
wet,—

And the roar of their rushing, he hears it  
not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked root  
Coils like a serpent at his foot, 26

Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.  
His head is bare, save only where

Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
Reserved for him, whoe'er he be, 30

More mighty than Megone in strife,  
When breast to breast and knee to knee,

Above the fallen warrior's life  
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-  
knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and  
gun, 35

And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on:  
His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
And magic words on its polished blade,—

'T was the gift of Castine to Mogg  
Megone,<sup>79</sup>

For a scalp or twain from the Yengees  
torn: 40

His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,  
And Modocawando's wives had strung  
The brass and the beads, which tinkle  
and staine

On the polished breech, and broad bright  
line  
Of beaded wampum around it hung. 45

What seeks Megone? His foes are near,—  
Grey Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping.<sup>80</sup>  
And the garrison lights are burning  
clear,

Where Philip's men their watch are  
keeping.<sup>81</sup>

Let him bide him away through the dank  
river fog, 50

Never rustling the boughs nor dis-  
placing the rocks,

For the eyes and the ears which are  
watching for Mogg

Are keener than those of the wolf or  
the fox.

He starts,—there's a rustle among the  
leaves:

Another,—the click of his gun is heard!  
A footstep,—is it the step of Cleaves, 56

With Indian blood on his English sword?  
Steals Harmon down from the sands of  
York,<sup>82</sup>

With hand of iron and foot of cork?  
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile, 60

For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?<sup>83</sup>  
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,

How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!  
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—

'Boon welcome, Johnny Boniton!' 65

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
And quick, keen glances to and fro,

The hunted outlaw, Boniton!<sup>84</sup>  
A low, lean, swarthy man is he,

With blanket-garb and buskined knee, 70  
And naught of English fashion on;

For he hates the race from whence he  
sprung,

And he couches his words in the Indian  
tongue.

'Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be weak;  
The water-rat shall hear him speak,— 75  
The owl shall whoop in the white man's  
ear,

That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is  
here!'

He pauses,—dark, over cheek and brow,  
A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:  
'Sachem!' he says, 'let me have the land,  
Which stretches away upon either hand,  
As far about as my feet can stray 82

In the half of a gentle summer's day,  
From the leaping brook to the Saco  
river,— 85

And the fair-haired girl thou hast sought  
of me 85

Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be  
The wife of Mogg Megone forever.'

There's a sudden light in the Indian's  
glance,

A moment's trace of powerful feeling,  
Of love or triumph, or both perchance, 90

Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
'The words of my father are very good;  
He shall have the land, and water, and  
wood;

And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone; 95  
But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep  
on my breast,

And the bird of the clearing shall sing in  
my nest.'

'But, father!'—and the Indian's hand  
Falls gently on the white man's arm,  
And with a smile as shrewdly bland 100

As the deep voice is slow and calm,—  
'Where is my father's singing-bird,—  
The sunny eye, and sunset hair?

I know I have my father's word  
And that his word is good and fair; 105

But will my father tell me where  
Megone shall go and look for his bride?—  
For he sees her not by her father's side.'

The dark, stern eye of Boniton  
Flashes over the features of Mogg  
Megone, 110

In one of those glances which search  
within;

But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
Remains where the trace of emotion  
has been.

Does the Sachem doubt? Let him go  
with me,

And the eyes of the Sachem his bride  
shall see.' 115

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
The twain are stealing through the wood,  
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
Whose deep and solemn roar behind 120  
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl  
Of the wolf, the hills among?—

Or the hooting of the owl,  
On his leafy cradle swung?— 125

Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
Listening to each sound they go  
Round the columns of the pine,

Indistinct, in shadow, seeming 129  
Like some old and pillared shrine;

With the soft and white moonshine,  
Round the foliage-tracery shed  
Of each column's branching head,

For its lamps of worship gleaming!  
And the sounds awakened there, 135

In the pine-leaves fine and small,  
Soft and sweetly musical,

By the fingers of the air,  
For the anthem's dying fall 139

Lingering round some temple's wall!  
Niche and cornice round and round

Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
Is not Nature's worship thus,

Ceaseless ever, going on?  
Hath it not a voice for us 145

In the thunder, or the tone  
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,

Speaking to the unsealed ear  
Words of blended love and fear,

Of the mighty Soul of all? 150

Naught had the twain of thoughts like  
these

As they wound along through the crowd-  
ed trees,

Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked  
oak;—

Climbing the dead tree's mossy log, 155  
 Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
 Turning aside the wild grapevine,  
 And lightly crossing the quaking bog  
 Whose surface shakes at the leap of the  
 frog,  
 And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
 Creeps into the chill moonshine! 161

Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard  
 The preaching of the Holy Word:  
 Sanchekantacket's isle of sand  
 Was once his father's hunting land, 165  
 Where zealous Hiacommes stood,—<sup>86</sup>  
 The wild apostle of the wood,  
 Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
 And trampled on the Powwow's charm;  
 Until the wizard's curses hung 170  
 Suspended on his palsying tongue,  
 And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
 Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood, —  
 Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
 On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
 A narrow lustre throwing. 177  
 'Who's there?' a clear, firm voice de-  
 mands;  
 'Hold, Ruth,—'t is I, the Sagamore!  
 Quick, at the summons, hasty hands 180  
 Unclose the bolted door;  
 And on the outlaw's daughter shine  
 The flashes of the kindled pipe.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,  
 Like some young priestess of the wood,  
 The freeborn child of Solitude, 186  
 And bearing still the wild and rude,  
 Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.  
 Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain  
 More from the sunshine than the rain; 190  
 Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,  
 A pure white brow into light is starting;  
 And, where the folds of her blanket sever,  
 Are neck and a bosom as white as ever  
 The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping  
 river. 195  
 But in the convulsive quiver and grip  
 Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,  
 There is something painful and sad to  
 see;

And her eye has a glance more sternly  
 wild

Than even that of a forest child 200  
 In its fearless and untamed freedom  
 should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen  
 So queenly a form and so noble a mien,  
 As freely and smiling she welcomes  
 them there;—

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:  
 'Pray, father, how does thy hunting  
 fare? 206

And, Sachem, say, —does Scanman  
 wear,

In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his  
 own?'

Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;  
 But a fearful meaning lurks within 210  
 Her glance, as it questions the eye of  
 Megone,—

An awful meaning of guilt and sin! —  
 The Indian hath opened his blanket, and  
 there

Hangs a human scalp by its long damp  
 hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-drawn  
 breath, 215

She meets that ghastly sign of death.

In one long, glassy, spectral stare

The enlarging eye is fastened there,

As if that mesh of pale brown hair

Had power to change at sight alone 220

Even as the fearful locks which wound

Medusa's fatal forehead round,

The gazer into stone.

With such a look Herodias read

The features of the bleeding head, 225

So looked the mad Moor on his dead,

Or the young Cenci as she stood,

O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look!—feeling melts that frozen glance,

It moves that marble countenance, 230

As if at once within her strove

Pity with shame, and hate with love.

The Past recalls its joy and pain,

Old memories rise before her brain,—

The lips which love's embraces met, 235

The hand her tears of parting wet,

The voice whose pleading tones beguiled

The pleased ear of the forest-child,—



And tears she may no more repress  
Reveal her lingering tenderness. 240

Oh, woman wronged can cherish hate  
More deep and dark than manhood  
may;

But when the mockery of Fate  
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
And the fell curse, which years have  
nursed, 245

Full on the spoiler's head hath burst,—  
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain,—  
Still lingers something of the spell  
Which bound her to the traitor's bosom,—  
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell, 251  
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Boniton's eyebrows together are  
drawn  
With a fierce expression of wrath and  
scorn,—

He hoarsely whispers, 'Ruth, beware! 255  
Is this the time to be playing the fool,—  
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
Like a love-sick girl at school?— 258  
Curse on it! an Indian can see and hear:  
Away,—and prepare our evening cheer!'

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
Her tearful eye and her varying brow,—  
With a serpent eye, which kindles and  
burns,

Like a fiery star in the upper air:  
On sire and daughter his fierce glance  
turns:— 265  
'Has my old white father a scalp to  
spare?

For his young one loves the pale brown  
hair

Of the scalp of an English dog far more  
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor;  
Go,—Mogg is wise: he will keep his  
land,— 270

And Sagamore John, when he feels  
with his hand,  
Shall miss his scalp where it grew before.'

The moment's gust of grief is gone,—  
The lip is clenched,— the tears are still,—

God pity thee, Ruth Boniton! 275

With what a strength of will  
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
As with an iron hand, repressed!  
And how, upon that nameless woe,  
Quick as the pulse can come and go, 280  
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and  
yet

The bosom heaves,—the eye is wet,—  
Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
The heart's wild current on its way?  
And whence that baleful strength of  
guile, 285

Which over that still working brow  
And tearful eye and cheek can throw  
The mockery of a smile?  
Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
With one strong effort crushing down 290  
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again  
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
And scarcely look or tone betrays  
How the heart strives beneath its chain.

'Is the Sachem angry,—angry with Ruth,  
Because she cries with an ache in her  
tooth,— 297

Which would make a Sagamore jump and  
cry,

And look about with a woman's eye?  
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door  
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
And broil his fish and tender fawn, 301  
And weave his wampum, and grind his  
corn,—

For she loves the brave and the wise, and  
none  
Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone!'

The Indian's brow is clear once more: 305

With grave, calm face, and half-shuteye,  
He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
And watches Ruth go by,  
Intent upon her household care;  
And ever and anon, the while, 310  
Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams are  
thine,

But those which love's own fancies  
dress,— 315

The sum of Indian happiness!—  
 A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
 Looks in among the groves of pine,—  
 A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
 The trout and salmon dart in view, 320  
 And the fair girl, before thee now,  
 Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,  
 Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
 Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
 Or offering up, at eve, to thee, 325  
 Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Boniton,  
 Venison and succotash have gone,—  
 For long these dwellers of the wood  
 Have felt the gnawing want of food. 330  
 But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer,—  
 With head averted, yet ready ear,  
 She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
 Feeding, at times, the unequal fire  
 With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine  
 tree. 335  
 Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
 On the cottage-roof, and its black log  
 walls,  
 And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Boniton's hunting flask  
 The fire-water burns at the lip of  
 Megone: 340  
 'Will the Sachem hear what his father  
 shall ask?  
 Will he make his mark, that it may be  
 known,  
 On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the  
 land,  
 From the Sachem's own, to his father's  
 hand?'  
 The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,  
 As he rises, the white man's bidding to  
 do: 346  
 'Wuttamuttata—weekan! 88 Mogg is  
 wise,—  
 For the water he drinks is strong and  
 new,—  
 Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut his  
 hand,  
 When his father asks for a little land?'—  
 With unsteady fingers, the Indian has  
 drawn 351  
 On the parchment the shape of a hunter's  
 bow,

'Boon water,—boon water,—Sagamore  
 John!  
 Wuttamuttata,—weekan! our hearts  
 will grow!'  
 He drinks yet deeper,—he mutters low,—  
 He reels on his bear-skin to and fro,— 356  
 His head falls down on his naked breast,—  
 He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

'Humph—drunk as a beast!'—and Boni-  
 ton's brow  
 Is darker than ever with evil thought—  
 'The fool has signed his warrant; but  
 how 361  
 And when shall the deed be wrought?  
 Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is  
 there,  
 To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—  
 Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought  
 that tear 365  
 Which shames thyself and our purpose  
 here,  
 Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced  
 dog,  
 Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of  
 Mogg,  
 And whose beastly soul is in Satan's  
 keeping;  
 This—this!—he dashes his hand upon 370  
 The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—  
 'Should send thee with him to do thy  
 weeping!'

'Father!—the eye of Boniton  
 Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,  
 Hollow and deep, as it were spoken 375  
 By the unmoving tongue of death,—  
 Or from some statue's lips had broken,—  
 A sound without a breath!  
 'Father!—my life I value less  
 Than yonder fool his gaudy dress; 380  
 And how it ends it matters not,  
 By heart-break or by rifle-shot;  
 But spare awhile the scoff and threat,—  
 Our business is not finished yet.'

'True, true, my girl,—I only meant 385  
 To draw up again the bow unbent.  
 Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought  
 To frighten off thy gloomy thought;  
 Come,—let's be friends!' He seeks to  
 clasp

His daughter's cold, damp hand in his. 390  
 Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
 As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
 Instinctively, the touch of guilt  
 Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg: 395  
 'What shall be done with yonder dog?  
 Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine,—  
 The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
 And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
 Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and  
 sooth, 400

'T were Christian mercy to finish him,  
 Ruth,  
 Now, while he lies like a beast on our  
 floor,—

If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
 Rather than let the poor dog awake 404  
 To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
 Such a forest devil to run by his side,—  
 Such a Wetuomanit<sup>89</sup> as thou wouldst  
 make !'

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is  
 there?—

The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
 With his knife in his hand, and glaring  
 eyes!— 410

'Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face's  
 hair,

For his knife is sharp, and his fingers  
 can help

The hair to pull and the skin to peel,—  
 Let him cry like a woman and twist like  
 an eel,

The great Captain Scamman must lose  
 his scalp! 415

And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance  
 with Mogg.'

His eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw in,—  
 With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish  
 grin,—

And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak,—she does not stir;  
 But she gazes down on the murderer, 421  
 Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell  
 Too much for her ear of that deed of hell.  
 She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
 And the dark fingers clenching the bear-  
 skin bed! 425

What thoughts of horror and madness  
 whirl  
 Through the burning brain of that fallen  
 girl!

John Boniton lifts his gun to his eye,  
 Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,—  
 But he drops it again. 'Some one may  
 be nigh, 430  
 And I would not that even the wolves  
 should hear.'

He draws his knife from his deer-skin  
 belt,—  
 Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—  
 Kneeling down on one knee, by the  
 Indian's side,

From his throat he opens the blanket  
 wide; 435  
 And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
 A trembling hand with the knife to  
 raise.

'I cannot,'—he mutters,—'did he not save  
 My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
 When the storm came down from Agio-  
 chook, 440

And the north-wind howled, and the tree-  
 tops shook,—

And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing  
 snow,

Till my knees grew weak and I could  
 not go,

And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
 And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses  
 sleep! 445

I cannot strike him—Ruth Boniton!  
 In the Devil's name, tell me—what's to be  
 done?'

Oh, when the soul, once pure and high,  
 Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
 As, with the downcast star of morn, 450  
 Some gems of light are with it drawn,  
 And, through its night of darkness, play  
 Some tokens of its primal day,  
 Some lofty feelings linger still,—

The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
 Whatever threatens with defeat 455  
 Its all-indomitable will!—

But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
 Though eager for the gains of crime,  
 Or, at his chosen place and time, 460

The strength to bear his evil part ;  
And, shielded by his very Vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect,—with bloodshot eye,  
And lips drawn tight across her teeth  
Showing their locked embrace beneath, 466  
In the red firelight : ' Mogg must die !  
Give me the knife ! ' The outlaw turns,  
Shuddering in heart and limb away,  
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
And he sees on the wall strange shadows  
play. 471  
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,  
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark,  
that cry  
Again—and again—he sees it fall, 475  
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall !  
He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits  
by—  
The door on its rusted hinges creaks :—  
' Ruth — daughter Ruth ! ' the outlaw  
shrieks.  
But no sound comes back,—he is standing  
alone 480  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone !

## PART II.

'T is morning over Norridgewock,—  
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock,  
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
At intervals by breeze and bird, 485  
And wearing all the hues which glow  
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,  
That glorious picture of the air,  
Which summer's light-robed angel forms  
On the dark ground of fading storms, 490  
With pencildipped in sunbeams there,—  
And, stretching out, on either hand,  
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
The aching and the dazzled eye 495  
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky,—  
Slumbers the mighty wilderness !  
The oak, upon the windy hill,  
Its dark green burthen upward heaves—  
The hemlock broods above its rill, 500  
Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
Against the birch's graceful stem,

And the rough walnut-bough receives  
The sun upon its crowded leaves,  
Each colored like a topaz gem ; 505  
And the tall maple wears with them  
The coronal, which autumn gives,  
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,  
The hectic of a dying year !  
The hermit priest, who lingers now 510  
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,  
The gray and thunder-smitten pile  
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,<sup>90</sup>  
While gazing on the scene below,  
May half forget the dreams of home, 515  
That nightly with his slumbers come,—  
The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
The vines around the hillsides wreathing,  
The soft airs midst their clusters breath-  
ing, 520  
The wings which dipped, the stars which  
shone  
Within thy bosom, blue Garonne !  
And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
At morning spring and even-fall,  
Sweet voices in the still air singing,—  
The chant of many a holy hymn,— 526  
The solemn bell of vespers ringing,—  
And hallowed torchlight falling dim  
On pictured saint and seraphim !  
For here beneath him lies unrolled, 530  
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,  
A vision gorgeous as the dream  
Of the beatified may seem,  
When, as his Church's legends say,  
Borne upward in ecstatic bliss, 535  
The rapt enthusiast soars away  
Unto a brighter world than this :  
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—  
A moment's lifting of the veil !  
Far eastward o'er the lovely bay, 540  
Penolscot's clustered wigwags lay ;  
And gently from that Indian town  
The verdant hillside slopes adown,  
To where the sparkling waters play  
Upon the yellow sands below ; 545  
And shooting round the winding shores  
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie  
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—  
With birchen boat and glancing oars,

The red men to their fishing go; 550  
While from their planting ground is borne  
The treasure of the golden corn,  
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow  
Wild through the locks which o'er them  
flow.

The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,  
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun, 556  
Watching the huskers, with a smile  
For each full ear which swells the pile;  
And the old chief, who nevermore  
May bend the bow or pull the oar, 560  
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,  
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye  
A thousand wooded islands lie, 565  
Gems of the waters! with each hue  
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
And, with the motion of each breeze, 570  
A moment seen, a moment lost,  
Changing and blent, confused and  
tossed,

The brighter with the darker crossed,  
Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
Down in the restless waves below,  
And tremble in the sunny skies.  
As if, from waving bough to bough,  
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group, and there  
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;  
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff, 581

On which the Father's hut is seen,  
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,  
Half trembling, as he seeks to look<sup>91</sup> 585

Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.  
There, gloomily against the sky  
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;  
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its gray turrets in the air, 590  
Seen from afar, like some stronghold  
Built by the ocean kings of old;  
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and  
thin,

Swells in the north vast Katahdin:  
And, wandering from its marshy feet, 595  
The broad Penobscot comes to meet

And mingle with his own bright bay.  
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,  
Arched over by the ancient woods,  
Which Time, in those dim solitudes, 600  
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
The beauty of thy azure tide,  
And with their falling timbers block 605  
Thy broken currents, Kennebec!  
Gazes the white man on the wreck  
Of the down-trodden Norridgewock;  
In one lone village hemmed at length,  
In battle shorn of half their strength, 610  
Turned, like the panther in his lair,  
With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,

For one last struggle of despair,  
Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!  
Unreaped, upon the planting lands, 615  
The scant, neglected harvest stands:  
No shout is there, no dance, no song:  
The aspect of the very child

Scowls with a meaning sad and wild  
Of bitterness and wrong. 620  
The almost infant Norridgewock  
Essays to lift the tomahawk;  
And plucks his father's knife away,  
To mimic, in his frightful play,

The scalping of an English foe: 625  
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,  
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while  
Some bough or sapling meets his blow.

The fisher, as he drops his line,  
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver 630  
Along the margin of the river,  
Looks up and down the rippling tide,  
And grasps the firelock at his side.

For Bomazeen from Tacconock<sup>92</sup>  
Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,  
With tidings that Moulton and Harmon  
of York 636

Far up the river have come:  
They have left their boats, they have  
entered the wood,  
And filled the depths of the solitude  
With the sound of the ranger's drum. 640

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to  
meet  
The flowing river, and bathe its feet;

- The bare-washed rock, and the drooping  
grass,  
And the creeping vine, as the waters pass,  
A rude and unshapely chapel stands, 645  
Built up in that wild by unskilled hands,  
Yet the traveller knows it a place of  
prayer,  
For the holy sign of the cross is there :  
And should he chance at that place to be,  
Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed  
day, 650  
When prayers are made and masses are  
said,  
Some for the living and some for the dead,  
Well might that traveller start to see  
The tall dark forms, that take their way  
From the birch canoe, on the river shore,  
And the forest paths, to that chapel  
door; 656  
And marvel to mark the naked knees  
And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
While, in coarse white vesture, over these  
In blessing or in prayer, 660  
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.<sup>93</sup>
- Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale, 665  
Which a stranger is telling him.  
That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
And wet with dew and loosely worn ;  
Her fair neglected hair falls down  
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine  
brown; 670  
Yet still, in that disordered face,  
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
Those elements of former grace  
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
Even now, than perfect loveliness. 675
- With drooping head, and voice so low  
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears,  
While through her clasped fingers flow,  
From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,  
Her penitential tears,— 680  
She tells the story of the woe  
And evil of her years.
- 'O father, bear with me; my heart  
Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
Seems girdled with a fiery chain, 685  
Whose scorching links will never part,  
And never cool again.  
Bear with me while I speak, but turn  
Away that gentle eye, the while;  
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn 690  
Beneath its holy smile;  
For half I fancy I can see  
My mother's sainted look in thee.
- 'My dear lost mother! sad and pale,  
Mournfully sinking day by day, 695  
And with a hold on life as frail  
As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,  
Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
And tremble in the gale;  
Yet watching o'er my childishness 700  
With patient fondness, not the less  
For all the agony which kept  
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept;  
And checking every tear and groan  
That haply might have waked my own,  
And bearing still, without offence, 706  
My idle words, and petulance;  
Reproving with a tear, and, while  
The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
Upon her very heart, repaying 710  
My brief repentance with a smile.
- 'Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye  
There was a brightness not of mirth,  
A light whose clear intensity  
Was borrowed not of earth. 715  
Along her cheek a deepening red  
Told where the feverish hectic fed;  
And yet, each fatal token gave  
To the mild beauty of her face  
A newer and a dearer grace, 720  
Unwarning of the grave.  
'T was like the hue which Autumn gives  
To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
Breathed over by his frosty breath;  
Scarce can the gazer feel that this 725  
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
The mocking-smile of Death!
- 'Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
When summer's eve was dear to us,  
And, fading from the darkening dell, 730  
The glory of the sunset fell  
On wooded Agamenticus,—

- When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco's fall,  
And the south-wind's expiring sighs,  
Came, softly blending, on my ear 736  
With the low tones I loved to hear:  
Tales of the pure, the good, the wise,  
The holy men and maids of old,  
In the all-sacred pages told ; 740  
Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,  
Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming  
As the bright angels of his dreaming,  
On Padan-aran's holy rock ; 745  
Of gentle Ruth, and her who kept  
Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;  
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing  
The song for grateful Israel meet, 750  
While every crimson wave was bringing  
The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;  
Of her, Samaria's humble daughter,  
Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ; 756  
And saw, beneath His pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,  
Revealed before her wondering eyes !  
  
'Slowly she faded. Day by day 761  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,  
Her sad voice died away.  
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while, 765  
Sat Resignation's holy smile :  
And even my father checked his tread,  
And hushed his voice, beside her bed :  
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
Of her meek eye's imploring look, 770  
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,  
And in his stern and gloomy eye,  
At times, a few unwonted tears  
Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
Hatred and pride had kept so dry. 775  
  
'Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
As if an angel's hand had smoothed  
The still, white features into rest,  
Silent and cold, without a breath  
To stir the drapery on her breast, 780  
  
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,  
The horror of the mortal pang,  
The suffering look her brow had worn,  
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone,—  
She slept at last in death ! 785  
  
'Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead  
Walk on the earth, and look on us,  
And lay upon the living's head  
Their blessing or their curse ?  
For, oh, last night she stood by me, 790  
As I lay beneath the woodland tree !'  
  
The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—  
'Jesu ! what was it my daughter saw ?'  
  
'*She* came to me last night.  
The dried leaves did not feel her tread ;  
She stood by me in the wan moonlight, 796  
In the white robes of the dead !  
Pale, and very mournfully  
She bent her light form over me,  
I heard no sound, I felt no breath 800  
Breathe o'er me from that face of death :  
Its blue eyes rested on my own,  
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone ;  
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
Something, which spoke of early days,—  
A sadness in their quiet glare, 806  
As if love's smile were frozen there,—  
Came o'er me with an icy thrill ;  
O God ! I feel its presence still !'  
  
The Jesuit makes the holy sign,— 810  
'How passed the vision, daughter mine ?'  
  
'All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,  
And scatter, and melt into the light ;  
So scattering, melting on my sight, 815  
The pale, cold vision passed ;  
But those sad eyes were fixed on mine  
Mournfully to the last.'  
  
'God help thee, daughter, tell me why  
That spirit passed before thine eye !' 820  
  
'Father, I know not, save it be  
That deeds of mine have summoned her  
From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
To leave her last rebuke with me.  
Ah, woe for me ! my mother died 825

Just at the moment when I stood  
Close on the verge of womanhood,  
A child in everything beside ;  
And when my wild heart needed most  
Her gentle counsels, they were lost. 830

' My father lived a stormy life,  
Of frequent change and daily strife ;  
And—God forgive him ! left his child  
To feel, like him, a freedom wild ;  
To love the red man's dwelling-place, 835

The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
The wild excitement of the chase  
Sweeping the ancient woods,  
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
Of the still lakes, the clear stream  
where 840

The idle fisher sets his weir,  
Or angles in the shade, far more  
Than that restraining awe I felt  
Beneath my gentle mother's care,  
When nightly at her knee I knelt, 845  
With childhood's simple prayer.

' There came a change. The wild, glad  
mood

Of unchecked freedom passed.  
Amid the ancient solitude  
Of unshorn grass and waving wood 850  
And waters glancing bright and fast,  
A softened voice was in my ear,  
Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine  
The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
Now far and faint, now full and near—855

The murmur of the wind-swept pine.  
A manly form was ever nigh,  
A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
Whose dark, keen glance had power to  
wake

Both fear and love, to awe and charm ;  
' T was as the wizard rattlesnake, 861  
Whose evil glances lure to harm—  
Whose cold and small and glittering eye,  
And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
Draw, step by step, the gazer near, 865  
With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
Yet powerless all to turn away,  
A conscious, but a willing prey !

' Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long  
Merged in one feeling deep and strong. 870

Faded the world which I had known,  
A poor vain shadow, cold and waste ;  
In the warm present bliss alone  
Seemed I of actual life to taste.  
Fond longings dimly understood, 875  
The glow of passion's quickening blood,  
And cherished fantasies which press  
The young lip with a dream's caress ;  
The heart's forecast and prophecy  
Took form and life before my eye, 880  
Seen in the glance which met my own,  
Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
Felt in the arms around me cast,  
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.  
Ah ! scarcely yet to God above 885  
With deeper trust, with stronger love,  
Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,  
Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
Than I, before a human shrine,  
As mortal and as frail as mine, 890  
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,  
Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

' Full soon, upon that dream of sin,  
An awful light came bursting in.  
The shrine was cold at which I knelt, 895  
The idol of that shrine was gone ;  
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
Outcast, and spurned and lone,  
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
With withering heart and burning brain,  
And tears that fell like fiery rain, 901  
I passed a fearful time.

' There came a voice—it checked the tear,  
In heart and soul it wrought a change :  
My father's voice was in my ears ; 905  
It whispered of revenge !  
A new and fiercer feeling swept  
All lingering tenderness away ;  
And tiger passions, which had slept  
In childhood's better day, 910  
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
In all their own demoniac strength.

' A youthful warrior of the wild,  
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
Of crime the cheated instrument, 915  
Upon our fatal errands went.  
Through camp and town and wilderness  
He tracked his victim ; and at last,  
Just when the tide of hate had passed,



And milder thoughts came warm and fast,  
 Ekulting, at my feet he cast 921  
 The bloody token of success.

'O God! with what an awful power  
 I saw the buried past uprise,  
 And gather, in a single hour, 925  
 Its ghost-like memories!  
 And then I felt, alas! too late,  
 That underneath the mask of hate,  
 That shame and guilt and wrong had  
 thrown  
 O'er feelings which they might not own,  
 The heart's wild love had known no  
 change; 931

And still that deep and hidden love,  
 With its first fondness, wept above  
 The victim of its own revenge!  
 There lay the fearful scalp, and there 935  
 The blood was on its pale brown hair!  
 I thought not of the victim's scorn,  
 I thought not of his baleful guile,  
 My deadly wrong, my outcast name,  
 The characters of sin and shame 940  
 On heart and forehead drawn;  
 I only saw that victim's smile,  
 The still green places where we met,—  
 The moonlit branches, dewy wet;  
 I only felt, I only heard, 945  
 The greeting and the parting word,—  
 The smile, the embrace, the tone, which  
 made  
 An Eden of the forest shade.

'And oh, with what a loathing eye,  
 With what a deadly hate, and deep,  
 I saw that Indian murderer lie 951  
 Before me, in his drunken sleep!  
 What though for me the deed was done,  
 And words of mine had sped him on!  
 Yet when he murmured, as he slept, 955  
 The horrors of that deed of blood,  
 The tide of utter madness swept  
 O'er brain and bosom, like a flood,  
 And, father, with this hand of mine'—  
 'Ha! what didst thou?' the Jesuit  
 cries, 960  
 Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,  
 And shading, with one thin hand, his  
 eyes,  
 With the other he makes the holy sign.

'—I smote him as I would a worm;  
 With heart as steeled, with nerves as firm:  
 He never woke again!' 966

'Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
 Speak, I would know that victim's name.'  
 'Father,' she gasped, 'a chieftain, known  
 As Saco's Sachem,—Mogg Megone!' 970

Pale priest! What proud and lofty  
 dreams, 94  
 What keen desires, what cherished  
 schemes,

What hopes, that time may not recall,  
 Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!  
 Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,  
 To lift the hatchet of his sire, 976  
 And, round his own, the Church's foe,  
 To light the avenging fire?  
 Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,  
 For thine and for the Church's sake? 980  
 Who summon to the scene

Of conquest and unsparing strife,  
 And vengeance dearer than his life,  
 The fiery-souled Castine?  
 Three backward steps the Jesuit takes,  
 His long, thin frame as ague shakes; 986  
 And loathing hate is in his eye,  
 As from his lips these words of fear  
 Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—  
 'The soul that sinneth shall surely die!'

She stands, as stands the stricken deer, 991  
 Checked midway in the fearful chase,  
 When bursts, upon his eye and ear,  
 The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,  
 Between him and his hiding-place; 995  
 While still behind, with yell and blow,  
 Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.  
 'Save me, O holy man!' her cry  
 Fills all the void, as if a tongue  
 Unseen, from rib and rafter hung, 1000  
 Thrilling with mortal agony;  
 Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,  
 And her eye looks fearfully into his  
 own;—

'Off, woman of sin! nay, touch not me  
 With the fingers of blood; begone!'  
 With a gesture of horror, he spurns the  
 form 1006  
 That writhes at his feet like a trodden  
 worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
 Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
 With a keener woe be riven, 1010  
 For its weak and sinful trust  
 In the strength of human dust;  
 And its anguish thrill afresh,  
 For each vain reliance given  
 To the failing arm of flesh. 1015

## PART III.

Ah, weary priest! with pale hands  
 pressed  
 On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
 Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
 Overworn with toiling vain, 1020  
 How ill thy troubled musings fit  
 The holy quiet of a breast  
 With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
 Sweetly brooding over it.  
 Thoughts are thine which have no part  
 With the meek and pure of heart, 1025  
 Undisturbed by outward things,  
 Resting in the heavenly shade,  
 By the overspreading wings  
 Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
 Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
 Sweep thy heated brain along, 1031  
 Fading hopes for whose success  
 \* It were sin to breathe a prayer;—  
 Schemes which Heaven may never bless,—  
 Fears which darken to despair. 1035  
 Hoary priest! thy dream is done  
 Of a hundred red tribes won  
 To the pale of Holy Church;  
 And the heretic o'erthrown,  
 And his name no longer known, 1040  
 And thy weary brethren turning,  
 Joyful from their years of mourning  
 'Twixt the altar and the porch.  
 Hark! what sudden sound is heard  
 In the wood and in the sky, 1045  
 Shriller than the scream of bird,  
 Than the trumpet's clang more high!  
 Every wolf-cave of the hills,  
 Forest arch and mountain gorge,  
 Rock and dell, and river verge, 1050  
 With an answering echo thrills.  
 Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
 Which summons the Norridgewock to die,  
 And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.

He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
 With loud hurrah, and jar of drum, 1050  
 And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
 And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
 And taunt and menace,—answered well  
 By the Indians' mocking cry and yell,—  
 The bark of dogs,—the squaw's mad  
 scream, 1061  
 The dash of paddles along the stream,  
 The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
 Of the maples around the church's eaves,  
 And the gride of hatchets fiercely thrown  
 On wigwam-log and tree and stone. 1066  
 Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
 Spotted and streaked with human gore,  
 A grim and naked head is thrust  
 Within the chapel-door. 1070  
 'Ha—Bomazeen! In God's name say,  
 What mean these sounds of bloody fray?'  
 Silent, the Indian points his hand  
 To where across the echoing glen  
 Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,  
 And Moulton with his men. 1076  
 'Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?  
 Where are De Rouville and Castine,<sup>95</sup>  
 And where the braves of Sawga's queen?'  
 'Let my father find the winter snow 1080  
 Which the sun drank up long moons ago!  
 Under the falls of Tacconock,  
 The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;  
 Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
 Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!  
 On Sawga's banks the man of war 1086  
 Sits in his wigwam like a squaw;  
 Squando has fled, and Morg Megone,  
 Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
 Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone.'  
 Fearfully over the Jesuit's face, 1091  
 Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,  
 Like swift cloud-shadows, each other  
 chase.  
 One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
 For a last vain struggle for cherished life,—  
 The next, he hurls the blade away, 1096  
 And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;  
 Over his beads his fingers stray,  
 And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
 On the Virgin and her Son; 1100  
 For terrible thoughts his memory crowd  
 Of evil seen and done,

- Of scalps brought home by his savage  
flock  
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock  
In the Church's service won. 1105
- No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,  
As scowling on the priest he looks :  
'Cowessass?—cowessass?—tawhich wessa-  
seen?'<sup>96</sup>  
Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—  
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,  
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw;  
Let my father ask his God to make 1112  
A dance and a feast for a great saga-  
more,  
When he paddles across the western lake,  
With his dogs and his squaws to the  
spirit's shore. 1115  
Cowessass?—cowessass?—tawhich wessa-  
seen?  
Let my father die like Bomazeen !'
- Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
And through each window in the walls,  
Round the priest and warrior pours 1120  
The deadly shower of English balls.  
Low on his cross the Jesuit falls ;  
While at his side the Norridgewock,  
With failing breath, essays to mock  
And menace yet the hated foe, 1125  
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro  
Exultingly before their eyes,  
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
Defiant still, he dies.
- 'So fare all eaters of the frog ! 1130  
Death to the Babylonish dog !  
Down with the beast of Rome !'  
With shouts like these, around the dead,  
Unconscious on his bloody bed,  
The rangers crowding come. 1135  
Brave men ! the dead priest cannot hear  
The unfeeling taunt,—the brutal jeer ;  
Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,  
The symbol of your Saviour's death ;  
Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal,  
And trample, as a thing accursed, 1141  
The cross he cherished in the dust :  
The dead man cannot feel !
- Brutal alike in deed and word,  
With callous heart and hand of strife,
- How like a fiend may man be made, 1146  
Plying the foul and monstrous trade  
Whose harvest-field is human life,  
Whose sickle is the reeking sword !  
Quenching, with reckless hand in blood,  
Sparks kindled by the breath of God ; 1151  
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,  
Of open guilt or secret sin,  
Before the bar of that pure Heaven  
The holy only enter in ! 1155  
Oh, by the widow's sore distress,  
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
Embraces of polluting Lust,  
By the fell discord of the Pit, 1160  
And the pained souls that people it,  
And by the blessed peace which fills  
The Paradise of God forever,  
Resting on all its holy hills,  
And flowing with its crystal river,—  
Let Christian hands no longer bear 1166  
In triumph on his crimson ear  
The foul and idol god of war ;  
No more the purple wreaths prepare  
To bind amid his snaky hair ; 1170  
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.
- Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,  
Glimpses on the soldier's sight  
A thing of human shape I ween, 1175  
For a moment only seen,  
With its loose hair backward streaming,  
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,  
From the world of light and breath,  
Hurrying to its place again, 1181  
Spectro-like it vanisheth !
- Wretched girl ! one eye alone  
Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
Watching o'er a lost world ever, 1186  
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
By the gushing forest-fountain,  
Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
Searching for the ground-nut's root, 1190  
Peering in the she-wolf's den,  
Wading through the marshy fen,  
Where the sluggish water-snake  
Basks beside the sunny brake,

Coiling in his slimy bed, 1195  
Smooth and cold against thy tread;  
Purposeless, thy mazy way  
Threading through the lingering day,  
And at night securely sleeping 1199  
Where the dogwood's dews are weeping!  
Still, though earth and man discard thee,  
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard thee:  
He who spared the guilty Cain,  
Even when a brother's blood,  
Crying in the ear of God, 1205  
Gave the earth its primal stain;  
He whose mercy ever liveth,  
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
And the broken heart receiveth;  
Wanderer of the wilderness, 1210  
Haunted, guilty, crazed and wild,  
He regardeth thy distress,  
And careth for His sinful child!

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!  
Like torrents gush the summer rills; 1215  
Through winter's moss and dry dead  
leaves  
The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
For glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud 1220  
The branches of the dull gray wood;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks;  
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,  
And odors from the springing grass, 1225  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood;  
The warriors of the wilderness, 1230  
Painted, and in their battle dress;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek,  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattering snow 1235  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,  
The slanted sunbeams glance.  
In the harsh outlines of his face 1240  
Passion and sin have left their trace;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent, 1245  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine.  
No purpose now of strife and blood  
Urges the hoary veteran on:  
The fire of conquest and the mood 1250  
Of chivalry have gone.  
A mournful task is his,—to lay  
Within the earth the bones of those  
Who perished in that fearful day,  
When Norridgewock became the prey  
Of all unsparing foes, 1256  
Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,  
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks 1260  
Dig up their buried tomahawks  
For firm defence or swift attack;  
And him whose friendship formed the tie  
Which held the stern self-exile back  
From lapsing into savagery; 1265  
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
Recalled a younger, happier day,  
And prompted memory's fond essay,  
To bridge the mighty waste which lay  
Between his wild home and that gray,  
Tall chateau of his native France: 1271  
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din,  
Ushered his birth-hour gayly in,  
And counted with its solemn toll  
The masses for his father's soul. 1275  
Hark! from the foremost of the band  
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell;  
For now on the very spot they stand  
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.  
No wigwam smoke is curling there; 1280  
The very earth is scorched and bare:  
And they pause and listen to catch a  
sound  
Of breathing life,—but there comes not  
one.  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;  
But here and there, on the blackened  
ground, 1285  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness, 1290

There is naught save ashes sodden and dank;  
 And the birchen boats of the Norridge-  
 work,  
 Tethered to tree and stump and rock  
 Rotting along the river bank!

Blessed Mary! who is she 1295  
 Leaning against that maple-tree?  
 The sun upon her face burns hot,  
 But the fixed eyelid moveth not;  
 The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear  
 From the dry bough above her ear; 1300  
 Dashing from rock and root its spray,  
 Close at her feet the river rushes;  
 The blackbird's wing against her  
 brushes,  
 And sweetly through the hazel-bushes  
 The robin's mellow music gushes; 1305  
 God save her! will she sleep away?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper:  
 'Wake, daughter,—wake!' but she stirs  
 no limb:  
 The eye that looks on him is fixed and  
 dim;  
 And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no  
 deeper, 1310  
 Until the angel's oath is said,  
 And the final blast of the trump goes  
 forth  
 To the graves of the sea and the graves of  
 earth.  
 Ruth Boniton is dead!  
 1834.

#### THE PAST AND COMING YEAR.

WAVE of an awful torrent, thronging  
 down,  
 With all the wealth of centuries, and the  
 cold  
 Embraces of eternity, o'erstrown  
 With the great wrecks of empire, and the  
 old  
 Magnificence of nations, who are gone; 5  
 Thy last, faint murmur—thy departing  
 sigh,  
 Along the shore of being, like a tone  
 Thrilling on broken harp-strings, or the  
 swell

Of the chained winds' last whisper, hath  
 gone by,  
 And thou hast floated from the world of  
 breath 10  
 To the still guidance of o'ermastering  
 Death,  
 Thy pilot to eternity. Farewell!

Go, swell the throngful past. Go,  
 blend with all  
 The garnered things of Death; and bear  
 with thee  
 The treasures of thy pilgrimage, the tall  
 And beautiful dreams of Hope, the  
 ministry 16  
 Of Love and high Ambition. Man re-  
 mains  
 To dream again as idly; and the stains  
 Of passion will be visible once more.  
 The winged spirit will not be confined 20  
 By the experience of thy journey. Mind  
 Will struggle in its prison-house, and  
 still,  
 With Earth's strong fetters binding it to  
 ill,  
 Unfurl the pinions fitted but to soar  
 In that pure atmosphere, where spirits  
 range— 25  
 The home of high existences—where  
 change  
 And blighting may not enter. Love  
 again  
 Will bloom, a fickle flower, upon the grave  
 Of old affections; and Ambition wave  
 His eagle-plume most proudly, for the  
 rein 30  
 Of Conscience will be loosened from the  
 soul  
 To give his purpose freedom. The control  
 Of reason will be changeful, and the ties  
 Which gather hearts together, and make  
 up  
 The romance of existence, will be rent: 35  
 Yea, poison will be poured in Friend-  
 ship's cup;  
 And for Earth's low familiar element,  
 Even Love itself forsake its kindred skies.  
 But not alone dark visions! happier  
 things  
 Will float above existence, like the wings

Of the starred bird of paradise; and Love  
Will not be all a dream, or rather prove  
A dream—as sweet forgetfulness—that hath  
No wakeful changes, ending but in Death.  
Yea, pure hearts shall be pledged beneath  
the eyes 45

Of the beholding heaven, and in the light  
Of the love-hallowed moon. The quiet  
Night

Shall hear that language underneath the  
skies

Which whispereth above them, as the  
prayer

And the deep vow are spoken. Passing  
fair 50

And gifted creatures, with the light of  
truth

And unbarred affection, as a crown,  
Resting upon the beautiful brow of youth,  
Shall smile on stately manhood, kneeling  
down

Before them, as to Idols. Friendship's  
hand 55

Shall clasp its brother's; and Affection's  
tear

Be sanctified with sympathy. The bier  
Of stricken love shall lose the fears, which  
Death

Giveth his awful work, and earnest Faith  
Shall look beyond the shadow of the clay,  
The pulseless sepulchre, the cold decay;  
And to the quiet of the spirit-land 62  
Follow the mourned and lovely. Gifted  
ones

Lighting the Heaven of Intellect, like  
suns,

Shall wrestle well with circumstance, and  
bear 65

The agony of scorn, the preying care,  
Wedded to burning bosoms; and go down  
In sorrow to the noteless sepulchre,  
With one lone hope embracing like a  
crown

The cold and death-like forehead of Des-  
pair, 70

That after times shall treasure up their  
fame

Even as a proud inheritance and high;  
And beautiful beings love to breathe  
their name

With the recorded things that never die.

And thou, gray voyager to the breeze-  
less sea 75

Of infinite Oblivion—speed thou on;  
Another gift of time succeedeth thee  
Fresh from the hand of God; for thou  
hast done

The errand of thy destiny; and none  
May dream of thy returning. Go, and  
bear 80

Mortality's frail records to thy cold  
Eternal prison-house; the midnight  
prayer

Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care  
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of  
gold;

Ambition's grasp at greatness; the  
quenched light 85

Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong  
And the abiding curse—ay, bear along  
These wrecks of thy own making, 100  
thy knell

Gathers upon the windy breath of night,  
Its last and faintest echo. Fare thee  
well! 90

1829.

### THE MISSIONARY.

'It is an awful, an arduous thing to root out  
every affection for earthly things, so as to live  
only for another world. I am now far, very far,  
from you all; and as often as I look around and  
see the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the  
distance which separates us.'—*Letters of Henry  
Martyn, from India.*

'SAY, whose is this fair picture, which the  
light

From the unshutter'd window rests  
upon

Even as a lingering halo? Beautiful!

The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip  
Lovely as that of Hylas, and impressed 5  
With the bright signet of some brilliant  
thought;

That broad expanse of forehead, clear and  
high,

Marked visibly with the characters of  
mind,

And the free locks around it, raven black,  
Luxuriant and unsilver'd!—who was he?

A friend, a more than brother. In the  
spring 11

And glory of his being he went forth  
From the embraces of devoted friends,  
From ease and quiet happiness, from  
more—

From the warm heart that loved him with  
a love 15

Holier than earthly passion, and to whom  
The beauty of his spirit shone above  
The charms of perishing nature. He went  
forth

Strengthened to suffer, gifted to subdue  
The might of human passion, to pass on  
Quietly to the sacrifice of all 21

The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn  
The high ambition written on that brow,  
From its first dream of power and human  
fame,

Unto a task of seeming lowliness, 25  
Yet God-like in its purpose. He went  
forth

To bind the broken spirit, to pluck back  
The heathen from the wheel of Jugger-  
naut;

To place the spiritual image of a God  
Holy and just and true, before the eye 30  
Of the dark-minded Brahmin, and unseal  
The holy pages of the Book of Life,  
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all  
The sacred tomes of Vedas, to unbind  
The widow from her sacrifice, and save 35  
The perishing infant from the worshipped  
river!

‘And, lady, where is he?’ He slumbers  
well

Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.  
There is no stone above his grave. The  
wind,

Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves  
Heavy and long above him, sighs alone 41  
Over his place of slumber.

‘God forbid  
That he should die alone!’ Nay, not  
alone.

His God was with him in that last dread  
hour;

His great arm underneath him, and His  
smile 45

Melting into a spirit full of peace.  
And one kind friend, a human friend, was  
near—

One whom his teachings and his earnest  
prayers

Had snatch’d as from the burning. He  
alone

Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,  
Caught the last glimpse of his closing  
eye, 51

And laid the green turf over him with  
tears,

And left him with his God.

‘And was it well,  
Dear lady, that this noble mind should  
cast

Its rich gifts on the waters? That a  
heart 55

Full of all gentleness and truth and love  
Should wither on the suicidal shrine  
Of a mistaken duty? If I read

Aright the fine intelligence which fills  
That amplitude of brow, and gazes out 60  
Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,  
He might have borne him loftily among  
The proudest of his land, and with a step  
Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,  
Gone up the paths of greatness,—bearing  
still 65

A sister spirit with him, as some star,  
Preëminent in Heaven, leads steadily up  
A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams  
Baptized in its great glory. Was it well  
That all this promise of the heart and  
mind 70

Should perish from the earth, and leave  
no trace,

Unfolding like the Cereus of the clime  
Which hath its sepulchre, but in the night  
Of pagan desolation—was it well?’

Thy will be done, O Father!—it *was*  
well. 75

What are the honors of a perishing world  
Grasp’d by a palsied finger? the applause  
Of the unthoughtful multitude which  
greet

The dull ear of decay? the wealth that  
loads

The bier with costly drapery, and shines

In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up 81  
The cold substantial monument? Can  
these

Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour  
When heart and flesh are failing, and the  
grave

Is opening under us? Oh, dearer then 85  
The memory of a kind deed done to him  
Who was our enemy, one grateful tear  
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,  
One smile call'd up by unseen charity  
On the wan lips of hunger, or one prayer  
Breathed from the bosom of the peni-  
tent— 91

The stain'd with crime and outcast, unto  
whom

Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love  
A merciful God hath bless'd.

'But, lady, say,

Did he not sometimes almost sink be-  
neath 95

The burden of his toil, and turn aside  
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's  
home,

Still green in memory? Clung not to his  
heart

Something of earthly hope uncrucified, 100  
Of earthly thought unchastened? Did he  
bring

Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—  
Its loves, hopes, sorrows—and become  
as one

Knowing no kindred but a perishing  
world,

No love but of the sin-endangered soul, 105  
No hope but of the winning back to life  
Of the dead nations, and no passing  
thought

Save of the errand wherewith he was sent  
As to a martyrdom?'

Nay, though the heart

Be consecrated to the holiest work 110  
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be  
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all  
Its perilous devotion, it must keep  
Its own humanity. And it is well.  
Else why wept He, who with our nature  
veiled 115

The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jerusalem,  
And the cold grave of Lazarus? And why  
In the dim garden rose His earnest prayer,  
That from His lips the cup of suffering  
Might pass, if it were possible?

My friend 120

Was of a gentle nature, and his heart  
Gushed like a river-fountain of the hills,  
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,  
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.  
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed  
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of  
home, 126

For love and its companionship, and all  
The blessings left behind him; yet above  
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,  
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold  
Of the eternal promises of God, 131  
And steadfast in its faith.

Here are some lines

Penned in his lonely mission-house and  
sent

To a dear friend at home who even now  
Lingers above them with a mournful joy,  
Holding them well-nigh sacred as a leaf  
Plucked from the record of a breaking  
heart. 137

#### EVENING IN BURMAH.

A night of wonder! piled afar  
With ebon feet and crests of snow,  
Like Himalaya's peaks, which bar 140  
The sunset and the sunset's star  
From half the shadowed vale below,  
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,  
And over them, and down the sky, 144  
Paled in the moon, the lightnings go.

And what a strength of light and shade  
Is chequering all the earth below!  
And, through the jungle's verdant braid,  
Of tangled vine and wild reed made,  
What blossoms in the moonlight glow!  
The Indian rose's loveliness, 151  
The ceiba with its crimson dress,  
The twining myrtle dropped with snow.



And fitting in the fragrant air,  
Or nestling in the shadowy trees, 155  
A thousand bright-hued birds are there—  
Strange plumage, quivering wild and  
rare,

With every faintly breathing breeze;  
And, wet with dew from roses shed,  
The bulbul droops her weary head, 160  
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange-leaves,  
The tall pagoda's turrets glow;  
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves,  
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves, 165  
And hangs in flowering wreaths below;  
And where the clustered palms eclipse  
The moonbeams, from its marble lips  
The fountain's silver waters flow. 169

Strange beauty fills the earth and air,  
The fragrant grove and flowering tree,  
And yet my thoughts are wandering where  
My native rocks lie bleak and bare,  
A weary way beyond the sea.  
The yearning spirit is not here; 175  
It lingers on a spot more dear  
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street—  
The tree my childhood loved is there,  
Its bare-worn roots are at my feet, 180  
And through its open boughs I meet  
White glimpses of the place of prayer;  
And unforgotten eyes again  
Are glancing through the cottage pane,  
Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair. 185

Oh, holy haunts! oh, childhood's home!  
Where, now, my wandering heart, is  
thine?  
Here, where the dusky heathen come  
To bow before the deaf and dumb,  
Dead idols of their own design; 190  
Where in their worshipped river's tide  
The infant sinks, and on its side  
The widow's funeral altars shine!

Here, where, mid light and song and  
flowers,  
The priceless soul in ruin lies; 195  
Lost, dead to all those better powers  
Which link this fallen world of ours

To God's clear-shining Paradise;  
And wrong and shame and hideous crime  
Are like the foliage of their clime, 200  
The unshorn growth of centuries!

Turn, then, my heart; thy home is here:  
No other now remains for thee:  
The smile of love, and friendship's tear,  
The tones that melted on thine ear, 205  
The mutual thrill of sympathy,  
The welcome of the household band,  
The pressure of the lip and hand,  
Thou mayst not hear, nor feel, nor see.

God of my spirit! Thou, alone, 210  
Who watchest o'er my pillowed head,  
Whose ear is open to the moan  
And sorrowing of Thy child, hast known  
The grief which at my heart has fed;  
The struggle of my soul to rise 215  
Above its earth-born sympathies;  
The tears of many a sleepless bed!

Oh! be Thine arm, as it hath been,  
In every test of heart and faith,—  
The tempter's doubt, the wiles of men,  
The heathen's scoff, the bosom sin,— 220  
A helper and a stay beneath;  
A strength in weakness, through the strife  
And anguish of my wasting life—  
My solace and my hope, in death! 225  
1833.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of  
the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject  
of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. Cushing to the  
House of Representatives of the United States [in  
1837] had been laid on the table unread and un-  
referred, under the infamous rule of 'Patton's  
Resolution.'

AND have they spurned thy word,  
Thou of the old Thirteen!  
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first  
poured,  
Hath yet a darker green?  
To outworn patience suffering long 5  
Is insult added to the wrong?

And have they closed thy mouth, And fixed the padlock fast? Dumb as the black slave of the South! Is this thy fate at last? Oh shame! thy honored seal and sign Trode under hoofs so asinine! Call from the Capitol Thy chosen ones again, Unmeet for them the base control Of Slavery's curbing rein! Unmeet for men like them to feel The spurring of a rider's heel. When votes are things of trade And force is argument, Call back to Quincy's shade Thy old man eloquent. Why leave him longer striving thus With the wild beasts of Ephesus? Back from the Capitol— It is no place for thee! Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall, Thy voice may still be free! What power shall chain thy utterance there, In God's free sun and freer air? A voice is calling thee, From all the martyr graves Of those stern men, in death made free, Who could not live as slaves.	5 10 15 20 25 30	The slumberings of thy honored dead Are for thy sake disquieted. So let thy Faneuil Hall By freemen's feet be trod, And give the echoes of its wall Once more to Freedom's God! And in the midst unseen shall stand The mighty fathers of thy land. Thy gathered sons shall feel The soul of Adams near, And Otis with his fiery zeal, And Warren's onward cheer; And heart to heart shall thrill as when They moved and spake as living men. Not on Potomac's side, With treason in thy rear, Can Freedom's holy cause be tried: Not there, my State, but here. Here must thy needed work be done, The battle at thy hearth-stone won. Proclaim a new crusade Against the foes within; From bar and pulpit, press and trade, Cast out the shame and sin. Then speak thy now-unheeded word, Its lightest whisper shall be heard.	35 40 45 50 55 60
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## II. Poems printed in the 'Life of Whittier'

### THE HOME-COMING OF THE BRIDE.

[The home of Sarah Greenleaf was upon the Newbury shore of the Merrimac, nearly opposite the home of the Whittiers. The house was standing until a recent date. Among Mr. Whittier's papers was found the following fragment of a ballad about the home-coming, as a bride, of his grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf.]

SARAH GREENLEAF, of eighteen years,  
 Stepped lightly her bridegroom's boat  
 within,  
 Waving mid-river, through smiles and  
 tears,  
 A farewell back to her kith and kin.  
 With her sweet blue eyes and her new  
 gold gown, 5  
 She sat by her stalwart lover's side—  
 Oh, never was brought to Haverhill town  
 By land or water so fair a bride.  
 Glad as the glad autumnal weather,  
 The Indian summer so soft and warm. 10  
 They walked through the golden woods  
 together,  
 His arm the girdle about her form.

They passed the dam and the gray grist-  
 mill,  
 Whose walls with the jar of grinding  
 shook,  
 And crossed, for the moment awed and  
 still, 15  
 The haunted bridge of the Country  
 Brook.  
 The great oaks seemed on Job's Hill  
 crown

To wave in welcome their branches  
 strong,  
 And an upland streamlet came rippling  
 down  
 Over root and rock, like a bridal song. 20  
 And lo! in the midst of a clearing stood  
 The rough-built farmhouse, low and  
 lone,  
 While all about it the unhewn wood  
 Seemed drawing closer to claim its own.

But the red apples dropped from orchard  
 trees, 25  
 The red cock crowed on the low fence  
 rail,  
 From the garden hives came the sound of  
 bees,  
 On the barn floor pealed the smiting  
 flail.

### THE SONG OF THE VERMONTERS, 1779.

[Written during school-days, and published anonymously in 1833. The secret of authorship was not discovered for sixty years.]

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters,  
 come down,  
 With your breeches of deerskin and jackets  
 of brown;  
 With your red woollen caps, and your  
 moccasins, come,  
 To the gathering summons of trumpet and  
 drum.

Come down with your rifles! Let gray  
wolf and fox 5  
Howl on in the shade of their primitive  
rocks;  
Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen  
and stall;  
Here's two-legged game for your powder  
and ball.

On our south came the Dutchmen, en-  
veloped in grease;  
And arming for battle while canting of  
peace; 10  
On our east, crafty Meshech has gathered  
his band  
To hang up our leaders and eat up our  
land.

Ho—all to the rescue! For Satan shall  
work  
No gain for his legions of Hampshire and  
York!  
They claim our possessions—the pitiful  
knaves— 15  
The tribute we pay shall be prisons and  
graves!

Let Clinton and Ten Broek, with bribes  
in their hands,  
Still seek to divide and parcel our lands;  
We've coats for our traitors, whoever  
they are;  
The warp is of feathers—the filling of  
tar: 20

Does the 'old Bay State' threaten? Does  
Congress complain?  
Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders  
again?  
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on  
the lake—  
Let 'em come; what they can they are  
welcome to take.

What seek they among us? The pride of  
our wealth 25  
Is comfort, contentment, and labor, and  
health,  
And lands which, as Freemen, we only  
have trod,  
Independent of all, save the mercies of  
God.

Yet we owe no allegiance, we bow to no  
throne,  
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;  
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-  
men, 31  
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe,  
or the pen.

Our wives are all true, and our daughters  
are fair,  
With their blue eyes of smiles and their  
light flowing hair,  
All brisk at their wheels till the dark  
even-fall, 35  
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the husking,  
and ball!

We've sheep on the hillsides, we've cows  
on the plain,  
And gay-tasselled corn-fields and rank-  
growing grain;  
There are deer on the mountains, and  
wood-pigeons fly  
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds  
on the sky. 40

And there's fish in our streamlets and  
rivers which take  
Their course from the hills to our broad  
bosomed lake;  
Through rock-arched Winoski the salmon  
leaps free,  
And the portly shad follows all fresh from  
the sea.

Like a sunbeam the pickerel glides through  
the pool, 45  
And the spotted trout sleeps where the  
water is cool,  
Or darts from his shelter of rock and of  
root  
At the beaver's quick plunge, or the  
angler's pursuit.

And ours are the mountains, which awfully  
rise,  
Till they rest their green heads on the  
blue of the skies; 50  
And ours are the forests unwasted, un-  
shorn,  
Save where the wild path of the tempest  
is torn.

And though savage and wild be this climate  
 of ours,  
 And brief be our season of fruits and of  
 flowers,  
 Far dearer the blast round our mountains  
 which raves, 55  
 Than the sweet summer zephyr which  
 breathes over slaves!

Hurrah for Vermont! For the land which  
 we till  
 Must have sons to defend her from valley  
 and hill;  
 Leave the harvest to rot on the fields  
 where it grows,  
 And the reaping of wheat for the reaping  
 of foes. 60

From far Michiscom's wild valley, to  
 where  
 Poosoonuck steals down from his wood-  
 circled lair,  
 From Shoeticook River to Lutterlock  
 town—

Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters,  
 come down!

Come York or come Hampshire, come  
 traitors or knaves, 65

If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er  
 our graves;

Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled,  
 In the name of Vermont we defy all the  
 world!

1828.

### TO A POETICAL TRIO IN THE CITY OF GOTHAM.

[This *jeu d'esprit* was written by Whittier in  
 1832. The notes are his own. The authorship  
 was not discovered till after his death.]

Three wise men of Gotham  
 Went to sea in a bowl,

BARDS of the island city!—where of old  
 The Dutchman smoked beneath his  
 favorite tree,

And the wild eyes of Indian hunters  
 rolled

On Hudson plunging in the Tappan  
 Zee.

Scene of Stuyvesant's might and chivalry, 5

And Knickerbocker's fame,—I have  
 made bold

To come before ye, at the present time,  
 And reason with ye in the way of rhyme.

Time was when poets kept the quiet tenor  
 Of their green pathway through 'th'  
 Arcadian vale,— 10

Chiming their music in the low sweet  
 manner

Of song-birds warbling to the 'Soft  
 South' gale;

Wooing the Muse where gentle zephyrs  
 fan her,

Where all is peace and earth may not  
 assail;

Telling of lutes and flowers, of love and  
 fear, 15

Of shepherds, sheep and lambs, and 'such  
 small deer.'

But ye! lost recreants—straying from the  
 green

And pleasant vista of your early time,  
 With broken lutes and crownless skulls—  
 are seen

Splattering your neighbors with ab-  
 horrent slime 20

Of the low world's pollution! Ye have  
 been

So long apostates from the Heaven of  
 rhyme,

That of the Muses, every mother's  
 daughter

Blushes to own such graceless bards e'er  
 sought her.

'Hurrah for Jackson!'<sup>1</sup> is the music now  
 Which your cracked lutes have learned  
 alone to utter, 25

As, crouching in Corruption's shadow  
 low,

Ye daily sweep them for your bread  
 and butter<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Editors of the *Mercantile Advertiser* and the  
*Evening Post* in New York,—the present organs  
 of Jacksonism.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps, after all, they get something better;  
 inasmuch as the Heroites have for some time  
 had exclusive possession of the hall of St.

Cheered by the applauses of the friends  
who show  
Their heads above the offal of the  
gutter, 30  
And, like the trees which Orpheus moved  
at will,  
*Reel*, as in token of your matchless skill!

Thou son of Scotia!—nursed beside the  
grave  
Of the proud peasant-minstrel, and to  
whom  
The wild muse of thy mountain-dwelling  
gave 35  
A portion of its spirit,—if the tomb  
Could burst its silence, o'er the Atlantic's  
wave,  
To thee his voice of stern rebuke would  
come,  
Who dared to waken with a master's  
hand  
The lyre of freedom in a fettered land. 40

And thou!—once treading firmly the  
proud deck  
O'er which thy country's honored flag  
was sleeping,  
Calmly in peace, or to the hostile beck  
Of coming foes in starry splendor  
sweeping,—  
Thy graphic tales of battle or of wreck, 45  
Or lone night-watch in middle ocean  
keeping,  
Have made thy 'Leisure Hours' more  
prized by far  
Than those now spent in Party's wordy  
war<sup>2</sup>.

Tammany, and we have the authority of Halleck  
that

'There's a barrel of porter in Tammany hall  
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night  
long.'

<sup>1</sup> James Lawson, Esq., of the *Mercantile*.  
A fine, warm-hearted Scotchman, who, having  
unfortunately blundered into Jacksonism, is  
wondering 'how I' the Devil's name' he got there.  
He is the author of a volume entitled *Tales and  
Sketches*, and of the tragedy of *Giordano*.

<sup>2</sup> William Leggett, Esq., of the *Post*, a gentle-

And last, not least, thou!—now nurtured  
in the land  
Where thy bold-hearted fathers long  
ago 50  
Rocked Freedom's cradle, till its infant  
hand  
Strangled the serpent fierceness of its  
foe,—  
Thou, whose clear brow in early time was  
fanned  
By the soft air which from Castalia  
flow<sup>3</sup>!—  
Where art thou now? feeding with  
hickory ladle 55  
The curs of Faction with thy daily  
twaddle!

Men have looked up to thee, as one to be  
A portion of our glory; and the light  
And fairy hands of woman beckoned  
thee  
On to thy laurel guerdon; and those  
bright 60  
And gifted spirits, whom the broad blue  
sea  
Hath shut from thy communion, bid  
thee, 'Write,'  
Like John of Patmos. Is all this for-  
gotten,  
For Yankee brawls and Carolina cotton?

Are autumn's rainbow hues no longer  
seen? 65  
Flows the 'Green River' through its  
vale no more?  
Steals not thy 'Rivulet' by its banks of  
green?  
Wheels upward from its dark and sedgy  
shore  
Thy 'Water Fowl' no longer?—that the  
mean  
And vulgar strife, the ranting and the  
*roar* 70

man of good talents, favorably known as the  
editor of the *New York Critic*, etc.

<sup>3</sup> William C. Bryant, Esq., well known to the  
public at large as a poet of acknowledged ex-  
cellence; and as a very dull editor to the people  
of New York.

Extempore, like Bottom's should be  
thine,—

Thou feeblest truck-horse in the Hero's  
line!

Lost trio!—turn ye to the minstrel  
pride

Of classic Britain. Even effeminate  
Moore

Has cast the wine-cup and the lute  
aside 75

For Erin and O'Connell; and before

His country's altar, Bulwer breasts the  
tide

Of old oppression. Sadly brooding  
o'er

The fate of heroes struggling to be free,  
Even Campbell speaks for Poland. *Where*  
*are ye?* 80

Hirelings of traitors! know ye not that  
men

Are rousing up around ye to retrieve  
Our country's honor, which too long has  
been

Debased by those for whom ye daily  
weave

Your web of fustian; that from tongue  
and pen 85

Of those who o'er our tarnished honor  
grieve,

Of the pure-hearted and the gifted,  
come

Hourly the tokens of your master's doom?

Turn from their ruin! Dash your chains  
aside!

Stand up like men for Liberty and  
Law, 90

And free opinion. Check Corruption's  
pride,

Soothe the loud storm of fratricidal  
war,—

And the bright honors of your eventide  
Shall share the glory which your morn-  
ing saw;

The patriot's heart shall gladden at your  
name, 95

Ye shall be blessed with, and not 'damned  
to fame'!

## ALBUM VERSES.

[Written in the album of May Pillsbury of West Newbury, in the fall of 1888, when Whittier was at home on a visit from Philadelphia, where he was engaged in editorial work.]

PARDON a stranger hand that gives

Its impress to these gilded leaves.

As one who graves in idle mood.

An idler's name on rock or wood,

So in a careless hour I claim 5

A page to leave my humble name.

Accept it; and when o'er my head

A Pennsylvanian sky is spread,

And but in dreams my eye looks back

On broad and lovely Merrimac, 10

And on my ear no longer breaks

The murmuring music which it makes,

When but in dreams I look again

On Salisbury beach—Grasshopper plain—

Or Powow stream—or Amesbury mills, 15

Or old Crane neck, or Pipestave hills,

Think of me then as one who keeps,

Where Delaware's broad current sweeps,

And down its rugged limestone-bed

The Schuylkill's arrowy flight is sped, 20

Deep in his heart the scenes which grace

And glorify his 'native place';

Loves every spot to childhood dear,

And leaves his heart 'untraveled' here;

Longs, midst the Dutchman's kraut and  
greens, 25

For pumpkin-pie and pork and beans,

And sighs to think when, sweetly near,

The soft piano greets his ear,

That the fair hands which, small and  
white,

Glance on its ivory polished light, 30

Have ne'er an Indian pudding made,

Nor fashioned rye and Indian bread.

And oh! whene'er his footsteps turn,

Whatever stars above him burn,

Though dwelling where a Yankee's name

Is coupled with reproach or shame, 36

Still true to his New England birth,

Still faithful to his home and hearth,

Even 'midst the scornful stranger band

His boast shall be of YANKEE LAND. 40

**WHAT STATE STREET SAID TO  
SOUTH CAROLINA, AND WHAT  
SOUTH CAROLINA SAID TO STATE  
STREET.**

[Published in *The National Era*, May 22, 1851.]

MUTTERING 'fine upland staple,' 'prime  
Sea Island finer.'

With cotton bales pictured on either  
retina,

'Your pardon!' said State Street to  
South Carolina:

'We feel and acknowledge your laws are  
diviner

Than any promulgated by the thunders of  
Sinai! 5

Sorely pricked in the sensitive conscience  
of business

We own and repent of our sins of remiss-  
ness:

Our honor we've yielded, our words we  
have swallowed;

And quenching the lights which our fore-  
fathers followed,

And turning from graves by their memo-  
ries hallowed, 10

With teeth on ball-cartridge, and finger  
on trigger,

Reversed Boston Notions, and sent back  
a nigger!'

'Get away!' cried the Chivalry, busy a-  
drumming,

And fifing and drilling, and such Quattle-  
bumming;

'With your April-fool slave hunt! Just  
wait till December 15

Shall see your new Senator stalk through  
the Chamber,

And Puritan heresy prove neither dumb  
nor

Blind in that pestilent Anakim, Sumner!'

**A FRÉMONT CAMPAIGN SONG.**

SOUND now the trumpet warningly!

The storm is rolling nearer,

The hour is striking clearer,

In the dusky dome of sky.

If dark and wild the morning be, 5

A darker morn before us

Shall fling its shadows o'er us

If we let the hour go by.

Sound we then the trumpet chorus!

Sound the onset wild and high! 10

Country and Liberty!

Freedom and Victory!

These words shall be our cry,—

Frémont and Victory!

Sound, sound the trumpet fearlessly!

Each arm its vigor lending, 16

Bravely with wrong contending,

And shouting Freedom's cry!

The Kansas homes stand cheerlessly,

The sky with flame is ruddy, 20

The prairie turf is bloody,

Where the brave and gentle die.

Sound the trumpet stern and steady!

Sound the trumpet strong and high!

Country and Liberty! 25

Freedom and Victory!

These words shall be our cry,—

Frémont and Victory!

Sound now the trumpet cheerily!

Nor dream of Heaven's forsaking 30

The issue of its making,

The Right with Wrong must try.

The cloud that hung so drearily

The Northern winds are breaking;

The Northern Lights are shaking 35

Their fire-flags in the sky.

Sound the signal of awaking;

Sound the onset wild and high!

Country and Liberty!

Freedom and Victory! 40

These words shall be our cry,—

Frémont and Victory!

1856.

**THE QUAKERS ARE OUT.**

[A campaign song written to be sung at a  
Republican Mass Meeting held in Newburyport,  
Mass., October 11, 1860.]

NOT vainly we waited and counted the  
hours,

The buds of our hope have all burst into  
flowers.



No room for misgiving—no loop-hole of doubt,— We've heard from the Keystone! The Quakers are out.	To the little hamlet lying White in its mountain fold, Asleep by the lake and dreaming A dream that is never told,—	10
The plot has exploded—we've found out the trick ; The bribe goes a-begging ; the poison won't stick. When the Wide-awake lanterns are shining about, The rogues stay at home, and the true men are out !	And in the Red Hill's shadow Your pilgrim home you make, Where the chambers open to sunrise, The mountains, and the lake,—	15
The good State has broken the cords for her spun ; Her oil-springs and water won't fuse into one ; The Dutchman has seasoned with Freedom his krout, And slow, late, but certain, the Quakers are out !	If the pleasant picture wearies, As the fairest sometimes will, And the weight of the hills lies on you And the water is all too still,—	20
Give the flags to the winds ! set the hills all aflame ! Make way for the man with the Patriarch's name ! Away with misgiving—away with all doubt, For Lincoln goes in, when the Quakers are out !	If in vain the peaks of Gunstock Redden with sunrise fire, And the sky and the purple mountains And the sunset islands tire,—	
	If you turn from in-door thrumming And the clatter of bowls without, And the folly that goes on its travels, Bearing the city about,—	25
	And the cares you left behind you Come hunting along your track, As Blue-Cap in German fable Rode on the traveller's pack,—	30
	Let me tell you a tender story Of one who is now no more, A tale to haunt like a spirit The Winnepesaukee shore,—	35
	Of one who was brave and gentle, And strong for manly strife, Riding with cheering and music Into the tourney of life.	40
SHOULD you go to Centre Harbor, As haply you some time may Sailing up the Winnepesaukee From the hills of Alton Bay,—	Faltering and failing midway In the Tempter's subtle snare, The chains of an evil habit He bowed himself to bear.	
Into the heart of the highlands, Into the north wind free, Through the rising and vanishing islands, Over the mountain sea,—	Over his fresh young manhood The bestial veil was flung,— The curse of the wine of Circe, The spell her weavers sung.	45

#### A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

[This poem, originally printed in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' was withheld from publication in his volumes by Mr. Whittier, in deference to living relatives of the hero of the poem. Death finally removed the restriction.]

Yearly did hill and lakeside Their summer idyls frame ; Alone in his darkened dwelling He hid his face for shame.	50	The red light flashed from its windows And flared from its sinking roof ; And baffled and awed before it The villagers stood aloof.	90
The music of life's great marches Sounded for him in vain ; The voices of human duty Smote on his ear like pain.	55	They shrank from the falling rafters, They turned from the furnace glare ; But its tenant cried, 'God help me ! I must save my mother's chair.'	95
In vain over island and water The curtains of sunset swung ; In vain on the beautiful mountains The pictures of God were hung.	60	Under the blazing portal, Over the floor of fire, He seemed, in the terrible splendor, A martyr on his pyre.	100
The wretched years crept onward, Each sadder than the last ; All the bloom of life fell from him, All the freshness and greenness past.		In his face the mad flames smote him, And stung him on either side ; But he clung to the sacred relic,— By his mother's chair he died !	
But deep in his heart forever And unprofaned he kept The love of his saintly mother, Who in the graveyard slept.	65	O mother, with human yearnings ! O saint, by the altar stairs ! Shall not the dear God give thee The child of thy many prayers ?	105
His house had no pleasant pictures ; Its comfortless walls were bare ; But the riches of earth and ocean Could not purchase his mother's chair.	70	O Christ ! by whom the loving, Though erring, are forgiven, Hast Thou for him no refuge, No quiet place in heaven ?	110
The old chair, quaintly carven, With oaken arms outspread, Whereby, in the long gone twilights, His childish prayers were said.	75	Give palms to Thy strong martyrs, And crown Thy saints with gold, But let the mother welcome Her lost one to Thy fold !	115
For thence in his long night watches, By moon or starlight dim, A face full of love and pity And tenderness looked on him.	80	1861.	
And oft, as the grieving presence Sat in his mother's chair, The groan of his self-upbraiding Grew into wordless prayer.		<b>LETTER TO LUCY LARCOM.</b>	
At last, in the moonless midnight, The summoning angel came, Severe in his pity, touching The house with fingers of flame.	85	25th 3d mo., 1866. BELIEVE me, Lucy Larcom, it gives me real sorrow That I cannot take my carpet-bag and go to town to-morrow ; But I'm 'snow-bound,' and cold on cold, like layers of an onion, Have piled my back and weighed me down as with the pack of Bunyan.	

The north-east wind is damper and the  
north-west wind is colder, 5  
Or else the matter simply is that I am  
growing older.  
And then I dare not trust a moon seen  
over one's left shoulder,  
As I saw this with slender horns caught  
in a west hill-pine,  
As on a Stamboul minaret curves the  
arch-impostor's sign,—  
So I must stay in Amesbury, and let you  
go your way, 10  
And guess what colors greet your eyes,  
what shapes your steps delay;  
What pictured forms of heathen lore, of  
god and goddess please you,  
What idol graven images you bend your  
wicked knees to.  
But why should I of evil dream, well  
knowing at your head goes  
That flower of Christian womanhood,  
our dear good Anna Meadows. 15  
She'll be discreet, I'm sure, although  
once, in a freak romantic,  
She flung the Doge's bridal ring, and  
married 'The Atlantic'!  
And spite of all appearances, like the  
woman in a shoe,  
She's got so many 'Young Folks' now,  
she don't know what to do.  
But I must say I think it strange that  
thee and Mrs. Spaulding, 20  
Whose lives with Calvin's five-railed creed  
have been so tightly walled in,  
Should quit your Puritan homes, and  
take the pains to go  
So far, with malice aforethought, to 'walk  
in a vain show'!  
Did Emmons hunt for pictures? Was  
Jonathan Edwards peeping  
Into the chambers of imagery, with maids  
for Tammuz weeping? 25  
Ah well! the times are sadly changed,  
and I myself am feeling  
The wicked world my Quaker coat from  
off my shoulders peeling.  
God grant that in the strange new sea of  
change wherein we swim,  
We still may keep the good old plank, of  
simple faith in Him!

# LINES ON LEAVING APPLEDORE.

[Sent in a letter to Cella Thaxter.] •

UNDER the shadow of a cloud, the light  
Died out upon the waters, like a smile  
Chased from a face by grief. Following  
the flight  
Of a lone bird that, scudding with the  
breeze,  
Dipped its crank wing in leaden-colored  
seas, 5  
I saw in sunshine lifted, clear and  
bright,  
On the horizon's rim the Fortunate Isle  
That claims thee as its fair inhabitant,  
And glad of heart I whispered, 'Be to  
her,  
Bird of the summer sea, my messenger;  
Tell her, if Heaven a fervent prayer will  
grant, 11  
This light that falls her island home  
above  
Making its slopes of rock and greenness  
gay,  
A partial glory midst surrounding gray,  
Shall prove an earnest of our Father's  
love, 15  
More and more shining to the perfect  
day.'

1864.

# MRS. CHOATE'S HOUSE-WARMING.

['His washerwoman, Mrs. Choate, by industry and thrift had been enabled to build for her family a comfortable house. When it was ready for occupancy, there was a house-warming, attended by all the neighbors, who brought substantial tokens of their good-will, including all the furniture needed in her new parlor. Mr. Whittier's hand was to be seen in the whole movement; he was present at the festivity, and made a little speech, congratulating Mrs. Choate upon her well-deserved success in life, and said he would read a piece of machine poetry which had been intrusted to him for the occasion. These are the lines, which were, of course, of his own composition.'—S. T. PICKARD, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.*]

Of rights and of wrongs  
Let the feminine tongues  
Talk on—none forbid it.  
Our hostess best knew  
What her hands found to do,  
Asked no questions, but DID IT.

Here the lesson of work,  
Which so many folks shirk,  
Is so plain all may learn it ;  
Each brick in this dwelling,  
Each timber is telling,  
If you want a home, EARN IT.

The question of labor  
Is solved by our neighbor,  
The old riddle guessed out :  
The wisdom sore needed,  
The truth long unheeded,  
Her flat-iron's pressed out !

Thanks, then, to Kate Choate !  
Let the idle take note  
What their fingers were made for ;  
She, cheerful and jolly,  
Worked on late and early,  
And bought—what she paid for !

Never vainly repining,  
Nor begging, nor whining ;  
The morning-star twinkles  
On no heart that's lighter  
As she makes the world whiter  
And smoothes out its wrinkles.

So, long life to Kate !  
May her heirs have to wait  
Till they're gray in attendance ;  
And her flat-iron press on,  
Still teaching its lesson  
Of brave independence !

## AN AUTOGRAPH.

[Written for an old friend, Rev. S. H. Emery,  
of Quincy, Ill., who revisited Whittier in 1868.]

THE years that since we met have flown  
Leave as they found me, still alone ;  
No wife, nor child, nor grandchild dear,  
Are mine the heart of age to cheer.

More favored thou, with hair less gray  
Than mine, canst let thy fancy stray  
To where thy little Constance sees  
The prairie ripple in the breeze ;  
For one like her to lisp thy name  
Is better than the voice of fame.

## TO LUCY LARCOM.

2d mo., 1870.

PRAY give the 'Atlantic'  
A brief unpedantic  
Review of Miss L'helps' book,  
Which teaches and helps folk  
To deal with the offenders  
In love which surrenders  
All pride unforgiving,  
The lost one receiving  
With truthful believing  
That she like all others,  
Oursisters and brothers,  
Is only a sinner  
Whom God's love within her  
Can change to the whiteness  
Of heaven's own brightness.  
For who shall see tarnish  
If He sweep and garnish ?  
When He is the cleanser  
Shall we dare to censure ?  
Say to Fields, if he ask of it,  
I can't take the task of it.

P. S.—For myself, if I'm able,  
And half comfortable,  
I shall run for the seashore  
To some place as before,  
Where blunt we at least find  
The teeth of the East wind,  
And spring does not tarry  
As it does at Amesbury ;  
But where it will be to  
I cannot yet see to.

## A FAREWELL.

[Written for Mr. and Mrs. Claflin as they were  
about to sail to Europe.]

WHAT shall I say, dear friends, to whom  
I owe  
The choicest blessings, dropping from the  
hands

Of trustful love and friendship, as you go  
Forth on your journey to those older  
lands,

By saint and sage and bard and hero  
trod ? 5

Scarcely the simple farewell of the Friends  
Sufficeth ; after you my full heart sends  
Such benediction as the pilgrim hears  
Where the Greek faith its golden dome  
uprears,

From Crimea's roses to Archangel snows,  
The fittest prayer of parting : 'Go with  
God !' 11

1875.

### ON A FLY-LEAF OF LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

[Written at the Asquam House in the summer  
of 1882.]

HUSHED now the sweet consoling tongue  
Of him whose lyre the Muses strung ;  
His last low swan-song has been sung !

His last ! And ours, dear friend, is  
near ;

As clouds that rake the mountains here, 5  
We too shall pass and disappear.

Yet howsoever changed or tost,  
Not even a wreath of mist is lost,  
No atom can itself exhaust.

So shall the soul's superior force 10  
Live on and run its endless course  
In God's unlimited universe.

And we, whose brief reflections seem  
To fade like clouds from lake and stream,  
Shall brighten in a holier beam. 15

### SAMUEL E. SEWALL.

[An inscription for a marble bust, modelled by  
Anne Whitney, and placed in the Cary Library,  
Lexington, Mass., May, 1884.]

LIKE that ancestral judge who bore his  
name,

Faithful to Freedom and to Truth, he  
gave,

When all the air was hot with wrath and  
blame,

His youth and manhood to the fettered  
slave.

And never Woman in her suffering saw 5  
A helper tender, wise, and brave as he ;  
Lifting her burden of unrighteous law,  
Heshamed the breast of ancient chivalry.

Noiseless as light that melts the darkness is,  
He wrought as duty led and honor  
bid, 10

No trumpet heralds victories like his,—  
The unselfish worker in his work is hid.

### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

[The album belonged to the grandson of  
Whittier's life-long friend, Theodore D. Weld,  
and the lines were written in April, 1884.]

WHAT shall I wish him ? Strength and  
health

May be abused, and so may wealth.

Even fame itself may come to be

But wearying notoriety.

What better can I ask than this ?— 5

A life of brave unselfishness,

Wisdom for council, eloquence

For Freedom's need, for Truth's defence,

The championship of all that's good,

The manliest faith in womanhood, 10

The steadfast friendship changing not

With change of time or place or lot,

Hatred of sin, but not the less

A heart of pitying tenderness

And charity, that, suffering long, 15

Shames the wrong-doer from his wrong :

One wish expresses all—that he

May even as his grandsire be !

### A DAY'S JOURNEY.

[Written in 1886, for the tenth anniversary of  
the wedding of his niece.]

AFTER your pleasant morning travel

You pause as at a wayside inn,

And take with grateful hearts your  
breakfast

Though served in dishes all of TIN.

Then go, while years as hours are counted,

Until the dial's hand at noon 6

Invites you to a dinner table

Garnished with SILVER fork and spoon.

And when the vesper bell to supper  
 Is calling, and the day is old, 10  
 May love transmute the tin of morning  
 And noonday's silver into GOLD.

#### A FRAGMENT.

[Found among Mr. Whittier's papers, in his  
 handwriting, but undated.]

THE dreadful burden of our sins we feel,  
 The pain of wounds which Thou alone  
 canst heal,  
 To whom our weakness is our strong  
 appeal.

From the black depths, the ashes, and  
 the dross  
 Of our waste lives, we reach out to Thy  
 cross, 5  
 And by its fullness measure all our loss!  
 That holy sign reveals Thee: throned  
 above  
 No Moloch sits no false, vindictive  
 Jove—  
 Thou art our Father, and Thy name is  
 Love!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is an alternative reading which has been  
 cancelled:—

'No lawless Terror dwells in light above,  
 Cruel as Moloch, deaf and false as Jove—  
 Thou art our Father, and Thy name is Love!'

## NOTES

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### 1. *Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn.*

The Pythoness of ancient Lynn was the redoubtable Moll Pitcher, who lived under the shadow of High Rock in that town, and was sought far and wide for her supposed powers of divination. She died about 1810. Mr. Upham, in his *Salem Witchcraft*, has given an account of her.

### 2. *St. John.*

[Dr. Francis Parkman has given a detailed account of this episode in New England history in *The Feudal Chiefs of Acadia*, published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, February, 1893. The same series of incidents forms the basis of the romance by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, entitled *The Lady of Fort St. John*.]

### 3. *The New Wife and the Old.*

[General Moulton's mansion may still be seen [1894] from the train, a hip-roofed house, standing on the right-hand side of the track, just before reaching the Hampton station as one comes from Boston. Twenty-five years after writing the poem, Mr. Whittier received a letter from a lady who had been spending a summer in the Moulton house, in which she said: 'I remember my mother's repeating to me her recollections of the exorcising of the ghosts of General Moulton and his wife by a parson Milton or Bodily [the Rev. John Boddily, who died in 1802, and is buried in a Newburyport burying-ground]. My grandfather Whipple being absent, the servants (several of them had been slaves in Newport) insisted that General Moulton and his wife disturbed the house so much at night, he thumping with his cane, and her dress "a-rustling

up and down the stairs," that nothing could allay their terror; and one Mrs. Williams, the housekeeper, persisted so strongly that she frequently saw them both, he in a snuff-colored suit and enormous wig, holding a gold-headed cane, that nothing could induce them to remain in the house. Many persons in the vicinity came to the exorcising, or "laying the ghosts" as they termed it. My mother said the scene was very impressive to her as a child, and she could never forget the white and black servants and neighbors, standing in solemn awe, and the abjuring of the minister. The servants, I believe, never afterwards complained of being disturbed or of seeing the ghosts, after this ceremony.'

In his work on *The Supernaturalism of New England*, published in 1847, Mr. Whittier relates the legend of the ancient house. 'General Moulton's house was once burned in revenge, it is said, by the fiend, whom the former had outwitted. He had agreed, it seems, to furnish the general with a boot full of gold and silver, poured annually down the chimney. The shrewd Yankee cut off on one occasion the foot of the boot, and the Devil kept pouring down the coin from the chimney top, in a vain attempt to fill it, until the room was literally packed with the precious metal. When the general died, he was laid out, and put in a coffin as usual; but on the day of the funeral it was whispered about that his body was missing, and the neighbors came to the charitable conclusion that the enemy had got his own at last.']

### 4. *Here the mighty Bashaba.*

Bashaba was the name which the

Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (*Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii. pp. 21, 22.) 'He was regarded,' says Hubbard, 'as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees.'

'The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to those the Devil appeareth more familiarly than to others.'—Winslow's *Relation*.

5. *Thus o'er the heart of Wectamoo.*

'The Indians,' says Roger Williams, 'have a god whom they call Wetumamit, who presides over the household.'

6. *Drawn from that great stone vase.*

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

7. *Aukecetamit.*

The Spring God.—See Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*.

8. *Mat wonck kunna-monce.*

We shall see thee or her no more.—See Roger Williams's *Key*.

9. *Sowanna.*

'The Great South West God.'—See Roger Williams's *Observations*, etc.

10. *As we charged on Tilly's line.*

The barbarities of Count De Tilly after the siege of Magdeburg made such an impression upon our forefathers that the phrase 'like old Tilly' is still heard sometimes in New England of any piece of special ferocity.

11. *A fire-mountain in a frozen zone.*

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

'The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than

I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of His hand.'

12. *Here is the place.*

[The place Whittier had in mind was his birthplace. There were beehives on the garden terrace near the well-sweep, occupied perhaps by the descendants of Thomas Whittier's bees. The approach to the house from over the northern shoulder of Job's Hill by a path that was in constant use in his boyhood and still in existence, is accurately described in the poem. The "gap in the old wall" is still to be seen, and "the stepping-stones in the shallow brook" are still in use. His sister's garden was down by the brook-side in front of the house, and her daffodils are perpetuated and may now be found in their season each year in that place. The red-barred gate, the poplars, the cattle-yard with "the white horns tossing above the wall," were all part of Whittier's boy life on the old farm. Even the touch of "the sundown's blaze on her window-pane" is realistic. The only place from which the blaze of the setting sun could be seen reflected in the windows of the old mansion is from the path so perfectly described. . . . All the story about Mary and her lover is wholly imaginative.'—S. T. PICKARD in his *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*.

13. *Of the fast which the good man life-long kept.*

It was the custom in Sewall's time for churches and individuals to hold fasts whenever any public or private need suggested the fitness; and as state and church were very closely connected, the



General Court sometimes ordered a fast. Out of this custom sprang the annual fast in spring, now observed [1888], but it is of comparatively recent date. Such a fast was ordered on the 14th of January, 1697, when Sewall made his special confession of guilt in condemning innocent persons under the supposition that they were witches. He is said to have observed the day privately on each annual return thereafter.

14. *His burden of prophecy yet remains.*  
[In point of fact the 'old man wise and good,' 'propped on his staff of age,' was forty-five years old when he uttered his prophecy.]

15. *The Red River Voyageur.*  
[The church of St. Boniface was burned in 1860, the year after *The Red River Voyageur* was printed. The bells were broken in their fall, and the fragments were sent to London, recast by their original founder, and restored to their place in the new cathedral of St. Boniface.]

16. *Cobbler Keezar's Vision.*  
[For a fuller account of Cobbler Keezar, see Whittier's paper on *The Border War* of 1708 in his *Prose Works*, vol. ii. pp. 375, 376. Cobbler Keezar was wont to pitch his tent on Po Hill and mend the foot-gear of the Amesbury people. The old towns of Amesbury and Salisbury, within a few years consolidated, were divided by the Powow River. The falls described in the poem are concealed from view now by the factories and the arches which span the river.]

17. *Or the stone of Dr. Dee.*  
Dr. John Dee was a man of erudition, who had an extensive museum, library, and apparatus; he claimed to be an astrologer, and had acquired the reputation of having dealings with evil spirits, and a mob was raised, which destroyed the greater part of his possessions. He professed to raise the dead and had a magic crystal. He died a pauper in 1608.

18. *The Countess.*  
[There is a slight inaccuracy in Whittier's head-note to *The Countess*. According to Miss Rebecca I. Davis, *Gleanings from the Valley of the Merrimac*, where she gives her authorities, the marriage took place March 21, 1805. The Countess died January 5, 1807. Count Vipart returned to Guadaloupe, whence he had come to this country at the time of the insurrection; there he married again, and there he died and was buried, but his remains were afterward removed to

the family tomb in Bordeaux, France. Mr. Matthew Whittier, the poet's only brother, married Abby, daughter of Joseph Rochemont de Poyen.]

19. *As once he heard in sweet Von Merlane's bowers.*

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker Historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Anna Maria Schurman did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

20. *Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den.*

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694, with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the Millennium, and was a devout student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement 'The Woman in the Wilderness' (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers, because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring 'that he could as little agree with the *Damianus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent.'

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous 'Stone of Wisdom' into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

21. *Or Sluyter, saintly familist, whose word.*

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism

and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam, and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women, it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. 'Nothing remains for me,' he said, 'except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier.'

In 1679, Peter Sluyter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently (1872) published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Sluyter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near Millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favorably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

## 22. *His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.*

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. 'I spent,' he says, 'some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days.' It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Sluyter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found 'a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common hand-book; also Helmont's book on Medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Initia Physicæ inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionem ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers.' It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

## 23. *As still in Hemskerck's Quaker Meeting.*

'The Quaker's Meeting,' a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be Egbert Hemskerck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskerck the old), in which William

Penn and others—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskerck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

24. *The Indian from his face washed all his war-paint off.*

In one of his letters addressed to German Friends, Pastorius says: 'These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink.'

Again he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among those who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny Him.

'It is evident,' says Professor Seidensticker, 'Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the "European Babel," somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen.'

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter.

Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers Plato and Plotinus. 'Nor do I think,' he says in *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii., cap. 47, 'that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites.'

25. *To-morrow shall bring another day.*  
A common saying of Valdemar; hence his sobriquet *Atterdag*.

26. *The Witch of Wenham.*  
[The house referred to in the head-note is that known as the old Prince house, near Oak Knoll, on the estate now owned by the Xaverian Brothers. In sending the poem to *The Atlantic*, where it was first published, Whittier wrote to the editor: 'I do not know how it may strike thee; to me (who am no good judge) it seems one of my best.']

27. *The Homestead.*  
[In a letter written after the appearance of *The Homestead*, Whittier wrote: 'I saw in the country several of these melancholy spectacles of abandoned homes. I think the farmers of New England are better off as a class, on their hard soil, than those who are on the rich lands of the West. They are not rich, but they are not poor; they live comfortably, and as a rule own their farms clear of mortgage. If they were content to live and toil as the poorer farmers in the West do, they would double their deposits in the savings banks.']

28. *And led by Him, nor man nor devils I fear.*

'He [Macy] shook the dust from off his feet, and departed with all his worldly goods and his family. He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit that impelled him broke forth: "Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on earth, or the devils in hell!"'—*Life of Robert Pike*, page 55.

29. *The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood.*  
The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of 'Admiral of New England,' made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

30. *The sweetest name in all his story.*

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of 'Tragabazanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, 'loved him for the dangers he had passed.'

31. *The Old Burying-Ground.*

[This poem was written with a thought of the ancient cemetery at East Haverhill, near Rocks Village. 'The entire piece,' Whittier wrote to Lowell, 'has now to me a deep and solemn significance. It was written in part while watching at the sick-bed of my dear mother—now no longer with us. She passed away a few days ago, in the beautiful serenity of a Christian faith, a quiet and peaceful dismissal.']

32. *The River Path.*

[To a friend who inquired as to the origin of this poem, Whittier wrote: 'The poem was suggested by an evening on the Merrimac River in company with my dear sister, who is no longer with me, having crossed the river (as I fervently hope), to the glorified hill of God.']

33. *The Vanishers.*

[This was the first poem written by Whittier after the death of his sister Elizabeth. In a letter to Mr. Fields he says: 'If thee have read Schoolcraft thee will remember what he says of the Packwud-jinnies or "little vanishers." The reference is to *History, Condition and Prospects of the American Indians*, pp. 122, 123.]

34. *I see the gray fort's broken wall.*

[The place that was in the mind of the poet when he wrote this stanza was on the rocks at Marblehead, where he had spent an early morning more than forty years before.]

35. *Over Sibmah's vine.*

'O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!'—*Jeremiah*, xlviii. 32.

36. *Even as the great Augustine*

*Questioned earth and sea and sky.*  
'Interrogavi Terram,' etc. August., *Solidoq.*, Cap. xxxi.

37. *To a Friend.*

[The friend was Elizabeth Neall, afterward Mrs. Sydney Howard Gay.]

38. *Lucy Hooper.*

[It was in the summer of 1837, while residing in New York, that Whittier

made the acquaintance of Lucy Hooper. She was a native of Essex County, and was at that time living with her parents in Brooklyn. Whittier encouraged her literary ambition, for she had given promise of poetic excellence, and was considering the advisability of publishing a volume. When Whittier shortly afterward was editing *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, he printed several of her poems. Later in 1839 he was visited by the Merrimac one August afternoon.]

39. *And the Goodman's voice, at strife*

*With his shrill and tipsy wife.*

[When Whittier first went to school with his sister Mary, the school-house was undergoing repairs, and the school was held in a dwelling-house, the other part of which was occupied by a tipsy and quarrelsome couple.]

40. *Homilies from Oldbuck hear.*

Dr. Withington, author of *The Puritan*, under the name of Jonathan Oldbuck.

41. *The holy monk of Kempen spake.*

Thomas à Kempis in *De Imitatione Christi*.

42. *When, years ago, beside the summer sea.*

[In the great political contest of 1850, in Massachusetts, when the United States senatorship was in question, Whittier took an active part in forming the coalition between the Free Soilers and the Democrats. He went to Phillips Beach, Swampscott, to see Sumner and induce him to accept the nomination.]

43. *I thank you for sweet summer days.*

[At one of the Laurel festivals the guests who had so often enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ashby presented them with an album containing photographs and other tokens of their appreciation. Upon the first page were written these lines by Whittier:—

DEAR FRIENDS:—

Accept this book whose pages hold  
The sun-traced shadows manifold  
Of friends, who've known you long and well  
At city hearth, in sylvan dell,  
Enjoying under roof and tree  
Your liberal hospitality;  
Who grateful own that while you gave  
Your life-long labor to the slave,  
(A labor crowned with more success  
Than hope could dream, or wisdom guess)  
You kept warm hearts, and opened wide  
Your windows on life's sunny side.  
Take, then, the volume with our thanks,  
And long upon your river banks  
When in azalia-gladdened woods  
The June sun swells the laurel buds,  
May we still meet as we have met,  
And larger make to you our debt.]

44. *Hymn for the House of Worship at Georgetown.*

[Whittier published the following card in the *Boston Transcript*, January 30, 1868: 'In writing the *Hymn for the Memorial Church at Georgetown*, the author, as his verses indicate, has sole reference to the tribute of a brother and sister to the memory of a departed mother,—a tribute which seemed, and still seems to him in itself considered, very beautiful and appropriate; but he has since seen with surprise and sorrow a letter read at the dedication, imposing certain extraordinary restrictions upon the society which is to occupy the house. It is due to himself, as a simple act of justice, to say that had he known of the existence of that letter previously, the Hymn would never have been written, nor his name in any way connected with the proceedings.' The restrictions imposed were designed to prevent the use of the building for any lecture or discussion on political subjects or other matters inconsistent with the preaching of the gospel.]

45. *Fie on the witch!*

Goody Cole was brought before the Quarter Sessions in 1680 to answer to the charge of being a witch. The Court could not find satisfactory evidence of witchcraft, but so strong was the feeling against her that Major Waldron, the presiding magistrate, ordered her to be imprisoned, with a 'lock kept on her leg,' at the pleasure of the Court. In such judicial action one can read the fear and vindictive spirit of the community at large.

46. *'Amen!' said Father Bachiler.*

[Evidence found in favor of the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, an ancestor of the poet, after the poem was first printed, led Whittier to modify lines which implied the guilt of the clergyman.]

47. *His Crimean camp-song, hints to us.*

The reference is to Bayard Taylor's poem, *The Song of the Camp*.

48. *The Palatine.*

[The legend on which this ballad is founded was told to Mr. Whittier by his friend, Joseph P. Hazard, of Newport, R. I., two years before the poem was written. About two years after it was published, he received a curious letter from Mr. Benjamin Corydon, of Napoli, N.Y., then in the ninety-second year of his age, who wrote:—

'The Palatine was a ship that was driven upon Block Island, in a storm, more than a hundred years ago. Her

people had just got ashore, and were on their knees thanking God for saving them from drowning, when the Islanders rushed upon them and murdered them all. That was a little more than the Almighty could stand, so He sent the Fire or Phantom Ship, to let them know He had not forgotten their wickedness. She was seen once a year on the same night of the year on which the murders occurred, as long as any of the wreckers were living; but never after all were dead. I must have seen her eight or ten times—perhaps more—in my early days. It is seventy years or more since she was last seen. My father lived right opposite Block Island, on the mainland, so we had a fair view of her as she passed down by the island, then she would disappear. She resembled a full-rigged ship, with her sails all set and all ablaze. It was the grandest sight I ever saw in all my life. I know of only two living who ever saw her,—Benjamin L. Knowles, of Rhode Island, now ninety-four years old, and myself, now in my ninety-second year.]

49. *Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France:—

Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!

Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough

Within thy hearing, or thou liest now

Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;

O miserable chieftain!—where and when

Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not, do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;

Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,

Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and

skies,—

There's not a breathing of the common wind

That will forget thee; thou hast great allies.

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,

And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

50. *And he, the basest of the base.*

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

50a. *So shalt thou deftly raise*

*The market price of human flesh.*

There was at the time when this poem was written an Association in Liberty County, Georgia, for the religious instruction of negroes. One of their annual reports contains an address by the Rev. Josiah Spry Law, in which the following passage occurs: 'There is a growing interest in this community in the religious instruction of Negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes

the quiet and order of the people, and the pecuniary interest of the owners.'

51. *The Pine-Tree.*

[Whittier wrote this poem immediately upon reading the proceedings of the convention. He enclosed it in the following note to Charles Sumner: 'I have just read the proceedings of your Whig convention, and the lines enclosed are a feeble expression of my feelings. I look upon the rejection of Stephen C. Phillips's resolutions as an evidence that the end and aim of the managers of the convention was to go just far enough to scare the party and no farther. All thanks for the free voices of thyself, Phillips, Allen, and Adams. Notwithstanding the result you have not spoken in vain. If thee thinks well enough of these verses, hand them to the *Whig* or *Chronotype*.'

52. *I hear the Free-Will's singing.*

The book-establishment of the Free-Will Baptists in Dover was refused the act of incorporation by the New Hampshire Legislature, for the reason that the newspaper organ of that sect and its leading preachers favored abolition.

53. *Our Belknap brother heard with awe.*

The senatorial editor of the *Belknap Gazette* all along manifested a peculiar horror of 'niggers' and 'nigger parties.'

54. *At Pittsfield Reuben Learvitt saw.*

The justice before whom Elder Storrs was brought, for preaching abolition, on a writ drawn by Hon. M. N., Jr., of Pittsfield. The sheriff served the writ while the elder was praying.

55. *The schoolhouse, out of Canaan hauled.*

The academy at Canaan, N.H., received one or two colored scholars, and was in consequence dragged off into a swamp by Democratic teams.

56. *What boots it that we pelted out*

*The anti-slavery women.*

The Female Anti-Slavery Society, at its first meeting in Concord, was assailed with stones and brickbats.

57. *For this did shifty Atherton*

*Make gag rules for the Great House?*

'Papers and memorials touching the subject of slavery shall be laid on the table without reading, debate, or reference.' So read the gag-law, as it was called, introduced into the House by Mr. Atherton.

58. *The first great triumph won*  
*In Freedom's name.*

The election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate 'followed hard upon' the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the United States officials and the armed police of Boston.

59. *To William H. Seward.*

['Tell Mr. Seward,' Whittier wrote to A. W. Thayer February 1, 1861, 'I have bound him to good behavior in my verse, and that if he yields the ground upon which the election was carried and consents to the further extension of slavery he will compromise me, as well as the country and himself.']

60. *Garrison.*

[Whittier's tribute to 'Garrison' was published in the *Independent*, June 7, 1870, and was accompanied by the following letter to the editor:

'At the solemn and impressive funeral of my beloved and early friend, William Lloyd Garrison, one of the speakers read a part of the following poem, which I now send, asking a place for it in thy paper, although after the surpassingly beautiful tribute of Wendell Phillips, and the perhaps still more touchingly eloquent words of Theodore D. Weld, it may seem almost superfluous. Something on my part seems due to the intimate friendship of more than fifty years, unbroken and undisturbed by any differences of opinion and action during the long anti-slavery struggle.'

61. *And beauty is its own excuse.*

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora:—

If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

62. *No social smoke*

*Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.*

[So isolated was the Whittier homestead that from the date of its erection to the present time no neighbor's roof has been in sight.]

63. *Ah, brother! only I and thou.*

[Matthew Franklin Whittier, born July 4, 1812, died January 7, 1883. In middle life, during his residence in Portland, he took a deep interest in the anti-slavery movement, and wrote a series of caustic letters under the signature Ethan Spike of Hornby.]

64. *The African Chief* was the title of a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, wife of the Hon. Perez Morton, a former attorney-general of Massachusetts. Mrs. Morton's *nom de plume* was *Philenia*.

The school book in which *The African Chief* was printed was Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*, and the poem contained fifteen stanzas, of which the first four were as follows:—

See how the black ship cleaves the main  
High-bounding o'er the violet wave,  
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,  
Deep freighted with the princely slave.

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,  
Forgetful of their guardian love,  
When the white traitors of the deep  
Betrayed him in the palmy grove?

A chief of Gambia's golden shore,  
Whose arm the band of warriors led,  
Perhaps the lord of boundless power,  
By whom the foodless poor were fed

Does not the voice of reason cry,  
'Claim the first right which nature gave;  
From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
Nor deign to live a burdened slave?'

65. *Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint.*  
Chalkley's own narrative of this incident, as given in his *Journal*, is as follows: 'To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, "God bless you! I will not eat any of you." Another said, "He would die before he would eat any of me," and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware.'

66. *Our uncle, innocent of books.*

[For further account of Whittier's uncle Moses, the reader is referred to Whittier's *Prose Works*, vol. i. p. 323.]

67. *There, too, our elder sister pined.*

[Mary Whittier, born September 3, 1806, married Jacob Caldwell of Haverhill, had two children, Lewis Henry and Mary Elizabeth, and died January 7, 1860.]

68. *Our youngest and our dearest sit.*

[Elizabeth Hussey Whittier, born December 7, 1815, was to her brother John what Dorothy Wordsworth was to William. It was her brother's opinion that 'had her health, sense of duty, and almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism permitted, she might have taken a high place among lyrical singers.' She died September 3, 1864.]

69. *The master of the district school.*

[Until near the end of his life, Whittier was unable to recall the name of the schoolmaster who stood for this figure in *Snow-Bound*. At last he remembered his name as Haskell, and from this clue the person was traced. He was George Haskell from Waterford, Maine, a Dartmouth student, who studied medicine, and died in Vineland, New Jersey, in 1876.]

70. *Another guest that winter night.*

[In his introductory note, Whittier adds somewhat to his characterization of Harriet Livermore. At the time when *Snow-Bound* was written he did not know that she was living, or he might not have introduced her. She died in 1867.]

71. *The crazy Queen of Lebanon.*

An interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope may be found in Kinglake's *Bootham*, chap. viii.

72. *These Flemish pictures of old days.*

[In 1888 Whittier wrote the following lines on the fly-leaf of a copy of the first edition of *Snow-Bound*:—

Twenty years have taken flight  
Since these pages saw the light.  
All home loves are gone,  
But not all with sadness, still,  
Do the eyes of memory fill  
As I gaze thereon.

Lonely and weary life seemed when  
First these pictures of the pen  
Grew upon my page;  
But I still have loving friends  
And the peace our Father sends  
Cheers the heart of age.

73. *From the Bay State's graceful daughter.*

[The late Mrs. Jettie Morrill Wason, daughter of the late Hon. George Morrill of Amesbury.]

74. *O Beauty, old yet ever new.*

'Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for Thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee.'—August., *Soliloq.*, Book X.

75. *Who saw the Darkness overflowed.*

'And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite Love of God.'—George Fox's *Journal*.

76. *The Cry of a Lost Soul.*

The story of the origin of this name, *El alma perdida*, is thus related by Lieut. Herndon. 'An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring, she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination syllabled into *pa-pa, ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spaniards heard this story, and with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird "The Lost Soul."—*Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon made under direction of the Navy Department*. By William Lewis Herndon and Lardner Gibbon, Part I. p. 156.

77. *The Light that is fell.*

[The origin of this poem is explained in the following letter from Mrs. George A. Palmer, of Elmira, N. Y.:—

'When my oldest daughter was two and a half years old she knew Whittier's *Barefoot Boy* by heart, thus; when I would repeat it to her the omission of a line would be instantly corrected, as one day she said to me, "Mamma, you skipped out 'apples of Cusperides.'" Once, in going ahead of me in a dark hall, she turned with sudden fear, and said, "Mamma, take hold of my hand, so it will not be so dark." This incident and the fact of her affection for Mr. Whittier's poetry was reported to him by a friend of the family. My surprise and delight were

great when, in April, 1884, I received a kind letter from the poet and a manuscript copy of the poem, which was afterward published in the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*. In his letter Mr. Whittier said, "I am glad to have such a friend in thy little girl. Her good opinion of my verses is worth more to me than that of a learned reviewer. I send a rhymed paraphrase of her own beautiful thought."']

78. *Mogg Megone.*

Mogg Megone, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

79. *'Twas the gift of Castine to Mogg Megone.*

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando, — the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

80. *Grey Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping.*

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

81. *Where Philip's men their watch are keeping.*

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that 'Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog.'

82. *Steals Harmon down from the sands of York.*

Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now



York, was for many years the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

83. *For vengeance left his vine-hung isle.*

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: 'Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus.'—*Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, liv. 2, c. 8.

84. *The hunted outlaw, Bonython.*

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be 'a degenerate plant.' In 1635, we find by the Court Records that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary, his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the 'Great and General Court adjudged John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel.' (*Court Records of the Province*, 1645.) In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of 'the Sagamore of Saco,' which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

Here lies Bonython, the Sagamore of Saco;  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to  
Hobomoko.

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain.

He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the *History of Saco and Biddeford*.—Part I. p. 115.

85. *From the leaping brook to the Saco River.*

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the 'Heath,' in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. In this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

86. *Where zealous Hiacoomes stood.*

Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: 'One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, "I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws;" then calling two or three of them by name, he rallied at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them.'—Mayhew, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

87. *Because she cries with an ache in her tooth.*

'The tooth-ache,' says Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, 'is the only paine which will force their stoute hearts to cry.' He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard 'some of their men in this paine.'

88. *Wuttanuttata*, 'Let us drink.' *Wecan*, 'It is sweet.' Vide Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*, in that parte of America called New England.—London, 1643, p. 35.

89. *Wetuomunit*,—a housegod, or demon. 'They—the Indians—have given me the

names of thirty-seven gods which I have, all which in their solemn Worship they invoke!—R. Williams's *Brief Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worship, etc., of the Natives, in Peace and War, in Life and Death*: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chief and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene: p. 112, c. 21.

90. *Which marks afar the Desert Isle.*

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

91. *Half trembling, as he seeks to look.*

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. 'The Indians,' says Père Jerome Lallamant, 'fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth.'

92. *For Bomazeen from Tacconock.*

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow as 'the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock.' He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

93. *Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.*

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who at the beginning of the seventeenth century penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits to the savages in North America was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois,—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborde, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeouis. 'For

tion de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons, 1640, c. 3, 'we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion without being considered as sorcerers.' Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: 'With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter.'

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his Fraying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. His Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church and his own labors: 'All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day: first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints' days, I seldom let a working-day pass without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue.'—*Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, vol. vi. p. 127.

94. *Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams.*

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of

advancing those interests. 'The French,' says the author of the *History of Saco and Biddeford*, 'after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Rallo, the French Jesuit.'—p. 215.

95. *Where are De Rouville and Castine.*

Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was

the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

96. *Cowessass?—tawchich wessaseen?*

Are you afraid?—why fear you?

# CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

This list follows the dates given with the poems. In the few cases where the dates have not been determined exactly, the poems are placed in the group with which they were published, when collected in volumes. The order is by years, and no attempt has here been made to preserve the exact order of composition under the year.

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| 1825. | The Exile's Departure.<br>The Deity.<br>The Vale of the Merrimac.<br>Benevolence.  | Hymn: 'O Thou, whose presence<br>went before.'<br>The Slave-Ships.<br>To the Memory of Charles B. Storrs.<br>Expostulation.<br>A Lament.   |
| 1827. | Ocean.   |  |
| 1828. | The Sicilian Vespers.<br>The Earthquake.<br>The Song of the Vermonters.  | 1835.  |
| 1829. | The Spirit of the North.<br>Judith at the Tent of Holofernes.<br>Metacom.<br>The Drunkard to his Bottle.<br>The Past and Coming Year.  | The Demon of the Study.<br>The Yankee Girl.<br>The Hunters of Men.<br>Stanzas for the Times.<br>The Prisoner for Debt.   |
| 1830. | The Fair Quakeress.<br>Bolivar.<br>The Vaudois Teacher.<br>The Star of Bethlehem.<br>The Frost Spirit.   | 1836.  |
| 1831. | Isabella of Austria.<br>The Fratricide.<br>The Cities of the Plain.  | A Day.<br>Clerical Oppressors.<br>A Summons.<br>To the Memory of Thomas Shipley.<br>The Moral Warfare.   |
| 1832. | Isabel.<br>Stanzas: 'Bind up thy tresses.'<br>To William Lloyd Garrison.<br>To a poetical Trio in the City of<br>Gotham.   | 1837.  |
| 1833. | The Female Martyr.<br>The Missionary.<br>The Call of the Christian.<br>Extract from 'A New England<br>Legend.'<br>Toussaint L'Ouverture.<br>Mogg Megone.<br>The Crucifixion. | Massachusetts.<br>The Fountain.<br>Palestine.<br>Hymns from the French of Lamar-<br>tine.<br>Hymn: 'O Holy Father! just and<br>true.'<br>Ritner.<br>The Pastoral Letter.<br>Lines on the Death of S. Oliver<br>Torrey. |
|       |  | 1838.  |
|       |  | Pentucket.<br>The Familist's Hymn.<br>Pennsylvania Hall.<br>Album Verses.<br>The Farewell of a Virginia Slave<br>Mother.<br>The Quaker of the Olden Time.  |

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| <p>1839. The New Year.<br/>The Relic.<br/>The World's Convention.</p> <p>1840. To —, with a copy of Woolman's<br/>Journal.</p> <p>1841. The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon.<br/>St. John.<br/>The Exiles.<br/>Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.<br/>The Norsmen.<br/>Memories.<br/>The Merrimac.<br/>Lucy Hooper.<br/>To a Friend.<br/>Leggett's Monument.<br/>Democracy.</p> <p>1842. Follen.<br/>The Gallows.<br/>Raphael.</p> <p>1843. The Knight of St. John.<br/>Cassandra Southwick.<br/>The New Wife and the Old.<br/>Hampton Beach.<br/>Ego.<br/>To J. P.<br/>Chalkley Hall.<br/>Massachusetts to Virginia.<br/>The Christian Slave.<br/>Seed-Time and Harvest.<br/>To the Reformers of England.<br/>The Human Sacrifice.</p> <p>1844. The Pumpkin.<br/>The Bridal of Pennacook.<br/>Ezekiel.<br/>Channing.<br/>To Massachusetts.<br/>The Sentence of John L. Brown.<br/>To Faneuil Hall.<br/>Texas.</p> <p>1845. New Hampshire.<br/>At Washington.<br/>To my Friend on the Death of his<br/>Sister.<br/>Gone.<br/>The Shoemakers.<br/>The Fishermen.<br/>The Lumbermen.</p> <p>1846. The Ship-Builders.<br/>The Pine-Tree.<br/>Lines from a Letter to a Young<br/>Clerical Friend.<br/>To Ronge.<br/>Forgiveness.<br/>The Branded Hand.<br/>The Reformer.<br/>To a Southern Statesman.<br/>Daniel Neall.<br/>A Letter supposed to be written<br/>by the Chairman of the 'Central<br/>Cligue' at Concord, N. H.<br/>The Freed Islands.</p> <p>1847. The Lost Statesman.<br/>The Angels of Buena Vista.</p> | <p>Barclay of Ury.<br/>Yorktown.<br/>To Delaware.<br/>Song of Slaves in the Desert.<br/>The Huskers.<br/>The Drovers.<br/>Daniel Wheeler.<br/>My Soul and I.<br/>To my Sister.<br/>The Wife of Manoah to her Hus-<br/>band.<br/>The Angel of Patience.<br/>What the Voice said.<br/>A Dream of Summer.<br/>My Thanks.<br/>Randolph of Roanoke.<br/>Proem.</p> <p>1848. The Slaves of Martinique.<br/>The Curse of the Charter-Breakers.<br/>The Wish of To-day.<br/>Paean.<br/>The Poor Voter on Election Day.<br/>The Crisis.<br/>The Reward.<br/>The Holy Land.<br/>Worship.<br/>The Peace Convention at Brussels.<br/>Calef in Boston.</p> <p>1849. To Pius IX.<br/>On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from<br/>Lake Superior.<br/>Kathleen.<br/>Our State.<br/>To Fredrika Bremer.<br/>The Men of Old.<br/>The Christian Tourists.<br/>The Lakeside.<br/>Autumn Thoughts.<br/>The Legend of St. Mark.</p> <p>1850. The Well of Loch Maree.<br/>Ichabod.<br/>In the Evil Days.<br/>Elliott.<br/>The Hill-Top.<br/>To Avis Keene.<br/>A Sabbath Scene.<br/>Derne.<br/>Lines on the Portrait of a Cele-<br/>brated Publisher.<br/>All's Well.<br/>Dedication.</p> <p>1851. Remembrance.<br/>The Chapel of the Hermits.<br/>The Prisoners of Naples.<br/>To my Old Schoolmaster.<br/>Invocation.<br/>Wordsworth.<br/>In Peace.<br/>Kossuth.<br/>To —: Lines written after a<br/>Summer Day's Excursion.<br/>Benedicite.<br/>What State Street said.</p> |
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| <p>1852. Pictures.<br/>The Cross.<br/>First-Day Thoughts.<br/>Questions of Life.<br/>April.<br/>The Disenthralled.<br/>The Peace of Europe.<br/>Eva.<br/>Astræa.</p> <p>1853. Tauler.<br/>Summer by the Lakeside.<br/>Trust.<br/>My Namesake.<br/>The Dream of Pio Nono.<br/>The Hero.<br/>Rantoul.<br/>Official Piety.<br/>The Voices.</p> <p>1854. Burns.<br/>William Forster.<br/>To Charles Sumner.<br/>The Rendition.<br/>The Haschish.<br/>The Fruit-Gift.<br/>Maud Muller.<br/>The Hermit of the Thebaid.<br/>Letter from a Missionary of the<br/>Methodist Episcopal Church<br/>South.<br/>The Kansas Emigrants.<br/>A Memory.</p> <p>1855. The Barefoot Boy.<br/>My Dream.<br/>Flowers in Winter.<br/>Arisen at Last.<br/>For Righteousness' Sake.<br/>Inscription on a Sun-Dial.</p> <p>1856. The Ranger.<br/>The Mayflowers.<br/>The Conquest of Finland.<br/>The New Exodus.<br/>A Lay of Old Time.<br/>A Song, inscribed to the Frémont<br/>Clubs.<br/>A Frémont Campaign Song.<br/>What of the Day.<br/>A Song for the Time.<br/>The Pass of the Sierra.<br/>The Panorama.<br/>Burial of Barber.<br/>To Pennsylvania.<br/>Mary Garvin.</p> <p>1857. Moloch in State Street.<br/>The First Flowers.<br/>The Sycamores.<br/>Mabel Martin.<br/>Skipper Ireson's Ride.<br/>The Garrison of Cape Ann.<br/>The Last Walk in Autumn.<br/>The Gift of Tritemius.</p> <p>1858. To James T. Fields.<br/>The Palm-Tree.<br/>From Perugia.</p> | <p>Le Marais du Cygne.<br/>The Eve of Election.<br/>The Old Burying-Ground.<br/>Trinitas.<br/>The Sisters.<br/>The Pipes at Lucknow.<br/>The Swan Song of Parson Avery.<br/>Telling the Bees.<br/>A Song of Harvest.<br/>To George B. Cheever.<br/>The Cable Hymn.</p> <p>1859. Kenoza Lake.<br/>The Preacher.<br/>The Red River Voyageur.<br/>The Double-Headed Snake of New-<br/>bury.<br/>'The Rock' in El Ghor.<br/>In Remembrance of Joseph Sturge.<br/>The Over-Heart.<br/>My Psalm.<br/>The Memory of Burns.<br/>Brown of Ossawatomic.<br/>On a Prayer-Book.<br/>The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.<br/>For an Autumn Festival.</p> <p>1860. The Truce of Piscataqua.<br/>The Shadow and the Light.<br/>My Playmate.<br/>The River Path.<br/>Italy.<br/>Naples.<br/>The Summons.<br/>The Quaker Alumni.<br/>The Quakers are out.</p> <p>1861. To William H. Seward.<br/>Thy Will be done.<br/>To John C. Frémont.<br/>A Word for the Hour.<br/>'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.'<br/>Cobbler Keezar's Vision.<br/>Our River.<br/>A Legend of the Lake.</p> <p>1862. Amy Wentworth.<br/>At Port Royal.<br/>The Cry of a Lost Soul.<br/>Mountain Pictures.<br/>To Englishmen.<br/>The Watchers.<br/>The Waiting.<br/>The Battle Autumn of 1862.<br/>Astræa at the Capitol.</p> <p>1863. The Proclamation.<br/>The Answer.<br/>To Samuel E. Sewall and Harriet<br/>W. Sewall.<br/>A Memorial.<br/>Andrew Rykman's Prayer.<br/>The Countess.<br/>Barbara Frietchie.<br/>Anniversary Poem.<br/>Hymn sung at Christmas by the<br/>Scholars of St. Helena's Island,<br/>S. C.</p> |
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1868. The Tent on the Beach.  
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| <p>1880. My Trust.<br/>The Lost Occasion.<br/>Voyage of the Jettie.<br/>A Name.<br/>The King's Missive.<br/>St. Martin's Summer.<br/>Valuation.<br/>The Minister's Daughter.<br/>The Jubilee Singers.</p> <p>1881. Within the Gate.<br/>The Book.<br/>Rabbi Ishmael.<br/>Greeting.<br/>The Rock Tomb of Bradore.<br/>Help.<br/>Requirement.<br/>Utterance.<br/>By their Works.<br/>The Word.<br/>In Memory.</p> <p>1882. The Bay of Seven Islands.<br/>Garden.<br/>An Autograph.<br/>An Easter Flower Gift.<br/>Godspeed.<br/>The Wishing Bridge.<br/>Storm on Lake Asquam.<br/>On a Fly-Leaf of Longfellow's<br/>Poems.<br/>At Last.<br/>A Greeting.<br/>The Poet and the Children.<br/>Wilson.<br/>The Mystic's Christmas.</p> <p>1883. Our Country.<br/>St. Gregory's Guest.<br/>How the Women went from Dover.<br/>What the Traveller said at Sun-<br/>set.<br/>A Summer Pilgrimage.<br/>Winter Roses.</p> <p>1884. The Light that is Felt.<br/>The Two Loves.<br/>The 'Story of Ida.'<br/>Samuel E. Sewall.<br/>Sweet Fern.<br/>Abram Morrison.<br/>Birchbrook Mill.<br/>Lines written in an Album.</p> | <p>1885. Hymns of the Brahmō Somaj.<br/>The Two Elizabeths.<br/>Requital.<br/>The Wood Giant.<br/>The Reunion.<br/>Adjustment.<br/>An Artist of the Beautiful.<br/>A Welcome to Lowell.</p> <p>1886. How the Robin came.<br/>Banished from Massachusetts.<br/>The Homestead.<br/>Revelation.<br/>The Bartholdi Statue.<br/>Norumbega Hall.<br/>Mulford.<br/>To a Cape Ann Schooner.<br/>Samuel J. Tilden.<br/>A Day's Journey.<br/>On the Big Horn.</p> <p>1887. A Legacy.</p> <p>1888. The Brown Dwarf of Rügen.<br/>Lydia H. Sigourney, Inscription<br/>on Tablet.<br/>One of the Signers.<br/>The Christmas of 1888.</p> <p>1889. The Vow of Washington.<br/>O. W. Holmes on his Eightieth<br/>Birthday.</p> <p>1890. R. S. S., at Deer Island on the<br/>Merrimac.<br/>Burning Drift-Wood.<br/>The Captain's Well.<br/>Haverhill.<br/>To G. G.<br/>Milton, on Memorial Window.<br/>The Last Eve of Summer.<br/>To E. C. S.</p> <p>1891. James Russell Lowell.<br/>Preston Powers, Inscription for<br/>Bass-Relief.<br/>The Birthday Wreath.<br/>Between the Gates.</p> <p>1892. An Outdoor Reception.<br/>The Wind of March.<br/>To Oliver Wendell Holmes.</p> <p>[Date unknown.] The Home-Coming of<br/>the Bride.<br/>Mrs. Choate's House-Warming.<br/>A Fragment.</p> |
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